

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXVI., No. 3 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. SEPT. 1899

American Literature Abroad

To the old American spirit of brag that made the very word Yankee nauseous to the foreigner, a spirit of humility gradually succeeded. The Spanish war brought a little flurry of self-assertion, but this was largely in the form of a militant confidence in our ability to "lick all creation." In the more insinuating arts, American pride got its death wound, or, at least, its cataleptic stupor, from a series of foreign rebukes beginning with Sydney Smith's *Who Reads an American Book?* In a general sense, it is true now as then, that the foreign world has no interest in American art or letters, and feels no responsibility to keep "au courant" with our literary affairs. In some ways, this is a lucky thing for the foreigner; in others he suffers some loss for refusing to strive toward that cosmopolitan survey that is the aim of every cultured American. But while some of the biggest toads in our puddle do not stir a ripple beyond Sandy Hook, there are a few, perhaps less esteemed here, that have won the most complete foreign homage.

Few Americans rate Fenimore Cooper or Edgar Allan Poe among the major gods. Indeed, Cooper is generally looked down upon, and Poe is looked up to as a genius of very narrow limitations. Yet Fenimore Cooper has an amazing popularity in England and France and Germany. Du Maurier in *The Martian* shows the idolatry in which he is held by the young Gauls. Poe, greatly esteemed in England and Germany, is one of the most influential of all poets in France, where, indeed, there is a veritable school of "Poe" disciples. Emerson has a very cosmopolitan clientèle, and Longfellow was for many years the most widely read poet since Byron; his bust in Westminster Abbey is testimony enough of his tremendous grip on the tight little isle. Walt Whitman is accepted abroad as one of the major gods of the world-literature old and new. In Germany he is throned in highest esteem, and recent English writers, like Stevenson and Symonds, have bowed before him as before a Titan. Mark Twain is taken at a world-rating and the Germans hardly think of him as an alien to them in spite of his assaults on the repute of their language. He outstrips Artemus Ward in many ways, though he whom Charles Reade called "the delicious Artemus" attained the unprecedented glory of having his name on a signboard over the door of Punch. One hears now and then of a foreign acclamation of an American book that surprises us in ignorance here at home, and usually redounds enormously to the success of the prophet first honored abroad. Mr. Stephen Crane was a made man the week after the British reviewers hailed his war pictures as superior to Tolstoi's and Victor Hugo's. And this

country is just feeling the vogue of the book, *In His Steps*, which sold three million copies in England before it was really heard of here. The foreign world takes these successes as isolated, and in no way typical of the country. This nation, as a nation, gets precious little credit for these sons that have grown famous over sea, but they hasten the time when America will be the literary centre of the whole world, for it is inevitable that the time shall come.

The Man With the Hoe

Edwin Markham's poem, *The Man with the Hoe*, printed in the May number of *Current Literature*, has had an extraordinary popularity. The poem was suggested by Millet's painting, which represents a French peasant leaning upon his hoe for a few moments of rest. The view which Markham takes of him is that he represents about the lowest form of civilized life, "a thing that grieves not and that never hopes, stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox." This view of Millet's work is not shared by all who know his work, and in a review of the poem the *New York Tribune* voices the opposition in an attempt to defend Millet against the charge of having created so hopeless a creature as Markham makes him. "This assumption is not justified by the condition of the class from which the French artist drew his model," says the *Tribune*. "That Millet himself knew this the poet might have discovered by traversing the long list of pictures in which the painter of *The Man with the Hoe* celebrated the sweetness, the sunshine, the domestic happiness and comfort to be found in the rustic life of France."

It is hard to see how the *Tribune* reaches this conclusion. Millet treated an occasional happy subject, but all his more famous pictures repeat in them a physiognomy and type which seems the embodiment of sadness. Millet's life itself, according to Sensier and others, was a constant struggle against adversity, and if ever a painter was able to infuse a chapter from his own life into his work it was Millet. There was even a grandeur in the way in which he did this. The note was nevertheless there, and same type appears again in the famous *Sower*, in the almost painful *Stone Breaker at Rest*, and even in the *Angelus*. This type shows a retreating forehead and small cranial development, with small eyes and heavy mouth and jaw. The aquiline nose is the only strong feature, the forehead indicating all but the dethronement of reason, the heavy jaw and muscular body suggesting the combination with it of brutality and insensibility. This is anything but a type suggestive of happiness or contentment. It is rather one show-

ing the effects of centuries of toil upon a race of people who have never had opportunity to be otherwise. It is not a protest against labor, it does not minimize the nobility of toil. Millet did not paint such a type to show the degradation of humanity, but with a power equal to anything that has been done in art in the present century, he filed a vigorous protest against the slavish customs of the past, through which whole people have been subjected to a development as indicative of despair as that imprinted on the features of the Man with the Hoe.

The Vice of Quotation-Marks

The more intelligent humanity grows and the more it is expected to know, the more it resents any implied patronage or overt assistance. It would rather miss the point of classic allusions or of ultra-modern slang, than have them bluntly translated. The grown mind, in fact, while full of ignorances and short-sightedness, cannot endure paternalism from authors. So gradually those little aids to the slow mind, the italics and the capitalization of important words, and the overuse of exclamation points, have lost caste. They had too much the look of excited nervous little index-hands crying out everywhere: "See, this is the point, here; this one, not that one; but this one right here; yes, this very phrase, this very word." To put an interrogation point in parentheses after a word used ironically is almost always looked upon now as a piece of literary impertinence and boorishness. And there are many little tags of explanation, such as "I will now ask the reader to leave for a moment the seaside dilemma of Ethelinda, and come with me to the hillside, where we last left Alonzo bravely outrunning a cowardly bull."

These and countless other unveiled helps to toddling minds are going to the limbo of the dodo and the ichthyosaurus, and the rest of their tribe of ungraceful monstrosities. But there is left behind a member of their hateful fraternity that flourishes with increased power, and that is the deadly quotation-mark. There are times, of course, when a quotation-mark is of great value in removing ambiguity or disclaiming responsibility, or acknowledging some unusually unusual usage. But, too, there are occasions when a little strychnine is beneficial. And similarly quotation-marks should be put up in ground-glass bottles carrying a skull and crossbones and the word "Poison!" and kept in a cool, dark place, out of the reach of the young, for quotation-marks are very dangerous. Wrongly applied, they can paralyze an otherwise beautiful phrase, distort and discolor a subtle expression and instantly kill the admiration and interest of an intelligent and engaged reader. There are certain almost illiterate writers that use quotation-marks for almost every imaginable shade of emphasis or unusualness. The illiterate and the too-timid lean heavily on quotation-marks, and their frequent appearance in any writing establishes at once a prejudice against the author, a feeling that he must be either uncultured or afraid; and a suspicion of either quality is of great hurt to a writer's chances.

The English language is one in which most of the words have more than one meaning; and most

of our words are defined by their context. If, then, one word carries two or more meanings of equal authority, it is manifestly unjust to let one use of the word have all the honor and put the other uses into the convict stripes of quotation-marks. Thus, if a lawyer's most common employment of the word, case, were in the sense of a legal action, and he wished to write that his watch had a gold case, he would have no authority to clap the word into quotation-handcuffs in the latter sense simply because it was not the most common use he made of it. Yet this seems to be the thought of many writers who abuse the mark. They either wish to emphasize the fact that they themselves employ the word in a different sense, or they are afraid that the reader will not have perspicuity enough to put text and context together.

Special and technical terms constantly have unmerited quotation-marks foisted on them. Some writers, with a very subtle snobbishness, quote all colloquialisms and familiar household words as if, being common, they must be apologized for. Advertisement writers are particularly heinous in their misuse of the device. Unlettered, or only half-lettered, novelists are equal sinners, the following sentence, from a recent book, being a not unfair example:

Antoinette had the gown "made over" for herself, the cloak she sold to a "milliner friend" who "altered and re-trimmed" it, and placed it in his stock, from which it eventually vanished, becoming at length the property of an actress—a piece of "stage wardrobe."

There is no need of pointing out the maddening insults and the disgusting awkwardness of such a sentence. But it is no worse than thousands of others in the daily press and occasionally in the works of well-cultivated writers. Once it gets on a reader's nerves he is subject to an unceasing torment. Everywhere he reads the little twin quirks buzz up at him like mosquitoes.

But "maugre" the tendency of "writers" of "the present time" to "overwork" it, the quotation-mark is a valuable "institution."

"Heaven 'save' the 'mark'!"

Horseless Carriages

It is not easy to find a term by which to designate the subject of present remark that will be both distinctive and felicitous. Numerous words are indeed available, "Automobile," "Locomobile," "Autocar," "Autobat," "Motocycle," etc., etc., which are as shocking to exquisite philological sensibilities as the vehicles themselves are to conservative instincts. A technical paper recently offered a prize of ten dollars for the best name by which to denote "electrically propelled, self-contained vehicles for roads and streets." The award was given to a depraved wretch who suggested "Electromobile." It has been remarked that the journal referred to might safely offer millions to anybody who could supply a worse term. Mr. Richard Croker's mongrel "Autotrucks," however, are still more badly off for a name. The ingenuity shown by all who have tried their hands in this direction reminds one of that of a writer to a daily paper who gravely suggested that the inhabitants of the United States of America be

known as "Ustatians." But this subject is too painful to pursue further.

In so far as it involves the relief of the horse by a superior means of vehicle propulsion, the present movement toward general use of motor carriages resembles that toward the introduction of electric power for city traction, ten years ago. As a fashionable craze it is like the widespread adoption of bicycles three or four years ago. The bicycle, as well as the trolley development, had an important industrial phase. It meant the investment of large amounts of capital in scores of manufacturing and selling enterprises, and it furnished dozens of machine builders an active, though short-lived, market for special tools and machinery. The motor carriage vogue does not yet fully occupy the place of the evanescent bicycle boom, but it bids fair to do so in course of time, and probably to fill a far larger place. Already the newspapers contain almost daily accounts of new automobile companies which are being organized, of factories which are being purchased, and of mammoth orders for vehicles which are being placed. Only a few weeks ago a single company ordered the construction of more than 4,000 vehicles, valued at over \$8,000,000. Some of the bicycle manufacturers are now turning over to automobile construction. Since motor carriages are intended more especially for practical purposes than bicycles, they will naturally have more stability as an industry.

The country where self-propelling wagons have been most readily received into favor is France. The French, however, have looked to America for much assistance in constructing such vehicles. About the beginning of this year the Count de Jotemps, of Paris, placed orders for several million dollars' worth of American motor carriages. A few months ago a Massachusetts tool builder had furnished nineteen machines for boring the cylinders of engines for automobiles in France, most of which machines were destined for different manufacturers. This incident shows the extent to which horseless carriage construction is being undertaken in that country.

In England, also, though to a lesser extent, automobiles have become a fad. It is reported that fashionable owners of these vehicles are crippling the new public autocab, or autohackney, or auto-bus service by kidnapping the drivers of the latter as soon as they are trained.

Several totally distinct systems of motive power for the horseless carriage are in vogue. In France, the use of an engine operated by some such volatile fluid as benzoline, is common. In England, electric motors, driven by storage batteries, are preferred. In the United States also the electric system is popular, the Columbia and Riker vehicles being of that type; but not a few carriages, as in France, derive their power from the explosion of a vapor, gasoline or otherwise. The Stanley motor is driven by steam. A prime mover of some kind is obviously necessary if a carriage is to be used at any distance from an electric plant where storage batteries can be charged, but the electric motor has many advantages over the gasoline engine, one of which is the ease with which it is controlled.

John Brisben Walker, of the Cosmopolitan, is at

the head of a company which is to erect, at Kingsland Point, above Tarrytown, N. Y., an automobile factory which, as he has announced, will not only be adapted to subserve practical ends, but will be a structure of artistic merit, calculated to enhance rather than to mar the beauty of the locality.

As yet, the motor-carriage can hardly be called a popular affair, for the price, of about \$1,000, is prohibitive to the multitude. But a reduction is bound to come, as it did in the case of bicycles. One item of expense which is greater than might be imagined, is the tire. A set of four pneumatic tires costs about \$150, and the solid rubber tires adapted to a truck are a serious matter financially. When once a self-propelling vehicle is purchased, however, it can be run more cheaply than a horse and buggy, the operating expense being as low as from one-third of a cent to two cents per mile.

There are certain purposes to which the employment of motor vehicles is yet, for the most part, limited. They are found especially well adapted to use as private carriages in towns and watering places, where roads are good, as public cabs and as store delivery wagons. The post office authorities have been experimenting with their use as mail wagons, in Buffalo, N. Y., and from the results there obtained it is prophesied that their use for this purpose will become extensive. The adaptation of motors to drag heavy trucks is yet at an experimental stage. Probably it will be some time before we shall see automobile hay and cord-wood wagons in the country. The question of roads is even a more serious one to the automobilist than to the cyclist, since the former cannot, like the latter, dismount and pull his vehicle through the sand or up hill. This fact, among others, tends at present to restrict the use of motor carriages chiefly to cities and their environs.

Record Smashing

An encyclopedia which has recently been brought out in England upon sporting matters, gives considerable space to sport in the United States, and the remarks, written by an American, bring out in strong relief the fact that Americans, unlike Englishmen and Europeans in general, hold the making of records to be the chief end and object of all sporting pastimes, rather than the pleasures which are obtained in their pursuit. That record breaking is a passion with Americans, there is no doubt; but its utter folly and uselessness was never better shown than when a crack bicyclist was recently able to reduce the record for a mile from a minute and a half to a minute by having a specially constructed roadway built along a railroad track, and a specially constructed car with an air-shield, which was hauled along in front of the bicyclist by an engine which made the same speed that the bicyclist did. So staid and authoritative a journal as the *Scientific American* has attempted to show that this wind-break did not actually assist the rider, but simply shielded him from the resistance of the passing air. As a matter of fact, and not of theory, there is behind every train a very powerful suction, which, contrary to the scientific writer, makes a strong current of air in the direction of the train. One has

only to drop a few scraps of paper at the rear end of a train to see them disappear with almost instantaneous rapidity beneath the car as soon as they strike this strong current. In the same manner the bicyclist was simply sucked along by the wind-break. There was absolutely no glory in having accomplished a mile in a minute under such circumstances, unless for the engine, and the event only goes to show the reckless vigor with which record breaking may be pursued. In too many of the sports which are popular with us, the record is the thing, and the real and true objects are too little thought of. The intensity with which we have taken up golf may be, and doubtless is, due to the constant struggle against the imaginary record of Colonel Bogie; in horse racing, in yachting, in pigeon shooting, in almost everything the record which is made is of far more consequence than it should be. And not alone is the mania confined to our pastimes, but even enters our work. There is a constant endeavor to beat past records. It spurs on the engineer to run risks which have sometimes proved calamitous; it inspires the ordinary business man to those ceaseless endeavors which tie him to his desk, when he should be enjoying a well-merited repose; it animates people in nearly every walk of life, and is at the bottom of our temperamental nervousness, our dissatisfaction with everything about us unless we can smash some record that we have not before succeeded in putting behind us. While, however, it enters thus into our daily life, there is perhaps more excuse for it there, because of our natural ambition to make progress. It is a pity that the spirit enters so widely into our pastimes, for it tinges them with the very worries and vexations from which we try in our hours of idleness to escape. There is nothing to be said against rivalry in sports, for it is the life of most of them. A man's prowess is a natural source of pride to him, but it should not be pitted against aught but the prowess of a friendly rival, under exactly similar conditions, that is, at the same time and place, and in the presence of that rival. To race or to play against a record is not sport, but work. It is not a pastime, but the hardest kind of labor. We should not have a Colonel Bogie in every game we play or every race we run. To make a century run on a wheel was at one time an ambition with many, but it was not until some vainglorious individual attempted to make a century run every day for 365 days, that the utter idiocy of the thing became so plainly manifest that any one could see it. The "scorcher" on the wheel is the resultant type that this sort of thing breeds. He does not ride for pleasure, but to break a record, or to be thought to be a record breaker. He carries himself so that he can see absolutely nothing but the roadway in front of him. Truly the lot of "the man with the hoe," or that of the convict stone breaker, is preferable to that of the man who rides a wheel with low handle-bars. Indeed, we should waste no sympathy upon those ground down by toil when men can voluntarily forego the pleasures, comforts and exhilarations of an innocent and delightful diversion, for the painful efforts a majority make to get down on all fours and rivet their eyes upon wagon ruts and dirt. Nothing but record breaking has

brought about this ridiculous state of things. It is a simple degradation of sport, out of which we shall grow as it gradually dawns upon us that the making of great speed is but one of the smallest of the delights attached to the riding of a good wheel. Colonel Bogie, the representative of the record in general, as opposed to the match, may be admissible in golf, but he should be given his proper place in other pastimes. Record breaking should be incidental, and health, innocent pleasure and enjoyment must be the soul of all sport.

End-of-the-Century Weather

As if to make up for past derelictions the last summer of the nineteenth century has furnished those at least who live in or about New York with a specimen of the kind of a climate we should like to be always able to count upon. For a city of such great commercial importance and such actual magnitude, New York boasts of a climate of the most atrocious kind, particularly in the summer season. Just then its wearied hosts of inhabitants would look for a little repose from winter activities, then business pursuits are naturally dull, the days are long and there is time for the enjoyment of mild recreations in the open air. Just then, as a rule, however, a humid and depressing wave from the west overwhelms the city, and it pants for breath like a tired hound, and dejection is printed upon the faces of all alike. There is a little life in the breeze for those fortunates who can get it; but the refreshment is short-lived. The city steams and the people boil. Prostrations are common among men and beasts—nature itself refuses to sanction active exertion under such torrid conditions, but work must be done, no matter what the sacrifice. The great treadmill cannot stop, and its annual victims—those who have perished by sunstroke and excessive heat—are counted by the score. At such times it would be the part of prudence to adopt the tactics of those who dwell in the tropics, and, by early rising, take advantage of the comparative coolness of the cooler hours of the day, devoting the period of greatest heat to restful siestas. Such, however, is not our nature. We are used to wearing certain close-fitting clothes, and nothing will make us abandon them for anything more sensible, and we have equally our confirmed habits of work which cannot be reformed. It is therefore with peculiar feelings of satisfaction that we encounter such a summer as this has been. Every prediction of heat and misery has come to naught. No sooner has the westerly breeze begun to try our tempers than a northerly current has come to intercept it, and make it cool again. We have had few of those crimson sunsets which foretell another day of agony, but instead of them brilliant displays of clear color. For once New York has been delightful. There have been hot days, and days just as insufferable as ever, but they have not lasted. Some boreal current has invariably cut them short, and, withal, there has been a succession of fine, clear days and a perfect relief from the sad casualties which invariably accompany excessive heat. With a climate like that of the present season, New York would be a perfect paradise among the cities of the world.

The Boer and the Britisher

The Transvaal question pricks the British imperial conscience. That conscience hardened to the extermination or subjection of non-European stock finds in the Boer a torment, for he is of Dutch descent, and was first at the Cape, being established there by the middle of the seventeenth century. Not until 1815 did the Cape come definitely into the possession of Great Britain. Twenty years later the Dutch, dissatisfied with British rule, began the first trek which culminated in the foundation of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. The Britisher instinctively grants the right of self-government to the Boer as a Dutchman. The battle rages on that ground; the anti-Boer asserting that by intermarriage with the native the Boer has bred down until he is no longer fit to be respected as a Dutchman, the Boerite maintaining that the Boer is a simple republican, who has kept himself untainted in this money-getting age. "In some of the elements of modern civilization," says Mr. Bryce, "they have gone back rather than forward. A half-nomad people, of sullen and unsocial temperament, severed from Europe and its influences for over two hundred years, living rudely and contentedly on the vast, arid holdings where their sheep and cattle are pastured—each man as far as may be from his neighbor—disdaining trade, disdaining agriculture, ignorant to an almost inconceivable degree of ignorance, without music, literature or art, superstitious, grimly religious, they are in all things, except courage and stubbornness of character, the very antithesis of the strangers settled among them."

In 1877 the Transvaal was annexed to the British Empire, and for four years was under British rule. The Boers at that time offered no opposition to the British Dominion, because they were bankrupt and were threatened with a Zulu invasion, which their army was not in condition to repel. At the end of four years they rebelled, and at the battle of Majuba defeated the English.

By the British Transvaal convention of 1881 Her Majesty reserved to herself the entire control of the external relations of the Transvaal, including the conclusion of treaties and the conduct of diplomatic intercourse with foreign powers, such intercourse to be carried on through Her Majesty's diplomatic and consular officers abroad. The Boers chafed under this arrangement, because by it they could not deal with the nations in their own way, and in 1883 Mr. Gladstone proposed a revision of the convention.

In this convention everything possible was done to satisfy the pride of the Boers. The word suzerainty was omitted. At that time the Transvaal was a barren stock-raising country. With the discovery of gold England ceased to consider the susceptibilities of the Boer, and now claims an effective suzerainty over the Transvaal. The Transvaal denies this suzerainty, maintaining that it was abrogated by the convention of 1884. This assumption of the Britisher is intensely irritating to the Boer who has a strong national sentiment.

"The one thing the Boers dislike," says Mr. H. C. Thomson in his *Rhodesia and Its Government*, "is to be talked to in a superior and patronizing

fashion. They like a blunt man, who treats them as equals, and they will not resent it even if he speaks to them in the most plain and unequivocal way; but it always angers them to be spoken to as though from another platform." The Boers are willing to acknowledge suzerainty in the sense of paramountcy—that is, they are willing to covenant not to take action against or with an outside power without the consent of the suzerain, but they absolutely refuse to permit a foreign power to dictate their internal government. England is now, at the behest of the Outlanders, attempting such dictation. And the Boers, personified in President Kruger, are apparently as determined to withstand Great Britain as were their forebears to resist Spain. The present acute difficulty turns on the franchise. An alien to obtain the franchise must live for fourteen years within the Transvaal, having renounced at the beginning of the period his allegiance as subject of another State. After fourteen years, if the majority of the burghers in his district approve, he becomes a citizen of the Transvaal. As the Outlanders in the Transvaal are a floating mining population, this is a prohibitive franchise. They resent it bitterly, because, though permitted no voice in the government, they are heavily taxed.

There is special bitterness for the Outlander in this taxation, because the money is used for fortifications. The English Government in insisting on the franchise, gives for reason the gross municipal misgovernment of the Boers, and the unfair taxation, particularly of the industrial necessity, dynamite. The white population of Johannesburg is more numerous than all the Boers in the Republic, yet the city, according to the Outlanders, who are seconded by Sir Alfred Milner, is a pest-hole. Sanitation is bad, the water poisonous, the police force inadequate and corrupt, and if the Outlanders send their children to school they are obliged to learn Dutch—and a hybrid Dutch at that! That these are real grievances there is no shadow of doubt. But to expect the Boer to freely grant the suffrage to the Outlanders is to hold him witless. How long would it be before he was outvoted and the Transvaal, as a Boer State, be a thing of the past? That, of course, is the British idea—the death of the Transvaal as a Boer State so that a federated British South Africa could rise out of the ashes.

The Outlanders now greatly outnumber the Boers, and though the English Government may tell Paul Kruger that a newly enfranchised party never gives a solid vote, he will not believe. Most of us, indeed, even if we have not President Kruger's conservative prejudices, would be inclined to doubt the verity of that political result as between the Boers and the Anglo-Saxons. The situation is most dramatic. "Oom" Paul sullenly upholds the right of a people to govern itself according to its own good pleasure; while John Bull is venturing the far-reaching imperial dictum that the nationality of a weak people cannot be respected if it hinders imperial expansion. "You are asking me," says Paul Kruger, "to commit suicide, to give you the Boer State," to which Mr. Chamberlain replies, "If you don't do as I want you to, I will punch you in the head."

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Loafing-Day.....Maurice Thompson.....The Independent

The lazy boy sprawled on his back and squinted at the sky,
Wishing he were the long-winged bird that slantwise sailed on high;
For day was lapsing swiftly, half way from dawn to noon,
And the breeze it sang: "O lazy boy, what makes you tired so soon?"

But the lazy boy was silent, and he slowly chewed a straw,
Vaguely mindful of the thrush that whistled in the haw,
And half aware of bleating sheep and of the browsing kine
Far scattered over slumbering hills to the horizon line.

Happy, happy was the boy a-dreaming sweet and long,
Fanned by the breeze that tossed the haw and ruffed the thrush's song;
For the whole glad day he had to loaf, he and himself together,
While all the mouths of Nature blew the flutes of fairy weather.

The year's great treadmill round was done, its drudgery ended well,
And now the sunny holiday had caught him in its spell,
So that he lounged, a lazy lout, up-squinting at the sky,
And wished he was the long-winged bird that slantwise sailed on high.

It's good to work and good to win the wages of the strong;
Sweet is the hum of labor's hire, and sweet the workman's song;
But once a year a lad must loaf, and dream, and chew a straw,
And wish he were a falcon free, or a catbird in the haw!

Admirals All.....A Song of Sea Kings.....Henry Newboldt

Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
Here's to the bold and free!
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
Hail to the Kings of the Sea!
Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honor be yours and fame!
And honor, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honor be yours and fame!
And honor, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
With the galleons fair in sight;
Howard at last must give him his way,
And the word was passed to fight.
Never was schoolboy gayer than he
Since holidays first began;
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
Their cities he put to the sack;
He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,
And harried his ships to wrack.
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
When the great Armada came;
But he said, "They must wait their turn, good souls,"
And he stopped and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two;
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled,
And his colors aloft he flew.
"I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,
"And I'll sink with a right good will,
For I know when we're all of us under the tide
My flag will be fluttering still."

Splinters were flying above, below,
When Nelson sailed the Sound;
"Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,"
Said he, "for a thousand pound!"
The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
But he wickedly wagged his head;
He clapped the glass to his sightless eye,
And "I'm damned if I see it!" he said.

Admirals all, they said their say
(The echoes are ringing still).
Admirals all, they went their way
To the haven under the hill.
But they left us a kingdom none can take—
The realm of the circling sea—
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake,
And the Rodneys yet to be.

Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honor be yours and fame!
And honor, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

*The World-Smiths.....Sam Walter Foss.....Songs of War and Peace**

What is this iron music
Whose strains are borne afar?
The hammers of the world-smiths.
Are beating out a star.
They build our old world over,
Anew its mold is wrought,
They shape the plastic planet
To models of their thought.
This is the iron music
Whose strains are borne afar;
The hammers of the world-smiths
Are beating out a star.

We hear the whirling sawmill
Within the forest deep;
The wilderness is clipped like wool,
The hills are sheared like sheep.
Down through the fetid fenways
We hear the road machine;
The tangled swamps are tonsured,
The marshes combed and clean.
We see the sprouting cities
Loom o'er the prairie's rim,
And through the inland hilltops
The ocean navies swim.

Across the trellised land-ways
The lifted steamers slide;
Dry shod beneath the rivers
The iron stallions glide;
Beneath the tunneled city
The lightning chariots flock,

*Lee & Shepard, \$1.25.

And back and forth their freight of men
 Shoot like a shuttlecock.
 The moon-led tides are driven back,
 Their waves no more are free,
 And islands rise from out the main
 And cities from the sea.

We see the mountain river
 From out its channel torn
 And wedded to the desert
 That Plenty may be born;
 We see the iron roadway
 Replace the teamer's rut;
 We see the painted village
 Grow round the woodman's hut.
 Beneath the baffled oceans
 The lightning couriers flee;
 Across the sundering isthmuses
 Is mingled sea with sea.

Smiths of the star unfinished,
 This is the work for you,
 To hammer down the uneven world—
 And there is much to do.
 Scoop down that beetling mountain,
 And raze that bulging cape;
 The world is on your anvil,
 Now smite it into shape.
 What is this iron music,
 Whose strains are borne afar?
 The hammers of the world-smiths
 Are beating out a star.

The Southern Alps, After Rain.....*London Spectator*

The dew clings to the myrtle, yet glistening with rain;
 The mist clings to the mountain, expelled from the plain;
 The clouds rise to the high tops, but the highest is clear;
 And a rare gleam on the snow-fields says, sunshine is near.

Now the sheep left in the sheep-fold are munching their
 hay,
 And the shepherd, wrapped in his long cloak does not lead
 them to-day;
 While the dog sits by the fold gate with a watch-keeping
 eye,
 As he looks oft to his master, who nods, "By and by!"

And the sun stares through its vapor, like a moon hid in
 mist,
 With a wan eye as a lover, who has failed in his tryst;
 And the old sit in their corner, and tell old tales anew;
 And I sit in the corner, and dream of home and you.

Then the traveller paces the gallery, impatient of rest;
 And the lover scrawls on the window the name he loves
 best;
 One takes up a thrice-read paper, but flings it away;
 Not China, and not Fashoda, can hold him to-day.

My Sword Song.....*Richard Realf*.....*Poems**

Day in, day out, through the long campaign,
 I march in my place in the ranks;
 And whether it shine or whether it rain,
 My good sword cheerily clanks.
 It clanks and clanks in a knightly way
 Like the ring of an armored heel;
 And this is the song which day by day
 It sings with its lips of steel:

"O friend, from whom a hundred times
 I have felt the strenuous grip
 Of the all-renouncing love that climbs
 To the heights of fellowship;

*Funk & Wagnalls.

Are you tired of all the weary miles?
 Are you faint with your swooning limbs?
 Do you hunger back for the olden smiles,
 And the lilt of olden hymns?

* * * * *
 "Under the wail of the shuddering world
 Amoan for its fallen sons;
 Over the volleying thunders hurled
 From the throats of the wrathful guns;
 Above the roar of the plunging line
 That rocks with the fury of hell,
 Runs the absolute voice: 'O Earth of mine,
 Be patient, for all is well!'"

Thus sings my sword to my soul, and I,
 Albeit the way is long,
 As soiled clouds darken athwart the sky—
 Still keep my spirit strong;
 Whether I live, or whether I lie
 On the stained ground, ghastly and stark,
 Beyond the carnage I shall descry
 God's love shine across the dark.

The Fetch (Abridged).....*Mrs. Clement Shorter*.....*Ballads*

"What makes you so late at the trysting?
 What caused you so long to be?
 For a weary time I have waited
 From the hour you promised me."

"I would I were here by your side, love,
 Full many an hour ago,
 For a thing I passed on the roadway
 All mournful and so slow."

"And what have you passed on the roadside
 That kept you so long and late?"
 "It is weary the time behind me,
 Since I left my father's gate."

"As I hastened on in the gloaming
 By the road to you to-night,
 There I saw the corpse of a young maid,
 All clad in a shroud of white."

"And was she some comrade cherished,
 Or was she a sister dead,
 That you left thus your own true lover
 Till the trysting-hour had fled?"

"Oh, I would that I could discover,
 But her face was turned away,
 And I knew I must turn and follow
 Wherever her resting lay."

"And did it go up by the town path,
 Did it go down by the lake?
 I know there are but the two churchyards
 Where a corpse its rest may take."

"They did not go up by the town path,
 Nor stopped by the lake their feet,
 They buried the corpse all silently
 Where the four cross roads do meet."

"And was it so strange a sight, then,
 That you should go like a child,
 Thus to leave me wait all forgotten,
 By a passing sight beguiled?"

"'Twas my name that I heard them whisper,
 Each mourner that passed by me;
 And I had to follow their footsteps,
 Though their faces I could not see."

"And right well I should like to know, now,
 Who might be this fair young maid,
 So come with me, my own true love,
 If you be not afraid."

LIFE IN THE NEW GOLD COUNTRY

[The extracts which follow are from Frederick Palmer's *In the Klondyke* (Chas. Scribner's Sons), a volume which has received very general commendation. The pictures of life in this frozen Eldorado have been pronounced faithful and are certainly interesting.]

THE GOLD CENTRE.

By the autumn of 1896, when the great discovery of Bonanza Creek was made, Circle City was said to be the largest log cabin town in the world, and from 2,500 to 3,000 white men dwelt in the Yukon Valley. Experience in placer mining counted for little in a region where conditions were so different from those of the Pacific Coast States. There was no sprinkling of capitalists or mining engineers among those robust pilgrims of the early days. Many of the hardships which they endured are already a memory. They were cheered in their combat with nature by no such tales as lured on the "Cheechawkos" (tenderfoot) of 1897-98. The majority of them came from the frontiers of the United States; a smaller part, generally of French descent, from the frontiers of Canada. All were peculiarly the product of the Anglo-Saxon bent for overcoming obstacles. Not infrequently there were fugitives from justice, who, having the inclination and the energy to undergo great physical trials rather than serve a term in prison, and learning a lesson in manhood by bitter retrospection, have often become heroic pioneers. More numerous than the inhabitants of the old centres of civilization would suppose were those recluses who are ever seeking lonely refuges out of touch with the advance posts of organized society.

There was no prospect, especially when no "big strikes" had been reported, to attract the idle and the dissolute who infest similar settlements in more hospitable countries. Relieved of the parasitic class and being inter-dependent in isolation from the outside world under the most rigorous conditions for eight months in the year, their inhabitants, despite the "pasts" of some of them, made Circle City and Forty Mile the most peaceable of mining camps. Captain Constantine, of the British Northwest Mounted Police, with a few men, had plenary powers at Forty Mile, while Circle City was nominally governed by a United States Commissioner and a United States Marshal.

MINING LIFE.

As a rule, the miners did their own washing and mending. Their amusements were card-playing and checker-playing. The climate seemed to exercise a softening effect upon bellicose natures, and even intoxication seldom carried quarrels beyond a dispute of words. Whoever struck the first blow had the consensus of opinion of the camp against him. "We've got enough to do fighting Alaska," was a saying which sententiously expressed the general feeling, "without fighting one another."

To the newcomer it was hinted that a six-shooter, which fiction makes the inseparable companion of all men in a new placer mining camp, was a superfluity that would keep him out of trouble only when he kept it at all times hanging on a peg in his cabin.

Its weight alone was equal to two days' rations in a country where the prospector had to dispense with his helpmeet, the mule or the burro, and carry his grub for a tour on his back. Therefore, arms were never carried unless there was a chance of meeting with game.

The essence of the "free miners' law" was being on the "squer," which, after all, is a rough equivalent of the brotherhood of man. Between the disputants as to the ownership of a claim the "miners' meeting" decided which one was in the right. All offenders were brought before the bar of their fellows. A man accused of theft, after an examination of witnesses, was acquitted or convicted by the holding up of hands. If guilty, he was, according to the circumstances, either warned to leave the country for good—no slight penalty in midwinter with only the hospitality of Indians to depend upon—or else ostracism was postponed pending good behavior. "Miners' meeting law" is unscientific and rarely commendable, but here it served its purpose well, because its methods made it so seldom required.

UNWRITTEN LAWS.

Under the force of self-interest a universal goodwill prevailed. Whatever a miner had—perhaps the increment of a summer's earnings, which was to pay for another year's supplies—he kept in tomato cans on the table of his cabin with impunity. When he went away from home on a journey to some other creek he left his latch-string out. On the very evening of his absence, while his cabin was occupied by another, he was, perhaps, sleeping in some one else's without an invitation. By the unwritten law of the land he enjoyed whatever luxuries of food and rest the cabin afforded; but, likewise by the unwritten law of the land, he washed any dishes that he had used and put them and all other things that he had disturbed back where they belonged, folded the blankets on the bunk, cut firewood in place of that which he had burned, and laid kindlings by the stove ready to make warmth and cheer for the owner when he should return, cold and weary.

"Cheechawkos" who came down the river in the spring in their rough boats at first, through ignorance, were often transgressors of the unwritten laws. But so few arrived at a time that the majority were soon able to convince them of the folly of courting trouble for themselves. Any one with a bad record could not obtain favors or a loan when he needed it. After he had consumed the supplies which he had brought into the country with him, he must rely upon the transportation companies, established to meet the demand of the new settlements, whose river steamers connected with ocean-going vessels at the island of St. Michael in Norton Sound. When a man had been unfortunate in his summer's work, a reputation for probity would secure from the companies a year's outfit on a simple promise to pay. In treating generously the real prospector who sought new fields, they only had an eye to their own interests in the development of the country.

REAPING THE GOLD HARVEST.

It was just on the eve of harvest-time when I first visited the creeks. In a day or two the flow of water from the gulches where the snow lay thickest would make a head sufficient to wash the yellow grain out of the dumps. Along the four miles of Eldorado, or its full length, and the ten miles of working claims on Bonanza, lines of flumes and their dependent sluice-boxes—the lumber for which had been drawn on sleds from Dawson by husky dogs, or cut with whipsaws—formed a network around the string of cabins occupied by claim-owners and their workmen, and around the piles of clayish-colored dirt, thawed out inch by inch during the short winter days, which contained virgin wealth amounting to \$10,000,000. The hill-sides, once covered with timber, were bare of all except stumps and scarred by broad streaks from top to bottom, showing where logs for building the cabins and for feeding the fires in the drifts had been slid down.

If you descended by the shafts beside the dumps to the drifts, you soon comprehended that reaping the harvest, once you have a claim, is not so easy as picking wild cranberries. It is dogged work to build fires day after day, running the risk of suffocation and permanent injury to the eyes by the smoke, and pulling up the dirt, bucketful after bucketful, by means of a windlass, with the thermometer forty below zero—and the prospect of cooking your own dinner. The rising steam from the thawing pay-dirt of the drifts, which fills the valley with mist, adds the discomfort of humidity to the biting cold. Though the man who turns the windlass may have to beat his hands and dance about to keep warm, he is never in positive danger, as is his partner below, who, in returning to relight one of the series of nicely arranged piles of wood which have failed to ignite, is likely to be suffocated, or, barring such slips as this or any consequent accident, is sure to suffer continually from soreness and smarting of the eyes, if not to have them permanently injured by the smoke.

PICKING UP GOLDEN NUGGETS.

In one spot of three or four square feet on Eldorado the nuggets may be so thick that you can pick them out by hand as a farmer's boy picks potatoes out of a hill. In juxtaposition there may be as many more square feet which are not considered worth thawing and sluicing; and so the angles of the drifts seem like the path of a man of vacillating mind, trying to make his way to the light in darkness. From two to three feet above the real bedrock is the false bedrock, a stratum of stone broken into angular fragments, apparently by some great force passing overhead. Between the two is the best paying-dirt, and occasionally here is found, perhaps with particles of gold sticking to it, the tusk of a mammoth, who was the ruler in the valley before the days of the moose. . . .

THE CLIMATE'S PART IN THE WORK.

By the 15th of May the drifts were filled or partly filled with seepage which had frozen below a depth of a few feet, where the temperature is never above freezing. Work in them was at an end by the 1st of May, when the surface earth had begun to thaw a

little at midday. Then the plane, saw and hammer took the place of the pick and shovel. If they had used rosewood at New York or London prices the miners could not have built their flumes and sluice-boxes out of more expensive material than that they had in the warping, knotty fir boards which were condescendingly sold at \$250 a thousand by the three sawmills in the country. Once the flumes were laid to the gulches and to the dams in the creek itself, the sluice-boxes were properly laid on the dumps which were to be washed first and the gates between the two were made tight, the community was ready to reap the reward of a winter's toil as soon as the sun should thaw the drifts of snow on the mountain sides sufficiently to make a sluice-head of water. There followed a brief period of inactivity like that between sowing and harvest for the farmer. . . .

One day the sun suddenly beat down with great fierceness, which was unabated for several days. Then the water came gushing down the flumes in greater quantity than was needed, and the men picked up their picks and shovels again and began peeling off the dirt on the dumps and tossing it into the sluice-boxes. The warmth was prolonged through the night, so that the dirt continued to thaw as fast as they could strip it off, and on many claims—whose owners had foresight or were in luck, as one pleases to put it—there were two shifts working all the time, except when, once or twice a day, the boxes were being "cleaned" of the accumulation of gold and the sand which sinks with it between the cleats. The snowdrifts were melting as if they were under a blowpipe. Even the tiny streams of the gulches become torrents, dams had to be opened, and some sluice-boxes floated away from their moorings. Only too soon was the loss of the wasted energy brought home. With the snow gone and rains and the seepage from the thawing surface the only source of water supply, the currents dwindled until many claims had not a single sluice-head. The claim-owners on the tributary Eldorado, with as much dirt to wash as the main stream Bonanza, particularly had cause to resent the prodigality of nature in expending all of its ammunition at once. Instead of having finished their washing in June, as they had confidently expected, all through July they were measuring the head of water from hour to hour with the care of a physician feeling a patient's pulse.

THE CLEAN-UP.

When the "clean-up" of a day's shoveling was made you might feast your eyes on the consummation of the harvest. The water was shut off and the cleats in the boxes were lifted and rinsed, leaving a residue which glistened with yellow particles. Just a small stream was turned by the man at the water-gates, who was probably making the most of his rest from shoveling by smoking a pipe of cut plug, and then turned off again, or on a little more or off a little less, while the most expert miner on the claim pushed the speckled sand-pile back and forth with a common brush-broom until all the foreign particles had floated off, except a sprinkling of the heavy black sand which is invariably the companion of placer gold.

Three or four or five thousand dollars—perhaps ten or fifteen or twenty thousand, if the "clean-up" was on Eldorado—which is three or four or five double handfuls, was put into a pan with an ordinary fireshovel. The sight was bound to make your blood run faster and to color your reason with an epic enthusiasm. That little yellow pile, you knew at a glance, would stand the test of chemicals. It must also accept the concrete responsibility for all the disappointments, sufferings and deaths of the pilgrims on the trail and the worries of their friends and relatives at home. Once you have seen a "color" in the bottom of a pan with the black sand following it around like a faithful servant, you can never again be deceived by the glitter of any false gods. You would know it if you saw it between cobblestones on Broadway, or if it were no larger than a pin-head at the bottom of a trout-pool.

A magnificent carelessness of details prevailed. A scientific miner who had seen fortunes made in California out of a cent a pan would have regarded the forty kings of the forty claims of Eldorado in the light of infants making a holiday with a tack hammer and a gold watch. They could afford to laugh back at him in return. There is some reason in their philosophy that one cannot afford to pay men a dollar and a quarter an hour to pick up stray pennies. It was not in their nature to squeeze the last cent out of Mother Earth, in the manner of some hard taskmaster, when she had given to him such a bountiful harvest. A little line of dust, like a braid of gold lace, remaining on either side of the sluice-boxes after a day's clean-up was dismissed with the remark that it would "come out in the wash" next time. There was not one strong box for the safe-keeping of the daily harvest of thousands on all of the creeks. The bags of dust were kept in the little cellars which the miners had excavated under their cabins for the preservation of their food. There was a joke which went the rounds of the firesides during the food-panic that it would be cheaper to fry the dust and save the hams. For the bags, made of roughly tanned moosehide, the Indians received prices in keeping with those of other things. They bore the owner's name printed in ink, if ink could be obtained. Their capacity was about \$5,000 each, and they were not unlike, in their freshness as well as in their size, the dirty, worn, brown little bags which were carried in lieu of purses. Three or four of them were all that you cared to carry on your back. When you met men on the trail bending as under heavy packs of slight bulk, you knew their business. If there were many bags there might be an escort with a rifle, and there might not. Most of the claim-owners thought nothing of sending several thousands by their employees, unaccompanied, to be deposited in one of the Commercial Companies' stores; but once the "Cheechawkos" began to arrive all sought locks for their cellar-doors.

ONE OF THE FORTUNATE.

The career of "Father" Stanley, of Seattle, was used as a stock illustration of the unimportance of experience to the prospector. This lame old book-seller, having the enthusiasm of the fanatic in place of real strength, had gone to the Klondyke in the

spring of 1896. For a time he worked on the bars of Stewart, taking out \$10 a day. If he had not been deformed he would have packed more food over the Pass. Fortunately, his supply ran out in September, and on his way down stream to Forty Mile, where he hoped to get more, he happened to arrive at the mouth of the Klondyke just as the first miners from Forty Mile were hurrying to the scene of Indian Charlie's "strike." As he could not walk as fast as the others, they got all the claims on Bonanza, and he had the good luck to get one of the best claims on Eldorado.

A year later, returning on the treasure ship that brought the news of the great strike, when he entered his house with a small portion of his fortune—a hundred thousand dollars in cash—his good wife, as the story goes, was at the washboard, where she had spent a deal of her time during her husband's absence, earning a living for a large family. Her customers coming to make inquiries about their clothes, were told to take whatever was in the tub, which they could identify as their own. As for herself, she was boarding at the hotel, sending such of her apparel as she had not thrown away to the laundry, and, moreover, was too busy with the dressmaker to attend to any trifling details which might have concerned her past life.

AFTER THE BOOM.

Roughly but surely the lesson was forced home to the pilgrim that a fortune cannot be made in the Klondyke in a hurry. If he would have a claim he must find it. Even after he has found it, he must spend two or three years, unless he sells it, taking out its treasure. If it were not for the humiliation of facing their friends from whom they had parted with merry good-bys, nine out of every ten of the pilgrims would have returned home at once. Thirty per cent. of them did, as it was. Two-thirds would have gone if many had not loitered on in their tents until it was too late to go except over the ice. The tenth man developed those characteristics of patience and nonchalance in dealing with obstacles which the veteran prospector possesses by experience and by nature. For such as lacked this spirit and remained in the country there was the prospect of loitering in their cabins until their supplies were eaten, in the hope of getting a good claim on a stampede, or of going to work for wages.

In all, the pilgrims must have spent \$30,000,000 or \$40,000,000 on outfits and transportation. (The output of gold in the Klondyke for the year was \$11,000,000.) But they have paved the way with their failures for the development of a vast expanse of country whose abounding wealth is unquestioned. The hardships of a journey to Dawson are of the past. An aerial tramway, without groans or perspiration, does the work of the packers at one-fifth of the expense on Chilkoot, and a railroad carries passengers as well as freight over the whole Pass. Steamers ply on both the upper and lower branches of the river connecting at White Horse Rapids with others plying on the lakes. Hereafter the mines of the Klondyke will be an established institution, like the mines of California, and the prospectors who go there, better fitted for their tasks.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Mary Johnston, Author of Prisoners of Hope Concerning the latest Virginian to take a foremost place in the world of letters, Miss Mary Johnston, author of *Prisoners of Hope*, *Time and the Hour* prints the following:

In responding to a request for some biographical data after the publication of her *Prisoners of Hope* last season, that first book which instantly made its young author famous, "a recognized fellow in the world of fiction," Miss Johnston wrote of her literary work: "Since the loss of my mother, nine years ago, I have been at the head of a large household. I am a busy woman, with many interests and responsibilities, and frail health, and my writing is largely of the nature of fancy work—to be picked up at odd moments when nothing more pressing engages my attention." And exquisitely wrought fancy work indeed it is! Mary Johnston inherits talent. She is a Virginian by birth and ancestry, of a fine Old Dominion family, with strong-blooded Scotch and Scotch-Irish forebears. Through her mother she is a lineal descendant of one of the thirteen apprentices who closed the gates of Londonderry in the siege of 1688. Her paternal great-great-grandfather, Peter Johnston, was the first of the family in Virginia, coming in 1722 from Scotland. He became a planter of some wealth and influence in the colony, and was the donor of the lands on which now stands the college of Hampden-Sidney. He married late in life and became the father of three sons, Peter, Andrew and Charles, the respective ancestors of numerous prominent families South, now widely scattered. Peter, the eldest son, a lieutenant in Light Horse Harry Lee's Legion, and after the Revolution a lawyer and a judge, was the father of the Confederate General Joseph E. Johnston. Charles, the younger son, was, during his youth and while on an expedition down the Ohio, taken prisoner by the Shawnee Indians and detained in captivity for a considerable time. Later in life, in 1827, he published a narrative of his experiences among the savages. The second son, Andrew, was Miss Johnston's great-grandfather. He was born in 1767, educated at Hampden-Sidney, became a planter, and married Anna Nash, through whom Miss Johnston is the great-great-great-granddaughter of John Nash, Justice of Henrico County in 1738; the great-great-granddaughter of Colonel John Nash, of Templeton Manor, an officer in the Indian troubles in 1758, delegate to the Convention at Richmond in March, 1775, and member, 1776-78, of the Virginian House of Delegates; and the great-great-grandniece of Abner Nash, Governor of North Carolina and member of the Continental Congress, 1782-86, and of General Francis Nash, who fell at Germantown. Her grandfather Johnston—John Nash Johnston—was a Baptist minister; and he married a Scotch woman, Eliza Ogilvie Bell, daughter of a fellow-minister. Miss Johnston's father, John William Johnston, was their third son. He is a lawyer by profession, and since the Civil War, in which he was a major of artillery in the Confederate army, he has been mainly connected with internal improvements and industrial

development in several Southern States. Her mother was born Miss Alexander, of Moorefield, W. Va., and from her she received her Scotch-Irish blood.

Miss Johnston's birthday was November 21, 1870, and her birthplace, the town of Buchanan, Botetourt County, picturesquely set on the James where it breaks through the Blue Ridge, one hundred and ninety-six miles above Richmond, in the heart of one of the loveliest sections of Virginia. It is a small town, with a somewhat long and picturesque history, as Miss Johnston tells it. It was settled in the closing years of the last century, and in ante-bellum days became a place of some little importance, when it was the centre of much of the best of the social life of the county. In June, 1864, during Hunter's raid, it was partially burned, her father's house being one of those destroyed. In this town most of her childhood and early youth was spent. Then when she was in her sixteenth year the family moved to Birmingham, Ala., Major Johnston being then engaged in building the Georgia Pacific Railroad, of which he was president. And Birmingham has since been her home, with the exception of four years during which she lived in New York City.

Of her young girlhood in Buchanan we have this pleasant glimpse. Being a delicate child, she was taught at home, and her education was of a desultory nature, the major portion of it gained among "old-fashioned books in old-fashioned libraries"—those Southern home libraries, strong in the "classics" and scant of "modern" things, of which we used to hear more than now. She was allowed to read as she pleased, and much of her reading, as is naturally inferred, "would hardly come under the denomination of juvenile literature." Quite as much as books she loved Nature, and it was her delight to roam over the lovely country about her home. The town was so small, we are told, that a mile in any direction brought one into thick woods, to mountain streams, or up upon the mountain-side itself. There were old servants in the family with whom she thinks she and her sisters traveled over every hill and stream and through every gorge and piece of woods around the place. The Natural Bridge was only twelve miles away; the Peaks of Otter less than that distance. Until she was ten years old there was no railroad within nine miles of the place, only a canal-boat and an old red stage-coach connecting with the outer world. "Like others of its ilk, it was a leisurely, dignified, pleasant little town." Then, with the advent of two railroads, and the gradual dying-out or departure of most of the old families, came the inevitable change.

Miss Johnston's first attempts were with verse, for her own amusement, to beguile the tedium of a winter's invalidism. Then she began her novel, and two years of her scant leisure were devoted to it. When completed the MS. was placed before Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who, quick to recognize its worth, at once accepted it, and, brought out in 1898, it straightway became one of

the notable successes of that season. Her second novel, *To Have and to Hold*, now running in the Atlantic, has the same strength and vigor, historical accuracy, swiftness of action, finish of style and charm of diction, and must add materially to her fame.

Othon Guerlac, writing to the New York Evening Post of the late Victor Cherbuliez, novelist and member of the French Academy, says:

Cherbuliez was born at Geneva in 1829, of a family of French refugees driven from their country by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes under Louis XIV. A Protestant, he must needs "ex vi termini" be a free thinker, eager for knowledge, impatient of every yoke, religious or political. He chanced, besides, to have for a father a learned and respected professor of Hebrew, who practised even at the beginning of the present century that "higher criticism" which is but now invading and terrifying America. This is tantamount to saying that Victor Cherbuliez received a good intellectual discipline. As a Genevan, he had another advantage. Brought up in that cosmopolitan city situated at the cross-roads of three civilizations, he imbibed a cosmopolitan culture. In truth, Cherbuliez seemed prepared to become a university professor. At the close of his studies at Geneva, he went to Paris to pursue Burnouf's Sanskrit courses, thence to Bonn and to Berlin, where he became deeply enamored of the Hegelian philosophy and dreamed of becoming a disciple of the great German thinker. But this young savant, who spoke fluently four languages, and had been initiated into all the great European literatures, turned out to have, along with his professional science, a roaming imagination and a possessed spirit in which was recognizable the influence of the charming Toepfner, author of "*Voyages en zig-zag*," who had been his master. Imagination carried the day against science, and, instead of becoming a pedantic professor, he became a novelist.

A providential accident came to his aid. A modest inheritance permitted him, instead of prematurely earning his living, to continue his travels. He visited Greece, the East, Russia. He enriched his mind, already so rich, with all the sights and observations that the spectacle of the world has to offer. He studied the art of ancient Greece, the Italian Renaissance, contemporary Russia and Germany, and when he had amassed this material he began to write novels. Evidently the novels of a man of such a discipline, who had waited till he was thirty before he produced his first work, could not resemble those of a Daudet or a Zola, who, having only a college education, and being under the necessity of supporting themselves as well as being driven by the demon of inspiration, gave to the public the hasty experiments of ardent, enthusiastic and ignorant writers. Cherbuliez's novels resembled their author. He employed fiction not merely to study characters and types, but to discourse on topics of history, philosophy and politics. "*Le Prince Vitale*" is a veritable study of the Italian Renaissance. "*Le Grand Œuvre*" is a work on the philosophy of history. "*Le Comte Kostia*" is a

study of the Slavic spirit, with digressions on Byzantinism.

It was "*Le Comte Kostia*," first published in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" in 1862, which revealed Cherbuliez to the French public at large. The plot of this story is so dramatic, the theme so bold, that its readers followed it with breathless curiosity. The scholar was discovered to be a marvelous romancer. As for his style, it was very pure, very classic, very brilliant—indeed, too brilliant, with far-fetched expressions, rare words, and some Swiss locutions, so that Veuillot, the celebrated pamphleteer, with his customary injustice, accused him of "writing in Swiss." From this epoch, every other year, Cherbuliez never ceased to give a romance regularly to the "*Revue*," of which he had become a standing contributor. He studied in succession types of every country.

"*L'esprit*" is truly the most general characteristic of the work and talent of Cherbuliez. It is a delicate, subtle and fine irony which plays across every page, and is above all discernible in the dialogue of his heroes, in the author's reflections, and even in his style. It has been said that in his novels everybody, even imbeciles, show wit—and this is true; it is what makes every page a feast. Those who take no interest in his stories, always captivatingly related, or are intolerant of the occasional improbability of the fable, can but enjoy the gentle philosophizing, the mocking good sense, the jovial wisdom—qualities unrivaled in contemporary fiction, and which justly reminded M. Lanson of Voltaire's "*Contes*."

His novels were not universally enjoyed; but such as did like them liked them passionately. It happened to him, when one of them was in course of publication, to receive letters from his readers begging him not to give a bad end to this or that hero or heroine for whom he had excited sympathy. Old Buloz, a very fantastic character, doted on Cherbuliez's novels. One day he had a numerous company of friends at his country house in Savoy. The guests had amused themselves by gathering mushrooms in the woods, and had had them cooked for dinner. Some of the number, distrusting the competence of the gatherers, hesitated to partake. Cherbuliez alone bravely attacked the dish, when Buloz, alarmed, cried out to him: "What are you about, Cherbuliez? Remember that you haven't finished your romance in the '*Revue*'!"

To this magazine Cherbuliez did not contribute fiction alone. After 1875, under the pseudonym of Valbert, he published every month an essay in which, on pretext of a German, English or Italian book, he unlocked the treasures of his erudition and his fancy, treating with a light touch the gravest subjects, and making the most difficult questions attractive. He thus rendered his pseudonym famous, and many who cared little for his novels awaited with impatience these articles of Valbert's, which, for twenty years, were one of the successes of the "*Revue*." Renan, who declared that he could not understand how serious-minded men could write fiction, pleasantly expressed his surprise on receiving Cherbuliez into the Academy, that a man like him, who was able to be Valbert, should continue to be Cherbuliez. But Cherbuliez found

means to satisfy the most exacting by at the same time being an essayist in his romances, and introducing into his essays the grace and imagination of the romancer.

The death of this rare writer causes a void in French letters which no one can fill. Unlike many writers, Cherbuliez was the man of his books. The mild philosophy, the serene goodness, and the large tolerance which characterize all his writings, also distinguished his life. He was gentle, simple, modest. All who came near him loved him. He knew nothing of the fussy and intriguing vanity of men of letters. He never got himself advertised. The fame he acquired came to him unaided. After the war of 1870, he removed his home to France, and in Paris his whole time was divided between his family, who adored him, his works and his duties to the French Academy, before which he pronounced several charming discourses. His summers he spent in the country near Paris amidst the flowers of which he was so fond. To the end of his life, which was clouded by the death of a beloved wife and of a son of great merit, he preserved his intellect and his talent intact. His last novel, "Jacquine Vanesse," betrays no fatigue, and is as brilliant as those of his very beginning.

*Richard Whiteing, Author of
No. 5 John Street*

Mr. Richard Whiteing, author of No. 5 John Street, contributes to a recent number of *The Critic* the following autobiographical sketch:

I hardly know how to begin, but I suppose one had better take the usual order. I was born more years ago than I care to remember, but, if I must put it down, it was in the year 1840. I come of a stock of Yorkshire farmers, who have lived from time immemorial under the shadow of Beverley Minster in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and who lie comfortably in its shadow still, under tombstones dating a long way back. My father was the first of them who came to London. I was born in London, and apart from my civic loyalty to it, the city has always had an extraordinary fascination for me, as the greatest agglomeration of human beings on the face of the earth, and as a sort of microcosm of the whole social problem. I was privately educated, was sent to study art in my teens at the Government School of Design, and became a pupil of Wyon, chief engraver of the Queen's seals.

One peculiar feature of engraving is that you see everything through a magnifying-glass of great power, which, while it concentrates the gaze on a small disc of metal, shuts out all the surrounding objects. There is nothing like it for the view of the single square inch. But it tends to spoil your view of the world, and the world was what I wanted to see. So I was always running away from the study of this particular art to the study of the world at second-hand, through the medium of books. I read a good deal, and this only quickened my desire to see. From the first, the thing that struck me most was the contrasts in life—the contrasts between rich and poor, education and ignorance, mind and brute force, the palace and the slum. One fine day, when I was still in my artistic house of bondage, I saw an article in the evening paper, written by Mr. Greenwood, on a visit to a workhouse by

an amateur casual. The dandy had been to see the outcasts of society, disguising himself for the purpose. A friend suggested to me that it might be an excellent thing to turn the tables by imagining an excursion of a poor man into the haunts of the rich. I went home and wrote *A Night in Belgrave Square*, by a Costermonger, and the day that this appeared in *The Evening Star*, then under the editorship of Mr. Justin McCarthy, I found myself famous, after a fashion. My portrait appeared in due course in the shop windows. I was asked to write other papers of the same sort for the *Star*. I was invited to join the literary clubs. In short, I threw down the little magnifying-glass and went into journalism.

But I felt that my modest fame, such as it was, had come too soon. I was then but twenty-five. I wanted to see more, to read more, to think more, before I began to write; and I rather deliberately avoided means of publication which would have brought me before the public in the immaturity of my powers. So while I kept to journalism as tending to the enlargement of the point of view, I really avoided publicity and withdrew into the anonymity of the daily paper. This at least gave me an opportunity of seeing the world. I became a special correspondent. I went for the *New York Herald* to Geneva during the arbitration; for the *New York Tribune* to Spain after the abdication of Amadeus; to Berlin and Vienna, and most other capitals of Europe, on special missions. I saw the United States twice, once during the Chicago exhibition. I went to Rome, Moscow and St. Petersburg on a Mission for *The Century Magazine*. Then, always in pursuit of my favorite study of contrasts, I settled for long years in Paris as the correspondent of some English journals and of the *New York World*, under the editorship of Mr. Hurlbert. When I had seen enough of this I felt that I wanted to get back to my own country, so I returned to London and settled there as a leader writer for *The Daily News*. I joined the Reform Club, and I began to see a good deal of the life of the better half of society, as distinct from that other half, which is indispensable for the study of contrasts.

I was always haunted by my first prepossessions as to the contrasts, always running away from one end of town to the other; not slumming, but simply to see and know. I read a good deal of the literature of the Fabian Society. I went a good deal among the dregs of society, just to listen and to look. Out of this came my book, *The Island*, in which I tried to express the sense of weariness as of an insoluble problem which this experience induces, and in which I wafted myself in fancy to a remote island in the South Seas, where still in fancy one might hope to find peace and simplicity of life, and to lose that sense of the horror of the contrasts which had now become a positive weariness of the spirit with me. I meditated a scheme of going to live in the lowest quarter I could find, and saying nothing about it to anybody, but simply disappearing, and passing two or three years, or perhaps my whole life, among the natives, finding out what I could about them, and letting the world know anonymously from time to time. But this proved impracticable. London had caught me up in its

own imperious way with a number of interests and claims I could not set aside. So all that was open to me was to see as much of its dumb millions as I could, and I stole away to them whenever the opportunity served, ever coming back at the appointed time to write my leaders in the newspaper office on the importunate and generally uninteresting topic of the day. Then there came a moment when I grew weary of the anonymity of this work and its want of prospect. I seemed to feel once more the pressure of that glass in the eye, and the sense of a pageant of life that was still shut out from me.

Still, I had seen and felt and thought so much, that it seemed to me to be time to begin to write something on my own account once more. In this mood I undertook No. 5 John Street. It was partly as a sort of compensation for my disappointment on the failure of my earlier scheme of living wholly among the outcasts. If I could not so live I could at least imagine some one who had done so, and put him in circumstances which for me were an unattainable ideal. The difficulty was not to know what to write, but what to leave out. The results of all my years of experience in so many different countries, and especially in my own, were simply bewildering, and I had to reject largely, in order to bring the book within the limits of a work of art. The rest is known. A day or two after the publication I woke up to find myself, after a fashion, again famous. The first edition was sold out in four days. A fourth is in preparation while I write, and the book has been published but a fortnight. The papers have been most lavishly generous of praise. This time, I think, if the British and American public don't mind, I should like to continue writing, and to give them the most striking variations I am able to compose of what I feel to be my everlasting theme.

Ada Negri

The Quiver prints the following, written by the late Canon Bell, concerning Ada Negri, the peasant girl poet of Italy, from whose volume of poems entitled *Fate Current Literature* has recently quoted:

It is only a few years, not more than six, I believe, since a young poetess flashed like a new star on the literary world of Italy. This girl, hardly out of her teens, unknown, humble, virtuous, the mistress of a school in one of the far northern Italian villages which even the wheels of a tram had not reached, without any editorial flourish of trumpets, without powerful patronage, without benevolent and interested friends, with only a bundle of leaves sewn together in a white volume, has succeeded in gaining a literary triumph, not in her own country alone, but throughout the greatest part of Europe. In every corner of Italy, indeed, voices are raised in wonder and praise at the supreme power of the poems—their strength and beauty—that have had their birth in the heart and brain of the school mistress of Motta-Visconti. Here in this small market town, on the edge of the Ticino, are extensive woods, known to the hunters from Milan, to which Ada Negri resorted to hear the message of the wind as it sighed and sang through the branches of the trees. The poems in which she has interpreted Nature in its ever-changing aspects of glory

and gloom; in which she has given a tongue to the woes and sorrows which are the portion of man, to the oppression of the rich, to the hard lot of the poor; and those in which she has spoken of the beauty and tenderness of true love, have called forth the most enthusiastic praises from the most distinguished critics. In England her work may not be widely known, except among literary men, and I am not aware that her poems have ever been translated—either her first volume, "*Fatalità*," or her more recent one, called "*Tempeste*," four thousand copies of which were called for before the twelve-month had expired.

Ada Negri is the daughter of a poor laborer, one who worked in the mines, and her mother was a weaver of wool, who, though often weary and always feeble, worked incessantly in a manufactory, bearing up bravely against circumstances because she was working for her daughter, who wished to study. The poor toiler in the wool factory, guided simply by maternal instinct, and by the judgment of the mistress of the Asylum where her little daughter was sent for two years, saw in her child a genius and a courage far above the common. She gave her the opportunity of studying in the Normal School of Lodi, while she wore out her own existence in the wool factory to secure for Ada a happy future. The loving mother remained at her daily toil with this object, alternating her arduous work with enforced rest in the wards of the hospital, where she was at one time laid up for twelve months, among those who were received within its walls because threatened with consumption. In a few lines in her poem, "*Madre Operaia*," Ada Negri sings of the sublime sacrifice of her unhappy mother, who purchased with hunger, with cold, with life itself, a noble destiny for her child. Her daughter had the means of studying, and the poor wool-weaver took heart, though her limbs were weary, and she was suffering from ill-health. Her daughter studied, and the mother, worn out and exhausted, put into her work, in the immensity of her affection, some drops of blood and sweat that nourished her dreams of fortune and glory for her child; careless of everything, content with anything, if only there should be in the future a luminous destiny for Ada, and her brown head yet be crowned with gold and laurel.

At the age of fifteen Ada was summoned to teach in the college for girls at Cotogno, where she was lodged, and where she received every month twenty lire. Here she remained a year, when she was appointed to the post of mistress at Motta-Visconti, where, full of faith and courage, she devoted herself to her scholars, who numbered about eighty, and sorely tried her patience with their noise and obstinacy, as with difficulty she sought to beat into their heads even the letters of the alphabet. She used to return to her mother after school hours were over with burning hands, and her anxious parent could not avert the fear that her daughter would be attacked by illness. The poor school-mistress was, in reality, leading two lives, one away from her humble home, stern and firm to duty, the other rendered beautiful by imagination, when she was free to think, and to let her mind roam at will through all that was grand and sublime, and

illuminated by the "light that never was on land or sea."

She had never seen the sea nor the mountains, not even the hills or a lake; nor could she say she knew the wonders of a great city, since her only knowledge of Milan was derived from her passage from Porta Torinese to the Porta Romana, as she left Lodi to pass the holidays with her mother. A new vista opened to her eyes in the great populous city when some friends, who wished to give her pleasure, asked her to visit them for two days, at the time when the exhibition made everything brilliant and gay. It was a new life to her. The pleasure-seekers passed in files before her eyes with every display of luxury, of beauty and of grace. The art treasures she saw at the Brera astonished her, filled her with emotion, transported her; the magic enchantment of distant lands and peoples brought her among those natives of the East and those houses that in her dreams had appeared before her dark eyes.

Then she returned in her wooden clogs and peasant dress to the school in the retired country town, to pursue her avocation, doing violence to her genius, with few books to feed the mind, but with much courage, with boundless love for her mother, and with the noblest ideals before her. Here for seven years she taught by day, and wrote her lyrics of love and sorrow and sympathy by night. So she lived and toiled for seven years, when at last the hour of justice struck, and the tardy reward came in sudden recognition and fame.

Eden Phillpotts

This account of the author of the much-talked-of *Children of the Mist* appears in the London Academy of recent date:

Mr. Eden Phillpotts is thirty-five, and in ten years has produced some dozen volumes and one or two plays. He is a Devonshire man, and, in spite of the fact that he has lived long in London, he knows Dartmoor better than the Strand, and loves it better, too. He is a literary craftsman, who has extracted a livelihood from his pen, and in doing so has written every sort of fiction, and found his local color in many climes, from Cairo and the confines of Russia to Moretonhampstead and Buckland Beacon. A pillar of the magazines, he has practised alike humor, pathos and mere excitations. Moreover, he can versify with skill; some of his poems for children have the quaintest genuine charm. Looking back now upon his career, one is bound to admit that he has progressed quietly, slowly, imperturbably, toward a goal which, though doubtless he himself had it in view from the beginning, has only within the last year or two been made clear to his admirers. It was the publication of *Lying Prophets* in 1897 which enabled us to place him as the modern novelist of Dartmoor and Dartmoor folk. That book was very much better than any of its predecessors by the same hand. A thing of distinguished and individual art, it had style and it had strength; and it contained a description of a majestic natural catastrophe which, whatever Mr. Phillpotts may do in the future, will always rank with his best. *Lying Prophets* received the eulogies of the most discriminating critics, and it also con-

trived to be a popular success, which was singular. It was not, however, remarkable for its humor, and this was the more surprising in that Mr. Phillpotts has a spontaneous, indeed irrepressible tendency toward humor. Happily the same limitation does not apply to its successor, *Children of the Mist*, in which throughout the broadest humor treads on the heels of high spiritual pathos. *Children of the Mist* is in every way a novel superior to *Lying Prophets*, closer knit, simpler, more direct, more poignant. It has absolute maturity, and it is an achievement. To say more in this age when every week brings its own new-born genius would be indiscreet.

Two characteristics are notable in Mr. Phillpotts' work. The first is its unalloyed English quality. The second is the sombre strength of his imagination. For the rest, Mr. Phillpotts is an earnest student of nature and the rural mind. It is in remote villages that he finds the simplicities of life and the backgrounds of natural beauty which appeal to and consort with his temperament. After a decade or so of London, the call of the West Country has sounded imperious in his ear, and he is now back again on the edge of Dartmoor, in touch with those sterner, more forbidding aspects of nature which are his special predilection.

Beulah Marie Dix

The Detroit Free Press gives this brief sketch of a writer it was the pleasure of *Short Stories Magazine* to first introduce to the reading public some two years ago:

Miss Beulah Marie Dix, whose *Hugh Gwyeth, Roundhead Cavalier*, ranks with *David Harum* and *When Knighthood Was in Flower* in the tale of successful first novels last season, is still a quite young woman. She is barely half-past her twenty-second year, and is a graduate of Radcliffe College of less than two years' standing. She took her degree with high honors, won an "M.A." last summer for an honor thesis on "*Published Collections of English and Scotch Ballads, 1765-1802*"; and she also won the George H. Sohler prize of \$250, open to students of both Harvard and Radcliffe.

Miss Dix entered Radcliffe intending to prepare herself for teaching. Her tastes led her to devote herself largely to English literature and history, and in her second year she became deeply interested in the period of the Cavaliers and Roundheads, and the struggles of the age between king and parliament. At that time the idea came into her mind that she has since worked out in the story of *Hugh Gwyeth*.

This is not, strictly speaking, Miss Dix's first appearance in print. Lippincott, Godey and *Short Stories* have published tales of hers, chiefly concerning the Cavaliers, and she has also a half-score or more of historical plays—one-act pieces of a serious turn that have been well received on the amateur stage.

The novel was written chiefly during her year of graduate study, giving it Saturday nights and Sunday, while her days were taken up with study for her degree. Once she laid it aside, quite discouraged, but the "red-headed boy of hybrid political parentage" was not to be dismissed from her thoughts, and she finally had to return and carve out his career for him.

AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY: BRET HARTE

Bret Harte was born in Albany, N. Y., August 25, 1839. After an ordinary school education he went to California in 1854. After a short experience in teaching and mining he entered a printing office and began writing sketches and poems for the San Francisco journals. In July, 1868, he founded the *Overland Monthly*, and became its editor. The second issue contained *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, which marked the beginning of his higher and more artistic work, and his career as a popular writer of fiction.

Mr. Harte's poems fill a good-sized volume in the new complete edition of his works, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston. In editing this collection he has rearranged the material under the following classifications: National, Spanish Idyls and Legends, In Dialect, Miscellaneous, and Parodies. Perhaps the most artistic work is found in the dialect poems. Many of these are too racy and original to be lost; much on the other hand is too temporary and extravagant to find an abiding place in literature. The selections printed herewith, with the author's and publisher's permission, are fairly representative of his best work.

WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG.

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Woman stopped, as her babe she
tossed,
And thought of the one she had long since
lost,
And said, as her teardrops back she forced,
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Children said, as they closer drew,
"'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night
through,
'Tis a fairy trumpet that just then blew,
And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Man, as he sat on his hearth below,
Said to himself, "It will surely snow,
And fuel is dear and wages low,
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
But the Poet listened and smiled, for he
Was Man and Woman and Child, all three,
And said, "It is God's own harmony,
This wind we hear in the chimney."

DOW'S FLAT.

Dow's Flat. That's its name;
And I reckon that you
Are a stranger? The same?
Well, I thought it was true—
For thar isn't a man on the river as can't spot the place
at first view.

It was called after Dow—
Which the same was an ass—
And as to the how
Thet the thing kem to pass—
Jest tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and sit ye down
here in the grass.

You see this 'yer Dow
Hed the worst kind of luck;
He slipped up somehow
On each side thet he struck.
Why, ef he'd a straddled thet fence-rail, the derned thing
'd get up and buck.

He mined on the bar,
Till he couldn't pay rates;
He was smashed by a car,
When he tunneled with Bates;
And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife and five
kids from the States.

It was rough, mightv rough;
But the boys they stood by,
And they brought him the stuff
For a house, on the sly;
And the old women—well, she did washing, and took on
when no one was nigh.

But this 'yer luck of Dow's
Was so powerful mean
That the spring near his house
Dried right up on the green;
And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary a drop
to be seen.

Then the bar petered out,
And the boys wouldn't stay;
And the chills got about,
And his wife fell away;
But Dow in his well kept a peggin' in his usual ridicilous
way.

One day—it was June—
And a year ago, jest—
This Dow kem at noon
To his work like the rest,
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and derringer hid
in his breast.

He goes to the well,
And he stands on the brink,
And stops for a spell
Jest to listen and think;
For the sun in his eyes (jest like this, sir!), you see, kinder
made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals
In the gulch were at play,
And a gownd that was Sal's
Kinder flapped on a bay;
Not much for a man to be leavin', but his all—as I've
heer'd the folks say.

And—That's a peari hoss
Thet you've got—ain't it now?
What might be her cost?
Eh? Oh!—well, then, Dow—
Let's see—well, that forty-foot grave wasn't his, sir, that
day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick
Sorter caved in the side,
And he turned and looked sick,
Then he trembled and cried.
For you see the dern cuss had struck—"Water?"—Beg
your parding, young man—there you lied!

It was gold—in the quartz,
And it ran all alike;
And I reckon five oughts
Was the worth of that strike;
And that house with the coopilow's his'n—which the same
isn't bad for a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat;
And the thing of it is
That he kinder got that
Through sheer contrairiness:
For 'twas water the derned cuss was seekin', and his luck
made him certain to miss.

Thet's so! Thar's your way,
To the left of yon tree;
But—a—look h'yur, say?
Won't you come up to tea?
No? Well, then the next time you're passin'; and ask
after Dow—and thet's me.

FATE.

'The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare,
The spray of the tempest is white in air;
The winds are out with the waves of play,
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb;
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,
And I shall not join in the chase to-day."

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase in glee;
And the town that was builded upon a rock
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.

DICKENS IN CAMP.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
Was youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,

While the whole camp with "Nell" on English
meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles
shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought that spell?
Ah! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vine's incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,
This spray of Western pine!

A GREYPORT LEGEND.

They ran through the streets of the seaport town,
They peered from the decks of the ships that lay;
The cold sea-fog that came whitening down
Was never as cold or white as they.
"Ho, Starbuck and Pickney and Tenterden
Run for your shallops, gather your men,
Scatter your boats on the lower bay."

Good cause for fear. In the thick mid-day
The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,
Filled with the children in happy play,
Parted its moorings and drifted clear,
Drifted clear beyond reach or call—
Thirteen children they were in all—
All adrift in the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper, "God help us all!
She will not float till the turning tide!"
Said his wife, "My darling will hear my call,
Whether in sea or heaven she bide";
And she lifted a quavering voice and high,
Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,
Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each laboring crew,
Veiled each from each and the sky and shore;
There was not a sound but the breath they drew,
And the lap of water and creak of oar;
And they felt the breath of the downs fresh blown
O'er leagues of clover and cold gray stone,
But not from the lips that had gone before.

They came no more. But they tell the tale
That, when fogs are thick on the harbor reef,
The mackerel fishers shorten sail—
For the signal they know will bring relief;
For the voices of children, still at play
In a phantom hulk that drifts away
Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
A theme for a poet's idle page;
But still, when the mists of Doubt prevail,
And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,
We hear from the misty troubled shore
The voice of the children gone before,
Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

Stevenson and Children.....Edmund Gosse.....Youth's Companion

About 1881 Stevenson sent me a copy of verses, which have never been published; they are very entertaining in their solemn puerility; and I think that my readers will like to possess them. The poem is called *A Martial Elegy for Some Lead Soldiers*, and I suspect that it is the result of games with the pea-cannon between Louis himself and his little stepson:

"For certain soldiers lately dead
Our reverent dirge shall here be said:
Them, with their martial leader called,
No dread preparative appalled;
But, leaden-hearted, leaden-heeled,
I marked them steadfast in the field.
Death grimly sided with the foe,
And smote each leaden hero low;
Proudly they perished one by one;
The dread pea-cannon's work was done!
Oh! not for them the tears we shed,
Consigned to their congenial lead;
But, while unmoved their sleep they take,
We mourn for their dear Captain's sake—
For their dear Captain, who shall smart,
Both in his pocket and his heart,
Who saw his heroes shed their gore,
And lacked a penny to buy more."

It was at Davos Platz, and in 1881, that the Captain, here so pathetically celebrated, put up a small printing press, in working which his stepfather and he enjoyed themselves very much. Stevenson was inspired both with pen and pencil, and prepared three tiny volumes of verse, illustrated by himself, which were most laboriously worked off upon Master Lloyd's press. These little books are now extremely scarce, and huge prices are given for them. At that time, for five shillings, a regular "corner" in them might have been made.

The Child's Garden of Verses first made Stevenson known to the world as a poet and as a student of childhood. It is necessary to remind ourselves that twelve years ago Stevenson's name was not one to conjure with, as it is now. His friends were as timid as hens about this new experiment of their duckling's; they hesitated and doubted to the last. Nor was it only they who doubted. The poet himself had fearful qualms. He wrote to me about the proofs of the *Child's Garden of Verses*, March 12, 1885: "They look ghastly in the cold light of print; but there is something nice in the little ragged regiment after all; the blackguards seem to me to smile, to have a kind of childish, treble note that sounds in my ears freshly; no song, if you will, but a child's voice."

He himself, as we soon divined, was the child whose emotions and adventures were described in the *Child's Garden of Verses*. But it was not so readily discovered that there was much of the grown-up Stevenson in some of those pretty confessions. Every one recollects and delights in *The Land of Counterpane*, which begins:

When I was sick and lay abed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

All this, we may say, is the imaginative experience of a sick child. But, to the very close of Stevenson's life, he was accustomed to make up adventures as he lay in bed very still, forbidden to speak or move, propped up on pillows, with the world of fancy before him. He had retained a great deal of the temperament of a child, and it was his philosophy to encourage it. In his dreary passages of bed, when his illness was more than commonly heavy upon him, he used to contrive little amusements for himself. He played on the flute, or he modeled little figures and groups in clay. But he could not always be doing this; and when his fingers were tired he lay gazing down on the white world which covered him, and imagined that armies were marching over the hills of his knees, or ships coming to anchor between the blanket and the sheet. Toward the end of his life he complained that he could not care any more about the Land of Counterpane; and to those who knew him best this seemed quite a serious sign of impaired vitality.

My conclusion, then, would be that, in the years I knew him, if Stevenson expressed much interest in children, it was mainly for the sake of their fathers and mothers; but that after a while he began to take a very great delight in summoning back to his clear recollection the panic fears and adventurous pleasures of his own early youth, thus becoming, in his portraiture of himself, the consummate painter of one species of child. But his relation to other children was shy and gently defiant; it would have exhausted him to play with them; but he looked forward to a time when they should be old enough to talk to him.

Antiquity of Illustrated Journalism...C. K. Shorter....Contemporary Review

The first journal to give illustrations with any frequency was the *Mercurius Civicus*, which came out during the Civil War with portraits of Charles I. and his Queen, Cromwell and his officers, and Prince Rupert. More elaborate pictures dealing with the war were, however, left to the pamphlets of the time. The Frost Fair on the Thames, in 1683, was made the subject of an interesting broadside, and so also was the funeral of Queen Mary II. in 1695.

With the eighteenth century the art of illustrating actualities grew apace. Caricatures abounded, now of the Jacobites, now of the South Sea Bubble, or similar excitements. The *Daily Post* of 1740 afforded an example of a daily paper attempting to illustrate a current event. On March 29, of that year, it published a detailed diagram of Admiral Vernon's attack on Porto Bello. The *St. James' Chronicle* of 1765 presented its readers with an illustration of a strange wild animal that had excited much attention in France, but this illustration was obviously imaginary. The *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1751 gave a portrait of Edward Bright, a fat man weighing 42½ stone. In the *Town and County Magazine* for 1773 there were portraits of the heroes and heroines of many a famous scandal, as, for example, of Byron's father and the Countess of Carmarthen, of a certain Lord Lieutenant of Ire-

land and "the celebrated Miss P—m." In the Thespian Magazine for 1793 I find an illustration of the new theatre at Birmingham. Then there were the English Magazine, the Macaroni Magazine, the Monstrous Magazine, and the Political Magazine—all containing illustrations on copper more or less topical, although closing the eighteenth century with but little premonition of what the nineteenth was to bring forth in the matter of news illustration.

The first hero of illustrated journalism, whose name must always be coupled with that of Herbert Ingram as a founder of the pictorial press, was William Clement, the proprietor of the *Observer*, the oldest of existing weekly newspapers, the first number of which was published in 1791. Clement seems to have been prepared to face the illustration of news not systematically, but only when a crisis in public affairs called for it. Even now, when illustrated newspapers are so numerous, it is that preparedness for a crisis which must always differentiate the capably from the incapably conducted journal. The *Observer*, for example, published a picture of the island of St. Helena, when it was selected as a place of residence for Napoleon Bonaparte after Waterloo. In 1818 a certain Abraham Thornton, who was tried for murder, appealed to the wager of battle, which, after long arguments before the judges, was proved to be still in accordance with statute law. Thornton's portrait appeared in the *Observer*. Clement owned for a time *Bell's Life* and the *Morning Chronicle*. All his journals contained occasional topical illustrations, but the *Observer* took the lead. Its illustration of the house where the Cato street conspirators met in 1820 is really sufficiently elaborate for a journal of to-day, and in 1820 it gave its readers "A Faithful Reproduction of the Interior of the House of Lords as prepared for the Trial of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Caroline." In 1821 it published an interior of the House of Commons with the members in their places. The *Observer* of July 22, 1821—the Coronation number—contained four engravings, not one of which exceeded a half-page of the present *Illustrated London News*. The price of the number was fourteen pence. Of this George IV. Coronation number of the *Observer* Mr. Clement sold 60,000 copies, but even that was nothing to the popularity that the *Observer* secured by its illustrations of the once famous murder of Mr. Weare, and the trial of the murderer Thurtell; while the Corder murder in 1828 attracted yet more attention. In 1831 the *Observer* illustrated the coronation of William IV., and in 1837 his funeral. The same journal published a double number on the coronation of Queen Victoria. Its last illustration, in 1847, treated of the installation of Prince Albert as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Meanwhile the illustrations in the *Times* and the *Weekly Chronicle* deserve a moment's notice in this brief summary. The *Times* more than once broke out into illustrations at the beginning of this century, and it is perfectly safe to predict that it will do so again in the beginning of the next. In 1806 it gave an interesting illustration of Nelson's funeral car, and in 1817 it published a large woodcut of Robert Owen's agricultural and manufacturing villages. The *Weekly*

Chronicle, first published in 1836, started with the idea of illustrating the news of the day, and its issues containing the details of the Greenacre murder, in 1837, had an enormous sale. Mr. Mason Jackson, in his "Pictorial Press," gives a list of the pictures that appeared from week to week during the duration of the excitement. It is said that the *Weekly Chronicle* sold 130,000 copies of each successive issue while this murder was agitating the public.

From all this it will be seen that illustrated journalism has an indefinitely far-away ancestry, and that hundreds of topical pictures had been published in the newspapers prior to the appearance of the first illustrated journal. It would, indeed, take much space to enumerate all the other journals—the *Sunday Times* one of them that is still in existence—that illustrated news at the opening of the present century. The illustration of news by the journals in question was, however, of a spasmodic character. An illustration was, as it were, an accident, a profitable accident sometimes, sometimes a costly and unproductive one, in the career of the paper. The *Illustrated London News* was the first systematic attempt to illustrate news, subordinating in a manner its letter-press to its pictures.

American Humor.....Bret Harte.....*Cornhill Magazine*

While the American literary imagination was still under the influence of English tradition, an unexpected factor was developing to diminish its power. It was *Humor*—of a quality as distinct and original as the country and civilization in which it was developed. It was at first noticeable in the anecdote or "story," and, after the fashion of such beginnings, was orally transmitted. It was common in the barrooms, the gatherings in the "country store," and finally at public meetings in the mouths of "stump orators." Arguments were clinched, and political principles illustrated, by "a funny story." It invaded even the camp meeting and pulpit. It at last received the currency of the public press. But wherever met it was so distinctly original and novel, so individual and characteristic, that it was at once known and appreciated abroad as "an American story." Crude at first, it received a literary polish in the press, but its dominant quality remained. It was concise and condense, yet suggestive. It was delightfully extravagant—or a miracle of understatement. It voiced not only the dialect, but the habits of thought of a people or locality. It gave a new interest to slang. From a paragraph of a dozen lines it grew into a half-column, but always retaining its conciseness and felicity of statement. It was a foe to prolixity of any kind, it admitted no fine writing nor affectation of style. It went directly to the point. It was burdened by no conscientiousness; it was often irreverent; it was devoid of all moral responsibility—but it was original! By degrees it developed character with its incident, often, in a few lines, gave a striking photograph of a community or a section, but always reached its conclusion without an unnecessary word. It became—and still exists—as an essential feature of newspaper literature. It was the parent of the American "short story." But, although these beginnings assumed more of a national character than American serious or polite literature, they were still purely comic, and

their only immediate result was the development of a number of humorists in the columns of the daily press—all possessing the dominant national quality with a certain individuality of their own. For a while it seemed as if they were losing the faculty of story-telling in the elaboration of eccentric character—chiefly used as a vehicle for smart sayings, extravagant incident, or political satire. They were eagerly received by the public and, in their day, were immensely popular, and probably were better known at home and abroad than the more academic but less national humorists of New York or Boston. The national note was always struck even in their individual variations, and the admirable portraiture of the shrewd and humorous showman in "Artemus Ward" survived his more mechanical bad spelling. Yet they did not invade the current narrative fiction; the short and long story-tellers went with their old-fashioned methods, their admirable morals, their well-worn sentiments, their colorless heroes and heroines of the first ranks of provincial society. Neither did social and political convulsions bring anything new in the way of romance. The Mexican War gave us the delightful satires of Hosea Bigelow, but no dramatic narrative. The anti-slavery struggle before the War of the Rebellion produced a successful partisan political novel—on the old lines—with only the purely American characters of the negro "Topsy" and the New England "Miss Ophelia." The war itself, prolific as it was of poetry and eloquence—was barren of romance, except for Edward Everett Hale's artistic and sympathetic *The Man Without a Country*. The tragedies enacted, the sacrifices offered, not only on the battlefield, but in the division of families and households; the conflict of superb Quixotism and reckless gallantry against Reason and Duty fought out in quiet border farmhouses and plantations; the reincarnation of Puritan and Cavalier in a wild environment of trackless wastes, pestilential swamps and rugged mountains; the patient endurance of both the conqueror and the conquered; all these found no echo in the romance of the period. Out of the battle smoke that covered half a continent drifted into the pages of magazines shadowy but correct figures of blameless virgins of the North—heroines or fashionable belles—habited as hospital nurses, bearing away the deeply wounded but more deeply misunderstood Harvard or Yale graduate lover who had rushed to bury his broken heart in the conflict. It seems almost incredible that, until the last few years, nothing worthy of that tremendous episode has been preserved by the pen of the romancer.

Balzac's Work-Day.....F. C. Hubbard.....*Self-Culture*

The complete life of Honoré de Balzac can never be written. The necessary documents do not exist. Paris has had too many revolutions and too much of the iconoclastic spirit. Then there were periods of his Parisian life when he disappeared altogether from society and his friends. He kept no record of his life and work. His sister Laure, Madame Surville, has given us the fullest account of his earlier years. She relates many facts of his struggling life—its failures and poverty, and his heroic, cheerful conduct under it all. But she pauses on the

threshold of his manhood, and gives us no hint of the man himself, the great soul who has bequeathed to us so rich a literary legacy.

At twenty-one years of age, instinctively aware of his genius, he rejected his father's well-known wish that he should become a notary, then a very dignified and profitable business, and resolved upon a literary career. His father, strenuously objecting, said, "Do you not know that in literature, to avoid being a slave, you must be a king?" "Very well," replied Balzac, "a king I will be." And a king of literature he became, though at that time he had not given the slightest proof of his literary ability. He left home, took a cheap attic on a poor street in Paris, and scantily furnished it; but it afforded him the opportunity he longed for of quiet and liberty—an opportunity to make himself what he aspired to be. It was near the famous Arsenal Library. Here he began his "twenty years' war" against the odds as they piled up most formidably.

During these years of his garret life he often wrote to his sister Laure. His letters are bright and breezy, overflowing with wit and wisdom, permeated with a plucky resolve, building air-castles and creating little airy nothings to inhabit them. In these he talks of the novels, dramas, comedies and tragedies he intends to write, and by which he will cover the Balzac name with glory. No man ever had a more implicit confidence in his lucky star than he, or indulged in more sanguine expectations of the future, a future roseate in color, out of which an invisible genius beckoned him on.

In one of his letters to his sister he writes: "You ask for news. I shall have to manufacture it, for no one ever sets foot in my garret. I can only tell you a lot of things about myself. For instance, a fire broke out in No. 9 Rue Lesdiguères (his own street and number), in the head of a poor lad, and no engines have been able to put it out. It was kindled by a beautiful woman whom he does not know. They say she lives at the Quatres-Nations, the other side of the Pont des Arts. She is called Fame."

The business part of his literary life was not happy; he had many publishers and did not continue on good terms with them. This grew out of his methods of work. His handwriting was the despair of the printers, and his method of handling his proofs was most laborious. He would erase, interline, cover the margins with whole paragraphs of fresh material, leaving hardly a trace of the original. The second proof was handled similarly, and such was his desire for perfection in his work that he would repeat the process eight or ten times before he would give his order to print. His writings bear no evidence of haste; every page is as highly finished as he could make it. He was his own severest critic. For corrections after the first proof he had to pay extra, and his Pierrette cost him 300 francs more than he received for the story.

An outline of his day's work will be appreciated by the reader. He rose at two o'clock in the morning, and, after lighting a dozen candles, drove his pen vigorously until six. His bath, which followed, usually lasted an hour; then, after exercise, he took a cup of clear, strong coffee at eight. He received visitors until nine—editors, publishers and copy-

boys from the printing office. From nine to twelve he wrote with tremendous pressure, and at noon he breakfasted on two boiled eggs, bread and water. From one to six his quill (he always wrote with a crow-quill) raced with quivering force over his white sheets; at six he dined lightly, taking a small glass of *vouvray*, of which he was very fond. From seven to eight he received callers, and at eight retired to rest. This spell of intensity would last from six to eight weeks, during which he would write a book or magazine articles, read incessantly, and formulate plans for other books. Then he would rest, sleep and eat, take long walks in city and country, regain his wonted vigor, and mingle again in society until another writing spell seized him.

Thou Shalt Not Preach.....John Burroughs.....Atlantic

I once heard Emerson quote with approval Shakespeare's saying, "Read what you most affect," but no doubt a broad culture demands wide reading, and that we be on our guard against our particular predilections, because such predilections may lead us into narrow channels. Do the devotees of Browning, those who cry Browning, Browning and Browning only, do him the highest honor? Do the disciples of Whitman, who would make a cult of him, live in the spirit of the whole, as Whitman himself tried to live?—Whitman, who said that there may be any number of Supremes, and that the chief lesson to be learned under the master is how to destroy him. Our love for an author must not suggest the fondness of the epicure for a special dish, or partake of the lover's infatuation for his mistress. Infatuation is not permissible in literature. If art does not make us free of the whole, it fails of its purpose. Only the religious bigot builds upon specific texts, and only the one-sided, half-formed mind sees life through the eyes of a single author. In the æsthetic sphere one may serve many masters; he may give himself to none. One of the latest and most mature perceptions that come to us is the perception of relativity, in art as well as in all other matters.

With respect to this question, both readers and writers may be divided into two classes, the interested and the disinterested—those who are seeking special and personal ends, and those who are seeking general universal ends.

The poet is best pleased with the disinterested readers and admirers of his work; that is, with those who take to it on the broadest human grounds, and not upon grounds merely personal to themselves. Thus Longfellow will find a wider and more disinterested audience than Whittier, because his Muse is less in the service of special ideas; he looks at life less as a Quaker and Puritan, and more as a man.

The special ideas of an age, its moral enthusiasms and revolts, give place to other ideas and enthusiasms, which in their turn give place to others; but there are certain currents of thought and emotion that are perennial, certain experiences common to all men and peoples. Such a poem as Gray's *Elegy*, for instance, is filled with the breath of universal human life. On the other hand, such a work as Schiller's *Robbers* or Goethe's *Werner* seems to us like an empty shell picked up on the shore, the

life entirely gone out of it. One can see why Poe is looked upon by foreign critics as outranking any of our more popular New England poets. It is because his work has more of the ubiquitous character of true art, is less pledged to moral and special ends, less the result of personal tastes and attractions, and more the pure flame of the unpledged æsthetic nature. The *Raven* and *The Bells* have that play, that scorn of personal ends, that potential spiritual energy, of great art. Whittier never rises into this region, never gets above ends more or less literal and practical. Outside of his experience and his strong moral and patriotic convictions, he is not much. Even in such a poem as *Snow-Bound*, with all its New England flavor and truth to nature, we miss the creative touch; it is only a transcript of experience.

We do not find our individual selves in great art, but the humanity of which we are partakers. Something is brought home to us; but not to our partialities, rather to our higher selves. We are never so little selfish and hampered by our individualism as when admiring a great work of the imagination. No doubt our modern world calls for doctors of the soul in a sense that the more healthful and joyous pagan world had no need of. Still, so far as the poet is a doctor or a priest, so far does he fail to live in the spirit of the whole.

It is, I think, in these or similar considerations that we are to look for the justification of the phrase, now almost everywhere disputed, "Art for art's sake." It is only saying that art is to have no partial or secondary ends, but is to breathe forth the spirit of the whole. It must be disinterested; it is to hold the mirror up to nature. It may hold the mirror up to the vices and follies of the age, but must not take sides. It represents; it does not judge. The matter is self-judged in the handling of the true artist. Didactic poetry or didactic fiction never can rank high. *Thou shalt not preach or teach; thou shalt portray and create, and have ends as universal as nature.*

To suppress or ignore the world of vice and sin is not to be moral; to portray it is not to be immoral.

There are three ways of treating the underside of nature; there is the childlike simplicity of the Biblical writers, who think no evil; there is the artistic frankness of the great dramatic poets, who know the value of foils and contrasts, and who cannot ignore any element of life; and there is the license and levity of the lascivious poets, who live in the erotic alone. Both Ibsen and Tolstoi have been condemned as immoral only because their artistic scheme embraces all the elements that are potent in life. Of levity, of exaggeration, they are not guilty. If Zola is to be condemned, it is probably because he makes too prominent certain things and thus destroys the proportion. In nature nothing is detached. Her great currents flow on and purify themselves. The ugly, the unclean, are quickly lost sight of; the sky and the sun cover all, bathe all. But art is detachment; our attention is fixed upon a few points, and a drop or two too much of certain things spoils it all. In nature a drop or two too much does not matter; we quickly escape, we find compensation.

SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS, PROGRESS AND PROPHECY

Brain-Waves.....J. T. Knowles.....Nineteenth Century

If a small electric battery can send out tremors or waves of energy which are propagated through space for thirty miles or more, and can then be caught and manifested by a sensitive mechanical receiver, why may not such a mechanism as the human brain—which is perpetually, while in action, decomposing its own material, and which is in this respect analogous to an electric battery—generate and emit tremors or waves of energy which such sensitive “receivers” as other human brains might catch and feel, although not conveyed to them through the usual channels of sensation?

The idea of “brain-waves” as a possible explanation of the “modus operandi” of such and such-like influences occurred to me about the year 1851, when watching experiments in what was then called electro-biology. I saw men whom I had known long and intimately, and upon whose complete uprightness, straightforwardness, honesty and intelligence I could absolutely rely, brought into a dazed and half-awake state by staring at a metal disc held in their hands, and who were then subjected to the will of an utter stranger, the operator, till they became his mere victims and tools and slavishly and maniacally obeyed whatever suggestion he put into their minds through their brains. They were as clay in the hands of the potter, and the operator’s brain seemed to completely control and act as it were in lieu of their own, driving them into actions and antics utterly and hatefully foreign to their habits and ways. It was inexplicable except on the assumption that their brains were not under their own control at all, but under that of another quite external to theirs. When I came to find, as I did, that such control was sometimes exercised from a distance and without any visible or audible signal from the operator to his victim, the thought came to me which I embodied in the word brain-waves. I discussed the theory with friends for many years, accumulating additional observations as time went on, and at length, when I came to know Lord (then Mr.) Tennyson, I talked it over with him, and asked him what he thought of my hypothesis. He said he thought there was a great deal very plausible in it; that I had, at any rate, made a good word in “brain-waves,” and a word which would live.

Mr. Robert Browning, of whose keen study of the subject his poem of Mr. Sludge the Medium would be alone sufficient proof, told me that on one occasion when he was in Florence, an Italian nobleman (a Count Ginnasi, of Ravenna), visiting at Florence, was brought to his house, without previous introduction, by an intimate friend. The Count professed to have great mesmeric or clairvoyant faculties, and declared, in reply to Mr. Browning’s avowed scepticism, that he would undertake to convince him somehow or other of his powers. He then asked Mr. Browning whether he had anything about him then and there which he could hand to him, and which was in any way a relic or memento. This, Mr. Browning thought, was perhaps because he habitually wore no sort of trinket or ornament, not even a watch-guard, and

might, therefore, turn out to be a safe challenge. But it so happened that by a curious accident he was then wearing under his coat-sleeves some gold wrist-studs to his shirt, which he had quite recently taken into use, in the absence (by mistake of a sempstress) of his ordinary wrist-buttons. He had never before worn them in Florence or elsewhere, and had found them in some old drawer where they had lain forgotten for years. One of these gold studs he took out and handed to the Count, who held it in his hand awhile, looking earnestly in Mr. Browning’s face, and then said, as if much impressed, “‘C’ è qualche cosa che mi grida nell’ orecchio, ‘Uccisione, uccisione!’” (“There is something here which cries out in my ear, ‘Murder! murder!’”)

And truly [said Mr. Browning] those very studs were taken from the dead body of a great-uncle of mine, who was violently killed on his estate in St. Kitt’s, nearly eighty years ago. These, with a gold watch and other personal objects of value, were produced in a court of justice as proof that robbery had not been the purpose of the slaughter which was effected by his own slaves. They were then transmitted to my grandfather, who had his initials engraved on them, and wore them all his life. They were taken out of the night-gown in which he died, and given to me, not my father. I may add, that I tried to get Count Ginnasi to use his clairvoyance on this termination of ownership also; and that he nearly hit upon something like the fact, mentioning a bed in a room; but he failed in attempting to describe the room—situation of the bed with respect to windows and door. The occurrence of my great-uncle’s murder was known only to myself, of all men in Florence, as certainly was also my possession of the studs.

Mr. Woolner, the sculptor, told me the following story of two young men—one of them a personal friend of his own, now living. These two men lived for very long as great friends, but ultimately quarreled shortly before the departure of one of them to New Zealand. The emigrant had been absent for many years, and his friend at home (Mr. Woolner’s informant), never having kept up correspondence with him, had naturally almost lost the habit of thinking about him or his affairs. One day, however, as he sat in his rooms in a street near Oxford street, the thought of his friend came suddenly upon him, accompanied by the most restless and indefinable discomfort. He could by no means account for it, but, finding the feeling grow more and more oppressive, tried to throw it off by change of occupation. Still the discomfort grew, till it amounted to a sort of strange horror. He thought he must be sickening for a bad illness, and at length, being unable to do anything else, went out of doors and walked up and down the busiest streets, hoping by the sight and sound of multitudes of men and ordinary things to dissipate his strange and mysterious misery. Not, however, till he had wandered to and fro in the most wretched state of feeling for nearly two hours, utterly unable to shake off an intolerable sort of vague consciousness of his friend, did the impression leave him and his usual frame of mind return. So greatly was he struck and puzzled by all this that he wrote down precisely the date of

the day and hour of the occurrence, fully expecting to have news shortly of or from his old friend. And surely, when the next mail or the next but one arrived, there came the horrible news that at that very day and hour (allowance being made for longitude) his friend had been made prisoner by the natives of New Zealand, and put to a slow death with the most frightful tortures.

To come now to my crude hypothesis of a brain-wave as explanatory of the many curious stories we hear of the influence of one mind over another.

Let it be granted that whensoever any action takes place in the brain, a chemical change of its substance takes place also; or, in other words, an atomic movement occurs; for all chemical change involves—perhaps consists in—a change in the relative positions of the constituent particles of the substance changed.

[An electric manifestation is the likeliest outcome of any such chemical change, whatever other manifestations may also occur.]

Let it be also granted that there is diffused throughout all known space and permeating the interspaces of all bodies, solid, fluid or gaseous, an universal, impalpable, elastic "ether," or material medium of surpassing and inconceivable tenuity.

[The undulations of this imponderable ether, if not of substances submerged in it, may probably prove to be light, magnetism, heat, etc.]

But if these two assumptions be granted—and the present condition of discovery seems to warrant them—should it not follow that no brain action can take place without creating a wave or undulation (whether electric or otherwise) in the ether; for the movement of any solid particle submerged in any such medium must create a wave?

If so, we should have as one result of brain action an undulation or wave in the circumambient, all-embracing ether—we should have what I will call brain-waves proceeding from every brain when in action.

Each acting, thinking brain then would become a centre of undulations transmitted from it in all directions through space. Such undulations would vary in character and intensity in accordance with the varying nature and force of brain actions; e.g., the thoughts of love or hate, of life or death, of murder or rescue, of consent or refusal, would each have its corresponding tone or intensity of brain action, and consequently of brain-wave (just as each passion has its corresponding tone of voice).

Why might not such undulations, when meeting with and falling upon duly sensitive substances, as if upon the sensitized paper of the photographer, produce impressions, dim portraits of thoughts, as undulations of light produce portraits of objects?

It will but be a vague, dim way, at the best, of communicating thought, or the sense of human presence, and proportionally so as the receiving brain is less and less highly sensitive. Yet, though it can never take the place of rudest articulation, it may have its own place and office other than and beyond speech. It may convey sympathies of feeling beyond all words to tell—groanings of the spirit which cannot be uttered, visions of influences and impressions not elsehow communicable, may

carry one's living human presence to another by a more subtle and excellent way of sympathy.

The application of such a theory to such narratives as I have given above is obvious. In Mr. Browning's case, his brain, full of the murder-thought, and overflowing with its correspondent brain-wave, floods the sensitive brain of the Count, who feels it directly. His attempt to read the second transfer of ownership is almost as illustrative as his closer success with the first. The deathbed thought and its correspondent brain-wave were sufficiently strong and striking in Mr. Browning's mind to have a character of their own; the rest of the complicated picture was too minute and ordinary, did not burn itself into or out of his brain with enough distinctness. The prominent notes of the music were alone caught by the listener.

In Mr. Woolner's case, the death-convulsion of the emigrant's brain and the correspondent brain-wave flooded space with the intensity and swiftness of a flash of actual light or magnetism, and where-soever it happened to find the sympathetic substance, the substance accustomed to vibrate to it, and not too violently preoccupied with other action to be insensible to such fine impressions, shook it with the terrible vague subtle force of association described. The intervening space and matter need be no more an obstacle than the 3,000 miles of Atlantic wire are to the galvanic current, or the countless distances of its travel to the light from Sirius.

The Topographical Mapping of the United States....New York Evening Post

During the last sixteen years the United States geological survey has been carrying on a work of the greatest importance, which is of considerable interest not only to scientific workers and engineers, but also to the general public. It consists of the preparation of topographical maps of various sections of the United States from most careful observations and surveys, and their subsequent publication under Government supervision, so that they may be generally distributed at less than the cost of production. Already about one-quarter of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, has been mapped in this way, and it is the intention of the geological survey eventually to issue maps covering the entire country.

In carrying on Government and other engineering and scientific works, such as investigating water supply and irrigation, timber cultivation, questions of a geological nature, and planning rail and water routes, an accurate knowledge of the topography of the territory under consideration is one of the first essentials, and in arranging for the topographical survey of the country the Government decided that it should result in a series of maps, which would be available as a basis for further scientific work. In addition, the maps are comparable with the military maps of European nations, inasmuch as they furnish all the details of the country, including roads and water courses. The method of the geological survey is to produce a series of maps the size of an ordinary atlas sheet, 16.5×20 inches, drawn on a scale of 1.62,500, or an inch to a mile. These sheets represent an area of fifteen minutes of arc, and are called quadrangles, as they are a quarter of a degree on each dimension. It is this fact that causes

the sheets to be somewhat greater in height than in width, as the circles of longitude decrease in size with the increase of latitude.

The surveys for the maps are made by the engineers of the geological survey under the supervision of the director at Washington, but in many cases there has been co-operation between the national survey and the various State surveys.

By act of Congress it is provided that these maps shall be disposed of by sale, and accordingly single sheets may be procured at the rate of five cents each, or in quantities of 100 or more, two cents per sheet.

Why Apples Discolor When Cut.....G. C. Nuttall.....Knowledge

Why should apples, pears and, to a less extent, potatoes change color in the air, and only make this change when they are in their raw, uncooked state? What is the true inwardness underlying this external symptom? To simply say it is due to a process of oxidation does not convey much definite knowledge to the inquirer, and, indeed, it is only during the past few years that much progress has been made in understanding better the reason of this change in color. The latest and most thorough explanation is one lately put forward by a chemist named Lindet, and it is an explanation of considerable interest. Within the cells of the tissues which make up the fleshy part of the apple—the part that is eaten—there is produced in their jelly-like contents a certain product to which the name malase or laccase has been variously given (malase will probably be the name finally used, as laccase has already been adopted for another product); and this product belongs to a curious class of substances known as enzymes. Enzymes have only been discussed seriously of late years, and even up to quite lately much doubt has been expressed as to what their properties are, and even indeed if they had any real existence or not; however, that point is now practically settled, and, in fact, they have been isolated and examined.

Now, an enzyme is a production of the activity of the cell which has the unique power of influencing other substances in its neighborhood, and yet remaining unaltered in any way itself. It can exert influence without, apparently, being affected by doing so. Its own constitution is stable, but it possesses power to act, even at a distance, on certain of its surroundings, and produce great effects on the constitution of other matter, in some way not yet thoroughly comprehended. It will be seen at once that this is a very different thing from ordinary chemical action. In chemical action one substance acts on another by effecting some exchange, or producing some rearrangement of the atoms comprising both substances. In combining with another it must itself be changed according to some definite law, and only through that change can chemical action be effected. Moreover, there is a definite limit to chemical action, and when once the new combination is brought about, and a stable equilibrium ensued, then there is an end of the matter until new substances come into play.

But with enzymes the case is very different. Apparently their power of influencing is illimitable. They do not change themselves and so they can

continue to exert the influence that is peculiar to themselves for an indefinite time. There is no point of stable equilibrium in this relationship. Enzymes stand in a position of great interest nowadays when the search among the beginnings of life is so intense, and when the effort to prove or disprove spontaneous generation—the origin of life from the non-living—is so keenly maintained by chemists and biologists, for in one instance certainly where very careful and exact study has been made of an enzyme it is suggested that the substance stands midway between the organic and the inorganic, that it is the stepping stone across the gulf which has hitherto divided the great world of the living from that which has never known life.

Thus it appears that a simple consideration of the change of color in a raw apple may lead back to the most far-reaching questions, and involve problems which touch closely the most incomprehensible matters of life and being.

The particular enzyme—malase—which is found in the cells of an apple, effects its work by causing some of the oxygen of the air to be transferred from the air to a substance also found within the cells—the tannin—and it is suggested that it serves, in some sort of a way, as a carrier. And the result of its influence on tannin is that the nature of the tannin is altered, and dark-colored substances, compounds of oxygen, are formed which dye the walls, first pinkish, then a dull red, and finally a dirty-brown. It is obvious that though the malase is probably always present in the cells, it cannot exert its influence to any purpose while the apple is whole, and surrounded by a firm, clear skin, for the air cannot obtain admission until the peel is removed or the apple cut through, and hence there is no free oxygen to work with. But when the cells have been exposed the air enters, the malase transfers, in some mysterious way, the oxygen, the tannin is changed in nature, and the cells are dyed with the products. It is by no means certain that the malase and the tannin must be side by side in the same cells for this effect to take place. Lindet is inclined to think they are not, and that the malase exerts its influence for some distance, but this is a question which calls for further research before any more definite answer can be given.

The Earth's Bombardment.....Popular Science Monthly

A thin stratum of air, an invisible armor of great tenuity, lies between man and the menace of possible annihilation.

The regions of space beyond our planet are filled with flying fragments. Some meet the earth in its onward rush; others, having attained inconceivable velocity, overtake and crash into the whirling sphere with loud detonation and ominous glare, finding destruction in its molecular armor, or perhaps ricocheting from it again into the unknown. Some come singly, vagrant fragments from the infinity of space; others fall in showers like golden rain; all constituting a bombardment appalling in its magnitude. It has been estimated that every twenty-four hours the earth or its atmosphere is struck by 400,000,000 missiles of iron or stone, ranging from an ounce up to tons in weight. Every month there rushes upon the flying globe at least

12,000,000,000 iron and stone fragments, which, with lurid accompaniment, crash into the circumambient atmosphere. Owing to the resistance offered by the air, few of these solid shots strike the earth. They move out of space with a possible velocity of 30 or 40 miles per second, and, like moths, plunge into the revolving globe, lured to their destruction by its fatal attraction. The moment they enter our atmosphere they ignite; the air is piled up and compressed ahead of them with inconceivable force, the resultant friction producing an immediate rise in temperature, and the shooting star, the meteor of popular parlance, is the result.

Meteorites vary in size from minute objects not larger than a pea to masses of iron of enormous size. The Chupaderos meteorite, which fell in Chihuahua, Mexico, weighs twenty-five tons. Another, which fell in Kansas, broke into myriads of pieces, the sections found weighing 1,300 pounds. A meteorite in the Vienna Museum, which fell in Hungary, weighs 647 pounds, while the Cranbourne meteorite in the British Museum weighs four tons. The Red River meteorite in the Yale Museum weighs 1,630 pounds. The largest meteorite known was discovered within the Arctic Circle by Lieutenant Peary. The Eskimos had known of it for generations as a source of supply for iron. It was found by Lieutenant Peary in May, 1894, but, owing to its enormous weight, could not be removed until the summer of 1897, when, after much labor, it was excavated and hoisted into the hold of the steam whaling bark *Hope* and carried to New York, where it has found a resting place in the cabinet of the American Museum of Natural History. It is believed to weigh about one hundred tons.

Up to 1772 the stories of bodies falling from space were not entertained seriously by scientific men. So eminent a scientist as Lavoisier, after thoroughly investigating a case, decided that it was merely a stone which had been struck by lightning. Falls finally occurred which demonstrated beyond dispute that the missiles came from space, and science recognized the fact that the earth was literally being bombarded, and that human safety was due to the atmospheric armor, scarcely 100 miles thick, that enveloped the earth. One of the most remarkable falls during recent years is known as the Great Kansas Meteor. It was evidently of large size, flashing into sight eighty or ninety miles from the earth, on the 20th of June, 1876, over the State of Kansas. To the first observers it appeared to come from the vicinity of the moon, and resembled a small moon or a gigantic fire ball, blazing brightly, and creating terror and amazement among thousands of spectators who witnessed its flight. It passed to the east, disappearing near the horizon in a blaze of light. The entire passage occupied nearly fifty seconds, being visible to the inhabitants of Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Indiana, Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Kentucky, Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia.

This visitor created the greatest alarm and apprehension along its path, the blaze of light being accompanied by repeated explosions and detonations which sounded like the rumble and roar of cannonading.

Acetylene.....Edward Renouf.....Popular Science Monthly

In May, 1892, Mr. Thomas Willson, a Canadian electrician, tried to make the metal calcium in an electric furnace in his works at Spray, North Carolina, by heating a mixture of lime and coal dust. He thought that the lime (calcium oxide) would act on the coal (carbon) to form calcium and carbon monoxide. He did not succeed in getting calcium, but found in the furnace a brown, crystalline mass, which was decomposed by pouring water on it, yielding an inflammable gas. Willson is not a chemist, and he therefore sent specimens of the material to several men of science to determine its nature. It was shown to be calcium carbide, a compound of calcium and carbon, formed by the action of the carbon on the calcium oxide. The gas formed by the action of water was acetylene, a compound of carbon and hydrogen. Calcium carbide and water form acetylene and lime. Neither calcium carbide nor acetylene was a new discovery; acetylene was discovered by Edmund Davy in 1836, and its properties were studied by Berthelot in 1862. Impure calcium carbide was first made in 1862 by Wöhler, who described its decomposition by water into acetylene and lime. What was there new, then, in Willson's discovery? Two important facts: He was the first to make carbide by a method applicable commercially; he was the first to make crystalline carbide.

The statement is still current that acetylene attacks copper and brass, forming an explosive compound. This is not true. Exhaustive experiments by Moissan and by Gerdes, keeping these and other metals in contact with acetylene for months at a time, have shown that the metals were not affected. The conditions under which the explosive copper acetylides are made in laboratories cannot well occur in generators or gas holders. It has been said that acetylene is very poisonous; the experiments of many observers, and especially those of Gréhan, do not confirm this statement. Gréhan experimented on dogs, causing them to breathe mixtures of acetylene, air and oxygen, which always contained 20.8 per cent. of oxygen, this being the percentage of oxygen in pure air. By this device he was able to discriminate between the poisoning caused by acetylene and suffocation caused by insufficient oxygen. A mixture containing 20 per cent. acetylene inhaled for thirty-five minutes did not seem to trouble the animal. A sample of the dog's arterial blood contained 10 per cent. of acetylene. A dog which inhaled a mixture containing 40 per cent. of acetylene died suddenly after fifty-one minutes, having inhaled 112 litres of the mixture; the arterial blood contained 20 per cent. acetylene. Gréhan proved that acetylene simply dissolves in the blood plasma, while carbon monoxide forms a compound with the hæmoglobin of the blood. A dog breathing a similar mixture of air, oxygen and illuminating gas containing only 1 per cent. of carbon monoxide quickly showed convulsive movements, and died after ten minutes; its blood contained 24 per cent. of carbon monoxide. Thus acetylene, while slightly poisonous, is less poisonous than coal gas, and vastly less than water gas, which contains a high percentage of carbon monoxide.

A NOVEL HONEYMOON

Children of the Mist, a powerful tale of modern life in the Devon country, by Eben Phillips (published by G. P. Putnam's Sons), is one of the year's notable books. The characters are humble folk, the kind George Eliot and Blackmore have made so interesting, with primitive ideas and strong passions. The hero, Will Blanchard, a proud, hot-tempered, but singularly honest young giant, enlists and holds the reader's sympathy in his plucky fight against adverse fate. Forbidden the hand of Phoebe Lyddon (under legal age) by her father, who favors John Grimbald, a wealthy suitor, Will, aided and abetted by his uncle Ford, an enemy of Grimbald, weds her without parental sanction. Then, true to his Quixotically honest nature, and fully aware of the legal penalties he has incurred, our hero hastens to present himself at Exeter jail for punishment, without waiting for the law's delay. This reading tells how he did it:

Within less than twelve hours of the time when she bid Chris farewell Phoebe Lyddon was Phoebe Lyddon no more. Will met her at Newton; they immediately proceeded to his uncle's office; and the Registrar had made them man and wife in space of time so brief that the girl could hardly realize the terrific event was accomplished, and that henceforth she belonged to Will alone. Mr. Ford had his little joke afterward in the shape of a wedding breakfast and champagne. He was gratified at the event and rejoiced to be so handsomely and tremendously revenged on his unfortunate enemy. The young couple partook of the good things provided for them; but appetite was lacking to right enjoyment of the banquet, and Will and his wife much desired to escape and be alone.

Presently they returned to the station and arrived there before Phoebe's train departed. Her husband then briefly explained the remarkable course of action he designed to pursue.

"You must be a braave gal and think none the worse of me. But 'tis this way: I've broke law, and a month or two, or six, maybe, in jail have got to be done. Your father will see to that."

"Prison! Oh, Will! For marryin' me?"

"No; but for marryin' you wi'out axin' leave. Miller Lyddon told me the upshot of taking you, if I done it; an' I have, an' he'll keep his word. So that's it. I doan't want to make no more trouble; an' bein' a man of resource I'm gwine up to Exeter by first train, so soon as you've started. Then all bother in the matter will be saved Miller."

"Oh, Will! must you?"

"Ess fay, 'tis my duty. I've thought it out through many hours. The time'll soon slip off; an' then I'll come back an' stand to work. Here's a empty carriage. Jump in. I can sit along with 'e for a few minutes."

"How ever shall I begin? How shall I break it to them, dearie?"

"Hold up your li'l hand," said Will with a laugh. "Shaw 'em the gawld theer. That'll speak for 'e. 'S truth!" he continued, with a gesture of supreme irritation, "but it's a hard thing to be snatched apart like this—man an' wife. If I was takin' 'e home to some lew cot, all our very awn, how differ'nt 'twould be!"

"You will some day."

"So I will then. I've got 'e for all time, an' Jan Grimbald's missed 'e for all time. Damned if I ban't a'most sorry for un!"

"So am I—in a way—as you are. My heart hurts me to think of him. He'll never forgive me."

"Me, you mean. Well, 'tis man to man, an' I ban't feared of nothing on two legs. You just tell 'em that 'twas to be, that you never gived up lovin' me, but was forced into lyin' and sich-like by the cruel way they pushed 'e. Shaw 'em the copy of the paper if they doan't b'lieve the ring. An' when Miller lifts up his voice to cuss me, tell un quiet that I knawed what must come of it, and be gone straight to Exeter jail to save un all further trouble. He'll see then I'm a thinking, calculating man, though young in years."

Phoebe was now reduced to sighs and dry sobs. Will sat by her a little longer, patted her hands and spoke cheerfully. Then the train departed, and he jumped from it as it moved, and ran along the platform with a last earnest injunction.

"See mother first moment you can an' explain how 'tis. Mother'll understand, for faither did similar identical, though he wasn't put in clink for it."

He waved his hand and Phoebe passed homeward. Then the fire died out of his eyes and he sighed and turned. But no shadow of weakness manifested itself in his manner. His jaw hardened, he smote his leg with his stick, and went back to bid Mr. Ford farewell before setting about his business.

Will told his uncle nothing concerning the contemplated action; and such silence was unfortunate, for had he spoken the old man's knowledge must have modified his fantastic design. Knowing that Will came mysteriously from regular employment which he declined to discuss, and assuming that he now designed returning to it, Mr. Ford troubled no more about him. So his nephew thanked the Registrar right heartily for all the goodness he had displayed in helping two people through the great crisis of their lives, and went on his way. His worldly possessions were represented by a new suit of blue serge which he wore, and a few trifles in a small carpetbag.

It was the past rather than the present or future which troubled Will on his journey to Exeter; and the secret of the last six months, whatever that might be, lay heavier on his mind than the ordeal immediately ahead of him. In this coming achievement he saw no shame; it was merely part payment for an action lawless but necessary. He prided himself always on a great spirit of justice, and justice demanded that henceforth he must consider the family into which he had thus unceremoniously introduced himself. To no man in the wide world did he feel more kindly disposed than to Miller Lyddon; and his purpose was now to save his father-in-law all the annoyance possible.

Arrived at Exeter, Will walked cheerfully away to the County Jail, a huge red-brick pile that scarce strikes so coldly upon the eye of the spectator as ordinary houses of detention. Gray and black echo the significance of a prison, but warm red brick

strikes through the eye to the brain, and the color inspires a genial train of ideas beyond reason's power instantly to banish. But the walls, if ruddy, were high, and the rows of small, remote windows, black as the eye-socket of a skull, stretched away in dreary iron-bound perspective where the sides of the main fabric rose upward to its chastened architectural adornments. Young Blanchard grunted to himself, gripped his stick, from one end of which was suspended his carpetbag, and walked to the wicket at the side of the prison's main entrance. He rang a bell that jangled with tremendous echoes among the naked walls within; then there followed the rattle of locks as the side-gate opened, and a warder looked out to ask Will his business. The man was burly and of stout build, while his fat, bearded face, red as the jail walls themselves, attracted Blanchard by its pleasant expression. Will's eyes brightened at the aspect of this janitor; he touched his hat very civilly, wished the man "good afternoon," and was about to step in when the other stopped him.

"Doan't be in such a hurry, my son. What's brought 'e, an' who do 'e want?"

"My business is private, mister; I wants to see the head man."

"The Governor? Won't nobody less do? You can't see him without proper appointment. But maybe a smaller man might serve your turn?"

Will reflected, then laughed at the warder with that sudden magic of face that even softened hard hearts toward him.

"To be plain, mate, I'm here to stop. You'll be sure to know 'bout it sooner or late, so I'll tell 'e now. I've done a thing I must pay for, and 'tis a clink job, so I've comed right along."

The warder grew rather sterner, and his eye instinctively roamed for a constable. "Best say no more, then. Awnly you've comed to the wrong place. Police station's what you want, I reckon."

"Why for? This be County Jail, ban't it?"

"Ess, that's so; but we doan't take in folks for the axin'. Tu many queer caraters about."

Will saw the man's eyes twinkle, yet he was puzzled at this unexpected problem.

"Look here," he said, "I like you, and I'll deal fair by you an' tell you the rights of it. Step out here an' listen."

"Mind, what you sez will be used against you, then."

"Theer ban't no secret in it, for that matter."

The husband thereupon related his recent achievement, and concluded thus:

"So, having kicked up a mort o' trouble, I doan't want to make no more—see? An' I stepped here quiet to keep it out of the papers, an' just take what punishment's right an' vitty for marryin' a maid wi'out so much as by your leave. Now, then caan't 'e do the rest?"

He regarded the warder gravely and inquiringly, but as the red-faced man slowly sucked up the humor of the situation, his mouth expanded and his eyes almost disappeared. Then he spoke through outbursts and shakings of deep laughter.

"Oh, Lard! Wherever was you born to?"

Will flushed deeply, frowned and clenched his

fists at this question. "Shut your gert mouth!" he said angrily. "Doan't bellow like that, or I'll hit 'e awver the jaw! Do 'e think I want the whole of Exeter City to know my errand? What's theer to gape an' snigger at? Caan't 'e treat a man civil?"

This reproof set the official off again, and only a furious demand from Blanchard to go about his business and tell the Governor he wanted an interview partially steadied him.

"By Gor! you'll be the death of me! Caan't help it—honor bright—doan't mean no rudeness to you. Bless your young heart, an' the gal's, whoever she be. Didn't 'e know? But theer! course you didn't, else you wouldn't be here. Why, 'tis purty near as hard to get in prison as out again. You'll have to be locked up, an' tried by judge an' jury, and plead guilty, an' be sentenced, an' the Lard He knows what beside 'fore you come here. How do the lawyers an' p'licemen get their living?"

"That's news. I hoped to save Miller Lyddon all such trouble."

"Why not try another way, an' see if you can get the auld gentleman to forgive 'e?"

"Not him. He'll have the law in due time."

"Well, I'm 'mazin' sorry I caan't oblige 'e, for I'm sure we'd be gude friends, an' you'd cheer us all up butivul."

"But you'm certain it caan't be managed?"

"Positive."

"Then I've done all a man can. You'll bear witness I wanted to come, won't 'e?"

"Oh, yes; I'll take my oath o' that. I shaan't forget 'e."

"All right. And if I'm sent here again, bimebye, I'll look out for you, and I hopes you'll be as pleasant inside as now."

"I'll promise that. Shall be awnly tu pleased to make you at home. I like you; though, to be frank, I reckon you'm tu gnat-brained a chap to make a wife happy."

"Then you reckon a damned impudent thing! What'd you know 'bout it?"

"A tidy deal. I've been married more years than you have hours, I lay."

"Age ban't everything; 'tis the fashion brains in a man's head counts most."

"That's right enough. 'Tis something to know that. Gude-bye to 'e, bwoy, an' thank you for makin' me laugh heartier than I have this month of Sundays."

"More fule you!" declared Will; but he was too elated at the turn of affairs to be anything but amiable just now. Before the other disappeared, he stopped him.

"Shake hands, will 'e? I thank you for lightenin' my mind—bein' a man of law, in a manner of speakin'. Ess, I'm obliged to 'e. Of coourse, I doan't want to come to prison 'zackly. That's common sense."

"Most feel same as you. No doubt you're in the wrong, though the law caan't drop on honest, straightforrard matrimony to my knowledge. Maybe circumstances is for 'e."

"Ess, they be—every jack wan of 'em!" declared Will. "An' if I doan't come here to stop, I'll call in some day and tell 'e the upshot of this coil in a friendly way."

RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

The Right of Privacy.....J. Gilmer Speed.....Saturday Evening Post

Privacy, according to legal decisions in America, has no rights that amount to anything. We cannot by injunction restrain another from invading our privacy, nor can we punish such an invasion by securing damages, as the courts have held that the sensitiveness which resents publicity is too fine a thing for this rude world. And so in this country in the present conditions of the laws we must abandon the sacred privilege of being let alone.

This is not so in France, and at present it is not the case in England. In France a newspaper or other publication may not discuss the private affairs of a private person without permission. In England the law was much as it is here until a publisher prepared to print some etchings made by the Queen and her late Consort, Prince Albert. The courts stretched a point and issued an injunction, though all the precedents were against such a remedy. In the course of time an act was passed by Parliament defining privacy and fixing penalties for its invasion.

But in America we are practically without redress. We cannot prevent publication by injunction, but afterward must prove damage—damage which can be assessed in dollars and cents. Suppose a flashy and objectionable paper should print the portrait of a private gentleman's wife or daughter. Every refined person would concede that there had been damage; but how in the world could material damage be proved? Right there the difficulty lies, and until it can be removed the very finest flower of civilization is endangered.

Legislatures hesitate to do anything toward the relief of privacy from the invasions of too-curious papers for fear of putting an unconstitutional restraint upon the liberty of the press. But liberty is one thing and license quite another. The press is at liberty to describe, to discuss and to criticise the public acts of public men, but even they should have, if they desire, a privacy which it were license to trespass upon. The majority of men who amount to anything part with the right of privacy to a certain extent—"pro tanto," as the lawyers put it. An author, an actor, a preacher, an artist, or any one who attempts to teach the public or who challenges its criticism, abandons his right to be let alone so far as his work is concerned. But beyond that he should be protected in his privacy as by a mantle.

It is true we can defend ourselves against slander and libel, but from idle and vulgar gossip, until privacy and its rights are defined by statute law and confirmed by decisions of the court, there is no protection whatever. The life of a savage is open at all times to the inspection of his tribe, but the greater the civilization the greater the desire for retirement and privacy, the greater the necessity to be let alone.

Anecdote.....London Globe

"Swapping" stories often takes the place of talk to a degree which an old-fashioned person may regard as lamentable. Everywhere the personal and

the accidental command more interest than the vital and the essential. The moralist may mourn the fact, and babble about decadence or "degeneration," but the placid onlooker will retain his placidity, and will calmly maintain that anecdote is not of an age but of all time—that, in fact, there never was a period when the world was not more or less in its anecdote. In history the earliest sagas and ballads recounted the doings of heroes. They were rhythmical, impassioned anecdote. The chroniclers provided the same pabulum in much duller prose. At the present time the points in history which the average person remembers when school-days lie far behind him, are the striking incidents, the picturesque happenings, not the details nor even the main outlines of political or social or economic development.

Good biography is really selected and clarified anecdote. The best biographies are books to read in, hardly to read through. Comparatively few, save absolutely gormandizing readers, conscientiously peruse the whole of Boswell's Johnson or Lockhart's Scott. But every one browses on one anecdotal pasture after another in those great books. The worst feature of so many of the modern horde of gossiping books is the absence of selection. Chit-chat and stories of all kinds, trivial and graphic, relevant and irrelevant, inane and suggestive—all are heaped together, pell-mell. The discerning reader may pick a good many gems from the rubbish heaps; but the undiscerning reader wallows indiscriminately in dust and diamonds. The placid onlooker, however, may comfort himself with the thought that such things have been before. Long before this country fell into its anecdote, the French had abundant collections of *ana*. Our neighbors were peculiarly rich in this department of literature some 200 years ago—a period when there were but few books of the kind in English. The love of gossip, and the more dignified desire for those personal details and picturesque touches which give life to a portrait and make history real and moving, are both inbred in human nature, and will outlast literature.

Credulity.....Spectator

The most interesting problem with reference to the prevailing aptitude for credulity is: Why does unreasonable belief persist, even in civilized nations and among many persons who are by no means fools in worldly affairs, after the progress of culture and the many exposures of fraud and superstition of which the records of the world are full? England is a highly civilized country, with centuries of culture, with ingrained habits of investigation, shrewd at bargaining, rich in aphorisms of worldly wisdom, with hundreds of newspapers and millions of books, and tens of thousands of schools, and yet, with all this background of history and all this mighty apparatus of knowledge, we all know that, once a popular delusion is started, it will race through the land like flame over a prairie, claiming millions as its victims. The most superficial ghost stories are greedily swallowed, the alleged healing

powers of some quack, if sufficiently advertised, are believed. Boston is the most cultivated city in America, and yet there are whole streets in that city given over to "mediums," who make a good living by professing to cure diseases and to foretell the future; and it is difficult to take up an American daily paper without seeing advertisements of wizards and astrologers, showing that the mental attitude of the Middle Ages—nay, of ancient Babylon or Judea—has not ceased to exist in the world's most modern and most progressive nation. It seems that we may find the most advanced mechanical progress side by side with the eager instinct to gulp down all manner of delusive quackeries; as in Paris in the last century Cagliostro was the contemporary of Voltaire. There is a passage in Amiel which we should always do well to keep in mind: "If you would think well of men, do not expect too much from them." Now, it is probable that one chief reason of the shock of surprise which comes over a cultivated man when he hears of some raging delusion which is abroad is that he expects too much of the mass of men. That is to say, he expects too much from their reason. The reasoning powers of the average man are fairly good when you supply him with the bases and facts. If he sees smoke he can infer a fire, and, in a simple, direct way, he can argue out any matter in which he feels interest. But put before him a more complex case, in which alleged facts are not to be taken for granted or hypotheses constructed without a sufficient base, and how feeble he becomes! It has been pointed out again and again by various writers that the theory that there has been real intellectual progress in the world is one of very doubtful validity. We have progressed in social efficiency, in the multiplication of contrivances for making life easier, in our grasp of an ever-increasing repertory of facts; but what we know of ancient Babylon and Greece compels us to doubt whether the human mind has really become more powerful as human life has opened out on the planet. The men who were capable of appreciating the logic and eloquence of Demosthenes were certainly, from the intellectual point of view, a higher people than the human items that compose a London jury. In short, we must realize the fact that, whatever may be the determining factor in what we call progress, it is not, so far as can be discovered, a progressively deepening intellect.

The Superlative.....*Rochester Post Express*

One of Emerson's essays is called *The Superlative*, and has to do with the exaggeration and overstatement which rule in so much of our common speech. People are not content with describing things as they are, but must raise them always to the n'th power. "There is a superlative temperament," says the essayist, "which has no medium range, but swiftly oscillates from the freezing to the boiling point. We talk sometimes with people whose conversation would lead you to suppose that they had lived in a museum, where all the objects were monsters and extremes. Their good people are phoenixes, their naughty are like the prophet's figs. They use the superlative of grammar: 'Most

perfect,' 'most exquisite,' 'most horrible.' Like the French, they are enchanted, they are desolate, because you have got or have not got a shoestring or wafer you happen to want, not perceiving that superlatives are diminutives, and weaken; that the positive is the sinew of speech, the superlative the fat. 'Tis very wearisome, this straining talk, these experiences all exquisite, intense and tremendous, 'The best I ever saw,' 'I never in my life!' One wishes these terms gazetted and forbidden. Every favorite is not a cherub, nor every cat a griffin, nor each unpleasing person a dark, diabolical intriguer; nor agonies, excruciations, nor ecstasies, our daily bread." Against this background of habitual exaggeration, the plain fact becomes very welcome and refreshing. Sensitive speakers are even driven to the other extreme of reticence and self-restraint. Any one who is familiar with the reports of English public meetings called to express admiration or commendation of some public man will have been struck by what seems to us the moderation, even the coldness, of the expressions used. The English mind does not love the superlative. "Dr. Channing's piety and wisdom," says Emerson, "had such weight that, in Boston, the popular idea of religion was whatever this eminent man did. But I remember that his best friend, a man of guarded lips, speaking of him in a circle of his admirers, said: 'I have known him long, I have studied his character, and I believe him capable of virtue.' An eminent French journalist paid a high compliment to the Duke of Wellington when his documents were published. Here are twelve volumes of military dispatches, and the word 'glory' is not found in them." A young clergyman who had been giving the mid-week sermon, or lecture, in a church for some months, received from a staid elder of the church a note of commendation which said, "Your lectures have been interesting, perhaps profitable." According to Emerson there is least inflation of speech among people who have no literary habit, people who have to do with things rather than with words. "The common people," he says, "diminish: 'a cold snap,' 'it rains easy,' 'good haying weather.' When a farmer means to tell you that he is doing well with his farm, he says, 'I don't work as hard as I did, and I don't mean to.' Under the Catskill Mountains the boy in the steamboat said, 'Come up here, Tony; it looks pretty out-of-doors.' The farmers in the region do not call particular summits mountains, but only 'them 'ere rises,' and reserve the word mountains for the range." Emerson tells of attending a dinner given to a distinguished public man, where the superlative was much in use, and where the guest of the occasion beat his breast and declared he should remember the honor done him to the latest moment of his existence. A little before he had been present at a cattle show dinner which followed an agricultural discourse—a bad one, really—delivered by a farmer. One of the village fathers gave at the dinner this cautious toast: "The orator of the day: his subject deserves the attention of every farmer."

No saying of Artemus Ward's has been more popular, perhaps, than his compliment to Washington, in which he said: "G. Washington never slopped over!"

Children's Friendship.....The Spectator

Except in the case of young and lovely women, we can hardly believe that children see much beauty in their female elders, or in men at all. The point of view from which they see us is against this supposition. Those who are blessed with good looks are too tall, in comparison with them, ever to be seen to advantage. To be looking up at giants, seeing their features foreshortened from below, the least becoming of all points for the human face, cannot give them a pleasing impression. Neither do we see the beauty of children to the best advantage as we look down on their faces foreshortened from above. That is why the beauty of pretty children always appears irresistible when they are in bed, and their faces seen as they lie on their pillows, or even in sleep. The astonishing beauty of some children at such times passes that of any other human creatures; it is a faith, freely confessed by those who know it, and one to which those who do not, succumb with the frankest and most ungrudging candor. But the effect of this childish beauty, great as it is on us, is magical when seen by one young child in another. Where both children are beautiful there is perfect adoration; for so much beauty, and so little to detract from it—and very few little girls of from three to six or seven have many failings—strikes them as denoting almost perfection. The physical fact that there is no disparity in size, that they look level into each other's faces, and see each in the other those gifts of beauty which they are accustomed to hear their elders so frankly praise, combined with those qualities of daintiness and refinement for which they themselves have no name, but which they value at their true worth, makes an irresistible appeal to their love. Children who are so happy as to enjoy such companionship live in a kind of fairyland. They have almost the reality of the fairy in their friend, and fancy and imagination, intensified by the suggestions of the other mind which unites in make-believe, supply the rest. These cases of love at first sight between children do not lead to "camaraderie" of the enterprising kind, or partnerships for activities in games, or gardening, or romps, but are contemplative and quiet. They are content and happy to be in each other's company, are often almost embarrassed when they meet, love walking together hand-in-hand, and find more to say of each other when parted than to each other when together. When the ages are different the spell of beauty is no less potent, and is acknowledged in the frankest and most delightful manner. Very little children who are beautiful are adored by those a few years older, and nearly always return this in kind. The whole of the old pictorial treatment of the subject of the young St. John and the infant Christ, though it is in the form of religious adoration, has for real motive this mutual recognition of beauty and the instant kindling of love between two young children. See, for instance, in Leonardo da Vinci's *Our Lady of the Rocks*, or in a less degree in the *Garvagh Madonna* (Raphael); where the Christ gives the other child a pink, it is the tribute of the younger to the elder child. Neither is the insistence on spiritual admiration, so constant in the child pic-

tures of the old painters, and in part the result of their own emotions, soothed by the expression of these mystic and consoling legends in exquisite pictorial art, without justification in the basis of children's friendship and deep affection. As they see and admire, without ability to express it, the qualities of refinement and serenity in their child friends, so they are deeply sensitive to the spiritual beauty of their faces, of which love, contentment and simplicity, are the "mold of form," and on which the struggle of the world, or the knowledge that all is not for the best, has set no single mark. Worry, perplexity, or differences are intensely distressing to young children, who feel, without comprehending, them. As we enjoy the contemplation of the beauty of which the absence of knowledge of these things forms a part, so also do children appreciate them. They, too, love the unruffled brow, and the skin like the petals of the rose, and the atmosphere of love and peace in the other child, and invest it almost unconsciously with the attributes of another and diviner world

Slouch.....Century Magazine

A suggestive chapter in Mr. Gregory's book—*Worldly Ways and Byways*—is entitled *Slouch*, and in the consideration of what he finds an obtrusive personal and national fault, the writer probes deeply into certain American conditions. He says:

I should like to see in every school room of our growing country, in every business office, at the railway stations, and on street corners, large placards placed with "Do not slouch" printed thereon, in distinct and imposing characters.

He finds, first of all, the personal carriage of a large proportion of our people lacking in the dignity of erectness and fine movement. The soldierly bearing of Europeans, due to military service, does not seem to him to have an equivalent here, except in veterans, the militia, and the graduates of West Point and Annapolis. Against this judgment there is, however, much to be urged, and it is easy to generalize faultily on the subject. Although our young men may be comparatively deficient in social finesse, their physical build and carriage are, we think, not inferior to Europeans—except, perhaps, to the English. The type of American woman is increasing in height and vigor, and has lost none of that frank nobility which is its chief characteristic. In the quality of cleanliness and daintiness we are not excelled—not even by the English, who have been called the "tubbingest" people in Europe. There is, however, often in our fine-looking youth of both sexes a failure to hold themselves well in hand, exhibiting itself in voice, grimace and gesture—a blemish which one would hardly expect to find in the most expert, if not the most graceful, of dancers. The education of a child should not be considered fairly begun until he has learned how to stand, sit, rise, walk, meet and leave company, and maintain a respectful silence, with propriety. In such matters, as the twig is bent the tree's inclined. Mr. Gregory makes a fairer hit when he speaks of the air of slouchiness about American farmhouses and villages. Living being easy in America, we have everywhere the "wilful waste" which will soon be "woeful want"; but this

is no reason why people who wash their hands and faces should make a dumping-ground of the common or the banks of the brook. (And if only there could be a single dump instead of twenty!) Any one of sensibility who traverses the environs of New York City on a bicycle realizes the magnitude of the work of assimilating to a system of law and order the shiftless population who—in this fifth year from the street-cleaning reforms of Colonel Waring—are allowed to deface nature by rubbish. Possibly these are foreigners, but if so, we are doing much to counteract in them those habits of orderliness which most of them learned abroad. Let the reader judge how much better the native American is as a community housekeeper. The front lawn may be in excellent order; it is the back yard and the pond lot that supply the test. What may be done by public spirit in keeping a town as tidy and healthful as its houses may be seen in certain New England communities, such as Stockbridge, Mass., a village which one is proud to exhibit to foreigners. We have not a few attractive towns of this sort, but they are far from being the rule, as in England, France and the Low Countries. What is needed in America is a little more imagination and initiative of reform on the part of the town council. There would be grumbling at first, but the "firm hand" which is doing so much for Cuban regeneration would accomplish no less at home.

The Fear of Want.....C. P. Stetson.....Saturday Evening Post

Courage and cowardice change their bases as human life goes on. Mankind is not afraid of much which used to terrify, but modern life has terrors of its own. The peculiar feature of our new kind of cowardice is that no one seems ashamed of it.

Men who would face death by lead and steel, by fire and water, and who would be heartily ashamed to be found making themselves secure in time of common danger of the old-fashioned sort, will fly headlong before the one governing fear of life to-day, and are not in the least ashamed to spend arduous lives in buttressing themselves against it.

Our fear is the fear of want.

It is a large, loose, general term, and somewhat difficult to analyze. On last reduction it can mean but death—but we are not afraid of death. On the middle distance it means a varying degree of hardship—but we are not afraid of hardship. In its first easy grades it means simply going without things—denial, restriction—but it would be hard to show why this should so affect us, since all life everywhere meets the same limitations. There are always some things one wants and does not have, and there always will be.

If eyesight stopped at the lids we might live without wanting, but so long as seeing goes before reaching so long is the world led and lifted by desire. Unfulfilled desire is the main condition of life, and no more to be feared than the weather. Hardship is fairly courted by the young and vigorous, is a recognized educator, and is so common a human condition as to disarm all dread of the unknown. Death we learned to face with calmness many thousand years ago. What, then, are we afraid of in the fear of want? Why is it that a man

who would not be a coward on the field of battle is so gross a coward on the field of business? Why will the workman who will any day lose his life to save a comrade commit many a sin rather than lose his job?

The standard of living has been slowly lifted from age to age by men who were not afraid. They were not afraid of the great beasts, and slew them; they were not afraid of strange seas, and crossed them; they were not afraid of evil governments, and overthrew them; they were not afraid of oppressive religions, and forced them to open and develop, or they made new ones.

Hunter, sailor, soldier, explorer, inventor, discoverer, reformer, these have faced hardship, danger and denial, and made broad the way of progress for us all. And here we stand in new conditions, confronted by new difficulties and dangers, and are most unblushingly afraid. Man to-day has only social conditions to struggle with—he is past-master in subduing the earth.

The problems to solve are those of social adjustment, and the need of inventor, explorer, discoverer is as great as ever. The need is as great, the gain is greater, the danger, after all, is really less—and yet we are afraid!

It is mere shortsightedness and lack of observation. We have courage enough, and devotion, too, but we are not quick to see where to-day's fighting and enduring are most needed.

Chagrin.....London Spectator

Men who expect to fail, instead of expecting to succeed, are very seldom the victims of chagrin. It is the men of great capacities who are the worst victims to chagrin, which is, indeed, one of the most serious set-offs against the advantage of early distinction. It is, perhaps, a greater misfortune to have learned to expect that obstacle after obstacle will go down before you, than to have learned to expect that you will break your shins over them, and have reason to rejoice when you do not break them fatally or too often.

The root of almost all chagrin is vexation with yourself—often a vexation quite as ill-founded as is the vexation of a man who has never been out in a whirlwind, when he finds that he cannot make way against it, though he had always previously made way against the wind. There is nothing of which the strong have less experience than of the forces which may be brought against them in this world; and nothing is more natural or more unreasonable than to resent your own weakness when you ought only to be acknowledging the magnitude of your difficulties. The true remedy for chagrin is to realize how full the universe is of forces against which you have never yet measured yourself, and of the complexity of the causes by which they are constituted. It is quite as unjust to yourself to expect to be able to surmount a cataract, as it is perfectly just to anticipate making way against an ordinary current or a strong tide. Great success under difficulties of one kind, prepares a man to overestimate unduly his power against difficulties of a very different kind, and to waste himself in chagrin if he does not find them turn to wax in his hands.

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

Midsommer.....Marion F. Ham.....Chattanooga Times

The minstrel bee with dusty wings,
On every scarlet poppy sings
His drowsy lays.
Through meadows green and fields of wheat,
And where the arching willows meet,
The winding pathway leads my feet
In peaceful ways.

From nodding heads of yellow grain
The spider swings his silken chain
Against the wind;
A silver net shot through and through
With trembling drops of crystal dew;
Its fragile strands of filmy blue
And gray entwined.

Across the meadow's scented sea
The clover's breath steals over me
In waves of sweet;
A rhythmic sense of whetting scythe,
And brawny reapers, brown and lithe,
And dewy swaths that fall and writhe
Beneath their feet.

The meadow-lark in sudden flight
Mounts upward through the dazzling light,
With tuneful throat;
While from the still wood far and near,
In rippling melody, I hear
The dying echoes, faintly clear,
Repeat his note.

The virgin water-lilies dip,
To softly kiss, with amorous lip,
The passive stream.
Along the brink a butterfly
In languid flight goes drifting by,
And coyly shuns me where I lie
And idly dream.

The flicker skirts the hollow gum,
Taps thrice upon his muffled drum
A dull tattoo;
Then downward like a scarlet blaze,
He cleaves the upland's leafy maze
To vanish in the distant haze
Of cloudless blue.

And in the rustle of the corn
The far, faint call of midday horn
Swells on the breeze.
I watch the thin gray wreathes of smoke,
And note the woodman's measured stroke
That sounds the knell of some old oak
Among the trees.

And through the boughs the sunlight weaves
A pattern of the sumach leaves
Upon my book.
Forgotten theme—my thoughts from school
Play truant in the shadows cool,
Content to vex the quiet pool
With baitless hook.

Vague sadness of the solitude!
My heart with some sweet grief imbued,
Makes wistful sigh;
A nameless sorrow of the wind—
Strange, voiceless yearnings, undefined,
That only rise within the mind
To fade and die.

The Story of Life.....Boston Transcript

Only the same old story, told in a different strain;
Sometimes a smile of gladness, and then a stab of pain;
Sometimes a flash of sunlight, again the drifting rain.

Sometimes it seems to borrow from the crimson rose its
hue;
Sometimes black with thunder, then changed to a brilliant
blue;
Sometimes false as Satan, sometimes as Heaven true.

Only the same old story, but oh, how the changes ring!
Prophet and priest and peasant, soldier and scholar and
king;
Sometimes the warmest hand-clasp leaves in the palm a
sting.

Sometimes in the hush of even, sometimes in the mid-
day strife,
Sometimes with dove-like calmness, sometimes with pas-
sion rife;
We dream it, write it, live it, this weird wild story of life.

Mine Enemy.....W. G. Hale.....London Spectator

Once in my pride I judged a man,
With eyes austere I looked him through,
I said, "Here failed he,"—span by span
I measured all his faults anew.

And thenceforth marked in bitter mood
The manner of his life, intent
To find therein such constant food
That my just heart might not relent.

I probed his thoughts, his motives weighed;
And yet as on his hopes I peered,
Though some I might have crushed, I stayed
My hand—they were so humbly reared.

And keeping watch with doubtful eyes
On all his actions, I began
To mark with measureless surprise
How very human was the man!

Till, by a casual cross-wind blown,
Came word of trifling acts of his—
Poor common things—in which was shown
His touch with common charities.

Then seeing how much I had denied,
Who loved the name of Charity,
I bowed my head with shame and cried,
'Forgive me, O mine enemy!'

The Cynic.....M. E. Wardwell.....New England Magazine

Clarissa, O Clarissa,
Again the distant sheen
Of sunshine on the hillsides
Breaks into sudden green;
Again the thrush is winging
His way across the blue,
And rollicking and singing
A mocking song of you.

For he recalls, Clarissa,
The promises we made
To meet again o' Maytime
Here in the long arcade
Of apple boughs new budded,
Where you and I kept tryst
And in the soft spring weather
Held hands and laughed and kissed.

And yet—and yet, Clarissa,
I walk alone to-day,
While you with some new lover
A many miles away
Are whispering and strolling
Beneath the greenwood tree
Without a recollection
Of those old times or me.

Oh, dreamy reach of orchard,
Oh, blossoms pink and sweet,
Still showering on the pathway
Forsaken by her feet,—
The fairy blooms that opened
For me a year ago
But once for mortals flower
And wither as they blow!

Play Softly, Boys.....Teresa B. O'Hare.....Boston Pilot

I'm thinkin' av the goolden head
I nestled to my breast;
They're tellin' me, "He's betther off,"
And sayin' "God knows best."
But oh, my heart is breakin'
And the wild, wild waves at play
Where the goolden head is buried low
Close to Manila Bay.

I'm thinkin' av the roguish eyes
Of tender Irish gray;
They're tellin' me, "He's betther off,"
And, "I'll thank God some day."
But oh, my heart is breakin'
And the wild, wild waves at play
And my baby's eyes all closed in death
Close to Manila Bay.

I'm thinkin' av the little hands
That's fastened round my heart;
They're tellin' me, "Have courage,
Sure life's to meet and part."
But oh, my heart is breakin'
And the wild, wild waves at play
And my baby's hands so stiff and cold,
Close to Manila Bay.

I'm thinkin' av the noble boy,
That kissed my tears away;
They're tellin' me "How brave he was—
And foremost in the fray!"
But, oh, my heart is breakin'
And the wild, wild waves at play,
And my baby and my soldier dead,
Close to Manila Bay.

Play softly, boys, I know you will,
Remembering he's away—
My boy who proudly marched with ye,
On last St. Patrick's Day.
Play softly, boys, I know ye will,
And the wild, wild waves at play,
And your comrade lying lonely,
Close to Manila Bay.

Play softly, boys, I know ye will,
And hush this pain to rest—
And soothe the bitter agony,
That's tearin' at my breast.
How can ye march at all, at all,
And the wild, wild waves at play,
And the boy who loved ye lying cold,
Close to Manila Bay?

I Have Loved You So.....M. E. W.....London Theatre

Sweet, I have loved you so these long years past,
With all the passion of my ardent youth
That o'er our lives a lovely glamour cast;
I staked my honor on your ceaseless truth.

And now, with dreamy wonderment I miss
The clinging tenderness of long ago,
The gentle sympathy, the answering kiss
* * * And I have loved you so.

Dear, for one hour, one little hour to-night,
We two must face the weary length of years
That looms before us, bare of all delight,
And heralded by bitter, heart-drawn tears.
Are we to break the ever-loosening chain
That held us once so closely in its keep;
Or will the sharpness of our present pain
Be lulled by patience to a fitful sleep?

Dear, in your hands I leave our after-fate,
With but one prayer for all the old love's sake;
If you should answer, it is all too late
To dream a dead affection should awake,
Speak without bitterness. Around us lie
The tender memories of long ago
That witness mournfully our last good by—
* * * And I have loved you so.

Ghosts.....Tom Masson.....Munsey's Magazine

The painter toiled at his picture in the light of the north-
ern sky,
And his soul burned out at his easel as the paint grew
hard and dry.
The marvelous work that the painter wrought seemed
full of depth and soul,
And the people gazed at the deathless thing, while each
one paid his toll.
Then questioned the voice of the painter's heart, while
the great man shook his head.
"No motive pure can the world endure—I did it for
gold," he said.

The worker worked in the midnight black and under the
light of day,
And dragged his soul from out of himself and breathed
it into the clay.
Thus wrought the hand of the poet a song that the peo-
ple sing,
And the sound of its wondrous music wells up like a
living spring.
Then questioned the voice of the poet's heart, and he
bowed his head in shame.
"No motive pure may my soul endure—I did it," he
cried, "for fame."

In front of the battle's wavering line the hero charged his
steed;
A thousand furies had hurried him on, and his was a
hero's speed.
Into the serried ranks of death he rode with a hero's shout,
Till victory sat on the upraised flag, and the foe was
put to rout.
Then questioned the voice of the hero's heart, and he
said: "The fight is won.
Yet motive pure no man may endure—for glory the deed
was done."

L'ENVOI.

Art met Duty, and Duty said: "Three beings have just
been sold:
One for glory and one for fame and one for glittering
gold.
You were not there and I was not there, yet the deeds
they did rank high;
Glory and fame and gold, it seems, are better than you
and I."
Said Art: "Why not? You're a ghostly thing, and I
myself am the same;
We're not worth much to the popular touch with gold
and glory and fame!"

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

Traveling Companions.....Geo. McAleer.....Field and Stream

In the outset no man should ever go to the woods who cannot enjoy, much less endure, his own society; and among others he should never take as a companion the irreverent man whose foul tongue insults his Creator and degrades his manhood; the selfish man whose whole effort is devoted to burning incense before his own shrine; the jealous man who is chagrined at his own want of happiness and success, and who turns green with envy at that of others; the indifferent man who, having eyes sees not and having ears hears not; the vacillating man with no fixed principle or conviction; the overbearing man who is all boss and no work; the man who can find pleasure only in wanton slaughter; the stiff, unbending man who stands upon dignity and formality; the man who magnifies the most ordinary courtesies into superlative favors; and the effeminate young man who waxes his mustache and parts his hair in the middle. The woods are not for these; for them the trees sing no note of welcome; leave them behind.

This list might be very materially extended, but it is sufficient to indicate generally those with whom it would be unwise to undertake two or more weeks of camp life in the solitude of the wilderness. The enumeration of fitting companions may well begin with yourself. If you cannot endure your own society, think what an affliction you must be to others! But if you have a soul within you, anything above a heart seared with the selfishness of life and the corroding worship of material gain, you may find rare satisfaction whiling away a delightful hour communing with your better self. The numberless object lessons that are yours for the asking gather up and treasure in your note-book, or, better still, let them sink indelibly into your being, there to become a lasting heritage—a well-spring of influences that will elevate and ennoble and enlighten the burden of allotted toil.

Then, as gold from the refiner's crucible is the companionship of the educated man of kindly instincts; the quiet, unostentatious man who never obtrudes his generosity or proclaims what he has done or is going to do to promote your pleasure; the man who is in hearty touch with his environment; the man of resources, who is never at a loss for something to interest and please and who, with equal facility and becoming grace, can adjust himself to the plans of others; the man who keenly enjoys the highest pleasures while not disdaining the more menial duties of camp life. To these bounteous Nature sends her note of welcome; towering mountains and wooded valleys invite to their peaceful solitudes; and rippling stream and ruffled lake extend their subtle charm. With such companionship the skies wear their sweetest smile, the camp-fire burns more brightly, and the camp gives highest joy.

Modern means of travel have brought such resorts to the very doors of the people, even to the older settled portions of our country—New England and other Eastern States—hand-books of travel give their location and how best to reach

them, and the pens of Thoreau, Bryant, Whittier and Longfellow have sung their praise.

The co-relation and co-ordination of the distant mountain range, the beauty of the waving forest, the tiny wavelets upon the lake, singing birds, timid beasts, darting fishes and babbling brooks we call Nature—and all are but hieroglyphics which appeal to what is highest and noblest in man and point upward to the throne of Nature's God. They are the troubadours of the wilderness that enchant the visitor with the marvelous sweetness of their strain in which there is no discordant note, and they lead him captive in the silken meshes of endearing fascinations, which in turn become prized reminiscences of healthful, restful pleasure (not embittered with a solitary pang) that will last through sunshine and storm and give happiness and strength through coming years.

The Convent of Mar Saba.....Sunday Magazine

There are two monasteries that stand out in my memory with peculiar distinctness. These are the Monastery of St. Bernard, on the highest inhabited point of the Swiss Alps, and the Monastery of Mar Saba, deep down in the heart of the wilderness of Judea. The one is set in the midst of eternal snows, and the other amid unchanging heat. Every one has heard of the St. Bernard Hospice, with its monks and its dogs, and its travelers rescued from the snowstorms; but very few comparatively know of the existence of Mar Saba, hid in its lonely desert, dreaming away its idle life far from the haunts of men. And yet the Mar Saba convent is unique among religious institutions of the world.

Passing through the dreary homeless waste of calcined limestone hills, which stretches between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, where the scapegoat laden with the sins of Israel was annually led out to die, you come at last to the welcome gate of the monastery, perched like an eagle's nest on the edge of the gorge of the Kedron. The convent seems to have grown out of the side of the vertical precipice. It looks a mere confused crystallization of the rock, or a human incrustation upon it. It is difficult to tell where Nature's work ends and man's work begins. The walls and the rocks, through long centuries of mutual association, have grown so like each other that they are hardly distinguishable. The effect of this weird combination of the human and the natural is savage in the extreme. You look sheer down from the parapet that guards the open court of the convent, 500 feet or more, to the bottom of the defile, where the Kedron, an intermittent thread of silver, languidly flows. The almost vertical rocks on either side are of stratified limestone in nearly horizontal courses; the strata being of unequal hardness, causing, as the result of weathering, hollows and projections to appear in the face of the cliffs. These lent themselves readily to the use of the prehistoric Horites, or Cave-dwellers, the aborigines of Palestine, who dug out cells at different heights along the face of the precipice, like martins' holes in a sandbank. In the early Christian centuries these caves were inhabited

by religious troglodytes, the followers of St. Anthony, who came thither from the Egyptian deserts. How they got access to their airy habitations, hanging between earth and heaven, seems perfectly marvelous, for it would require the strongest head and the surest foot to climb to and to walk along these dizzy ledges.

You see a considerable distance up and down the gorge, which is called the "Valley of Fire," on account of its red volcanic appearance, although it owed its formation entirely to the action of water. It is an awe-inspiring sight, with its dark unseen depths and lofty ferruginous precipices, glowing like the walls of a red-hot furnace, each bastion and crest of rock seeming at the welding-point. There is no verdure in all the horizon, no foliage of tree, or green carpet of grass, nothing but bare arid rocks, blistered by the hot sunshine, and worn by wind and weather into the most fantastic shapes. And yet, by Nature's wonderful law of compensation, the scarred and naked rocks take out of the sky richer colorings than could be found in the most luxuriant landscapes. It is in the desert that you have the most glorious hues of earth and sky, whose intensity is first delightful, and then fatiguing even to pain. The naked rocks of Sinai are clothed with light as with a garment; and the passing of the afternoon hours fills the desolate ravines of Moab with violet shadows softer than those of the forest. . . . The centre point of interest in the monastery is the church, which is very ancient, but, like all Greek churches, is marred by gorgeous gilding and extravagant decoration; a barbarous style which culminates in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. . . . But what interests one particularly is not the costly Byzantine decorations of the church, contrasting so strikingly with the primitive ruggedness and sterility of Nature outside, but the distinct evidence which it affords that it must originally have been a cave scooped out of the rock, like the numerous artificial caves in the cliffs around formerly inhabited by hermits and recluses. It was probably St. Saba's own cave, where he lived for many years in amicable relations with a lion as his only companion, like St. Jerome in his cave under the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, and as our Lord Himself, as St. Mark tells us, was "with the wild beasts" in this same region of His temptation. The Saint's cave became afterward the nucleus round which the whole group of conventual buildings had gathered in course of ages; for the monastery bears unmistakable traces of having been added to in successive periods, and in different styles of architecture. St. Saba was one of the first followers of St. Anthony and of St. Paul the Hermit. He collected together the solitaries of the Judean wilderness. Fascinated by his holy example, when he came to live in this cave of the Kedron Valley, the anchorites who dwelt in the holes of the cliffs around joined themselves to him, that they might have the benefit of his instruction and example. In this manner was founded the peculiar institution known in the early Christian ages as a "laura," which implied a collection of separate cells independent of each other, each inhabited by its own hermit, who conformed to no common rule or mode of living.

The Floating Gardens of California.....C. F. Holder.....Sunset

Not only the mainland, but the islands of California, which rise from the sea like submerged mountain peaks, have wonderful floating gardens through which vessels often plough with difficulty in entering the small harbors which dot the coast. At Santa Barbara, the entrance of the bay is a maze of floating vegetation, and the islands off the coast, especially Santa Catalina, are more or less surrounded.

The floating gardens are formed of long streamers of kelp, which, attached to the bottom, grow upward to a distance of 50 to 500 feet, throwing out broad leaves and air-bulbs, which act as so many balloons to support them. The effect of this is to give a perfect forest of broad green leaves, rising upward and presenting a sharp contrast to the blue water in which they grow. Graceful in appearance, they turn at every whim of the tide; now floating directly upward, their leaves high above water, and caught by the breeze; again reaching away in long streamers, they are among the most striking and beautiful objects of the submarine world. When in shore the huge plants assume a vertical position, and become floating gardens in reality. In the bay of Avalon, they present so many attractions that boats have been constructed especially to float over them and afford the occupants an opportunity to observe the wonders of the ocean world.

These boats are all provided with large plate-glass windows set into the bottom so the observer can sit in the boat and gaze down through the window and see intensified small animals. The glass, as suggested, magnifies objects, and in floating along one can almost imagine himself under the water and roaming at will in these gardens of the sea. Each leaf or frond is covered with patches of color, which represent varied animals or plants; some are purple, red, green or yellow. Here are delicate sea anemones, which so resemble blooming flowers that they can scarcely be distinguished from the true flowers of the land. At the slightest noise they close up, withdrawing their many-colored tentacles, then slowly blooming out again.

Here are minute plantlike creatures that are really animals, though growing in a shrublike form, and among the wonders of this floating garden are some that give birth to minute young which become jelly fishes, to float away and at night fill the ocean with a wonderful phosphorescent light. Strange shells crawl upon the great leaves; crabs that mimic their colors perfectly, and fishes of the exact tint cling to them, safe in this resemblance from many enemies. The long leaves when unaffected by the current, rise directly upward and form a maze of arches down among which many strange forms are to be seen. Directly on the bottom a large octopus comes limping along, throwing out its eight sucker-lined arms, moving in a strange fashion, waves of color passing slowly over it, that seem to adapt it to the color of the bottom over which it is passing. Near by we catch a glimpse of a cousin, the argonaut or nautilus, crawling along, holding its delicate shell over its head.

In the crevices of the rocks are black-hued echni, a perfect maze of bristling pins and needles, which wave to and fro and resent the intrusion of any

enemy. These are the ground dwellers of this garden, but there are other forms, fishes which vie with one another and the birds of the land in their beauty of color. They poise among the leaves, and present strange contrasts. One is of a brilliant gold hue with high fins, a gold fish whose graceful movements constitute an attractive feature of the garden. Scores of little fishes glide by that are veritable gems in the brilliancy of their ornamentation, bright jewel-like spots appearing here and there over their surfaces. Suddenly the small fry rush away as a mighty form glides slowly through the garden. It is the king of the bass, a fish five feet long, of a rich mahogany tint, whose home is in these gardens of the sea. Following we may see a silvery fish with a yellow tail, and a stripe along its sides.

Perhaps the most remarkable denizen of the floating garden is a fish about a foot in length, so grotesque in shape that it is almost impossible to distinguish it from the weed. Its head and back are covered with tentacle-like growths, while its color is an exact imitation of the weed. This curious fish builds a nest in the kelp by winding the weed in and out, forming a ball in which the eggs are deposited and the young reared.

At night the scene is often a strange one down through the glass window, as nearly all of the animals of the garden are light-givers; where during the day the sun's rays illumine them, now mystic lights on an infinite variety of forms play, and the kelp beds are scenes of light and beauty beyond power of description.

A Fort, a Prison, Then a Palace.....Chambers's Journal

The formality and etiquette of the Portuguese court is as rigid as that of the Spanish—for nine or ten months of the year at least; and the sojourner at Lisbon rarely sees the King and Queen except in semi-state. But when the court moves to the seaside, and takes up its residence in the village of Cascaes, everything is changed, and the royal couple and their children delight in a freedom that is astonishing in its contrast. Cascaes originally was nothing more than a big fort, built on a small promontory near the mouth of the Tagus, yet far enough to be outside the "sphere of influence" of its yellow flood, charged with the waste of the City of the Seven Hills. It was only accessible by a rough mule-track along the coast; and when modern guns demonstrated, even to the sleepy Portuguese, the uselessness of thick stone walls as a means of defence, its isolated position was thought just the thing for a prison; a prison it was made, and it answered its purpose admirably. In course of time a few fishermen built their huts and cottages on the shore of the little bay, not a hundred yards wide, that nestled under the protection of the headland, and beached their boats on the strip of sand that fringed it, and thus formed the nucleus of what is now the most fashionable watering-place in Portugal. It was Dom Louis, father of the present King, who, struck by the health of the prisoners and the coolness of their prison in the summer, promptly turned them out, and set to work to modernize the interior of the building. He built himself a long, low, unpretentious kind of bungalow along one side

of the great inside square of the fort, turning the warders', officers' and soldiers' quarters into accommodation for his suite and servants. Here, to this humble abode, he delighted to retire during the hot months and amuse himself as he listed. But the Queen, Maria Pia, did not care for it, and Cascaes knew her not. Of course, fashionable Lisbon was not going to be left out, and very soon every available bit of ground within sight of the fort was built upon; but nobody dreamed of buying up the fishermen, and so their huts and cottages remained; and thus you find the place a jumble of magnificent villas and dirty hovels, plastered about regardless of plan or surroundings, wherever a level spot can be found to build on.

An African Bank.....Alden Bell.....Anglo-American Magazine

As an item of interest which seems so far to have escaped the attention of writers on Africa, I may relate that the natives of that part of South Africa which, to a great extent, is inhabited by Bushmen and Hottentots, have a peculiar system of banks and banking. These Kaffirs, among whom this curious system of banking obtains, live near Kaf-fraria, in the south of the Colony country. The natives come down south from their country to trade in the several villages and towns in large numbers, stay with the Boers for a time, then return to Kaf-fraria. Their banking facilities are very primitive, and consist entirely of banks of deposit alone, without banks of discount or issue, and they have no checks. But still they enjoy banking privileges, such as they are. From those who trade, of their own number, they select one, who for the occasion is to be their banker. He is converted into a bank of deposit by putting all the money of those whose banker he is into a bag, and then they sally forth to the stores to buy whatever they want. When an article is purchased by any of those who are in this banking arrangement, the price of the article is taken by the banker from this deposit money-bag, counted several times, and then paid to the seller of the article, after which all the bank depositors cry out to the banker, in the presence of the two witnesses selected, "You owe me so much!" This is then repeated by the witnesses. The general accounting comes between the banker and his several depositors when all desired purchases have been made, after which all the natives depart for their northern wilds.

A City of Ghosts and Shadows.....Pearson's Magazine

It is dangerous to penetrate too far into the mysterious recesses of Algiers. Even the police are absent when the shadows fall. The Arab will not harm you. But the Spaniard and the Italian will knife you for a sou. In my night rambles I was fortunate in having with me a Khabyle, in whose house I had broken bread, and who had therefore given me his "anaia." My life, as a result, was in his keeping. He would sooner have abandoned his wife or his children than have broken faith with the trust imposed on him. The Café Maure is the show place at night-time. Here the Arab comes to smoke his cigarette, drink his coffee and listen to the storyteller. The native café is more like a hole in the ground than any kind of structure, and the guests

sit cross-legged or recline on forms. I can recall nothing more ghostly than one of these cafés I visited, with the listless, impassive figures of the men, lighted up simply by one brazier, on which the coffee was stewing, the monotonous dum-dum of the tom-toms, and the weird chanting of the storyteller.

Of the private life of the Arab one can learn but little. All is shadowy in these singular dwellings, where the master of the house plays the rôle of jailer, and behind whose barred windows and closed doors lies the great secret of his strange countrywomen. I loved to ramble through these tiring, suffocating, evil-smelling alleys, watching the ever-changing stream of faces and costumes, and always on the lookout for a door to open and give me a glimpse into the unknown world. Into the show-houses you may go, of course, be you lady or gentleman, and into one or two other houses with a little influence behind you. One of them was off the Rue Marengo. The veiled figure of a woman opened the door to us. My companion said one or two words in Arabic, when she dropped her haik, removed her adjar, and greeted him with laughing enthusiasm. I never saw a face more wildly beautiful. It was not distinctly of the Arab type, the complexion was not darker than of Andalusia. But the eyes were the marvels of the face, soft as those of the gazelle and with a beauty spot under the left one. Masses of raven black hair fell over the half-covered shoulders and on the soft, white drapery. Here was the typical houri of the East that one had dreamed about, a living picture if ever one existed. She was not yet eighteen, but her husband had dwelt with Allah for nearly two years. We wished her "Salaam alik," and cigarettes and the thick, sweet coffee of the Moors followed, untouched by the hostess herself, for the fast of Ramadam was not yet over.

The house was of two stories, and without a roof. The court was square, surrounded on the four sides with beautifully carved marble pillars which supported the balconies on the floors above, and from which latter ran the private apartments. The rooms here were tastefully and richly arranged. Everything smacked of true Oriental luxury. The pottery was pure Khabye, the rugs had the genuine Kairwan texture, the hammered brass ornaments had been bought in no town bazaar, the exquisitely carved wooden doors and balcony—just high enough to allow one to look over into the court below—were centuries old, the delicately colored tiles were priceless treasures. The whitewash only was new. In this house some days later a party of us, ladies and gentlemen, had a real Arab dinner, which we could not eat, and arranged an Aïssaoui fête, which we found it difficult to sit through.

The children here are the brightest, sweetest faced young rogues sent on earth to plague the British tourist out of sous. A face rises vividly before me—little Zuleika's. Only just eight years old, she was a past mistress in the art of mendicancy. She made me her mark one day as I sat outside the Café de Boulogne. She smiled and kissed her hand to me. I smiled back, and in an excessive fit of generosity, gave her a whole ten-centime piece. That was my undoing. For thirty days I paid

Zuleika a daily wage of ten centimes. To offer less was to have it indignantly refused, and at length I accepted the inevitable with a good grace. In a way it was money well spent, for the little monkey, having decided I was her own particular sou-mine, pegged out her claim, so to speak, and kept trespassers away. There was a curious trait in Zuleika, characteristic of the whole Arab race. Having once obtained her fee the day's wants were apparently provided for, and she would sometimes follow me into the Arab quarter, silent but smiling, and I suppose either inquisitive as to my business or to look after the dog of an infidel. That is your Arab all over. Idleness comes natural to him. He was born indolent. He does not provide for his family, he provides for himself. Having earned sufficient to keep him for the day, he lies down in the sun. He has provided for that day; Allah, in his goodness, will provide for the morrow.

A Picture of Travel on the Yangtze....Eliza Ruhamah Solomons....Century

The steamer whistled as it neared a cluster of buildings at a creek's mouth, and large, flat-bottomed boats, with passengers and freight crowded indiscriminately together, came out and made fast to the steamer's guards. All this way-cargo, living and inanimate, tumbled or was tumbled in pell-mell, with uniform celerity and unconcern, joining a confused half-acre of the same damp, dirty, ill-favored, ill-smelling boxes, bags, mats and people. There were the same unpleasant type of countenances commonest at Shanghai, the same greasy blue-cotton or glazed calico clothes seen everywhere in the unsavory empire, the same frightful monotony of life and character among this least attractive people of earth. The cargo and passengers destined for the creek-side landing were hurled into the flat-boats with as little ceremony, with the bells ringing and the boat in motion before the last pigtailed parcel had been shoved off. The Nganking churned on through the long, damp, dreary afternoon, boatloads of common cargo and common people tumbling off and on the steamer as it swung to in the stream before each town. The lower deck was packed with chattering creatures smoking, eating, sleeping, gambling among and over their heterogeneous belongings—eight hundred of these yellow beings herded in a space not sufficient for two hundred white emigrants on the other side of the globe, a most profitable live cargo, moved without handling or feeding or risks. On the upper deck the Nganking's spacious, spotless decks and cabins furnished all the comforts, latest improvements, and gilded splendors one could wish to find on Hudson or Mississippi River boats; electric lights, luxurious upholstery, a piano, potted palms, scattered books and magazines, and a well-served table securing one's content. Eternal thrift, the total want of any fastidious taste or senses, a camaraderie and equality, a true democracy and fraternity, unseen elsewhere, often move even rich and official Chinese to herd with the commoners on the steerage-deck—or send their families there; for I once saw a Chinese admiral sprawling at his ease on the silken cabin sofas, while his wives and children went in the crowded promiscuity of the steerage.

PEN PICTURE OF THE NEW ADMIRAL*

BY MAJOR G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND

[In his volume, *The Philippines and Roundabout*, Major Younghusband, an Englishman, of the Queen's Corps of Guides, gives the following description of Admiral Dewey at Manila. It brings into relief the Admiral's characteristics, and will be of peculiar interest at the time of his home-coming.—Ed.]

One of the first visits paid in Manila was to the Admiral of the American fleet in these waters, the gallant naval officer who illustrated so emphatically at Cavité the writings of his distinguished countryman, Captain Mahan, on the preponderating influence of a sea power upon history. Under the awning, at the stern of the line of battleship *Olympia*, with a cool and pleasant land breeze blowing, I found Admiral Dewey seated with the Captain of the *Olympia*, looking out on the bay with the calm and happy air of a man who has made history and can afford to rest on his laurels. Receiving me with the greatest cordiality and kindness, he introduced me to the Captain, and then we three sat down, and the conversation became general. The Admiral is a clean-built, well-set and powerful man, standing about five feet nine inches in height, clean shaved but for a gray mustache, which gives a touch of the soldier to the old American sailor. A handsome man with a remarkably pleasant and genial face, strong, steady eyes, alert, active and ready—a great commander born and bred. Yet, withal, a more modest man it would be impossible to meet, as he described in the most graphic and entirely natural manner how he placed eleven formidable Spanish men-of-war at the bottom of the sea.

There are many lesser men than Admiral Dewey, who, perhaps, naturally in the glamor of victory assume a prescience little short of divine, whereby the reader or listener is imbued with Napoleonic notions regarding heaven-born geniuses, stars of good fortune, predestined successes and the like.

Traveling across in the launch, I was talking to an American officer about the battle, and he made the remark, "Dewey knew right enough that the Spanish fleet lay at Cavité, and he only went across to Manila to draw them out to more favorable manœuvring ground; and when he found that they would not come out, he steamed up and down so as to give them plenty of time to get ready before he attacked them." And such I found a very prevalent notion among the troops on shore. But Admiral Dewey would have nothing of the flattering tale. He said he went straight for Manila, because he thought he should find the Spanish fleet there, and he experienced some moments of anxiety at dawn when his enemy was not visible at the expected point. Directly, however, the light was strong enough to make out the Spanish fleet at Cavité, only seven or eight miles distant across the bay, like a sensible commander, he went straight for it, ready or not ready. As a matter of fact, the Admiral considers that the Spaniards were not ready in a true fighting sense, an unreadiness due not to surprise, but to culpable negligence. The entry of

the American fleet had been signaled from the island of Corregidor, which bars the entrance to Manila Bay, at midnight, and the Spanish Admiral had had from four to six hours in which to make his preparations. Possibly, therefore, the most suitable place for a fleet which cannot get into fighting trim in from four to six hours' time is its present position—at the bottom of the sea.

With the growing prospects of an Anglo-American alliance, it will be gratifying to the British public to hear that Admiral Dewey speaks in terms of the warmest friendship for the British Navy. Apart from broader questions, it may be mentioned that this warmth of feeling is in no small degree due to the judicious and statesmanlike demeanor of Captain Sir Edward Chichester, of *H. M. S. Immortalité*, who was the senior British naval officer on the spot during the most troublous times. Again and again Admiral Dewey mentioned his name, and each time in a manner which brought home the honesty and sincerity of his regard for this officer, and admiration for the manner in which he had filled an exceedingly difficult position. As the Admiral remarked, "I never saw such fire-eaters as we had here. I thought we were going to have a European war in the bay!" Sir Edward Chichester will, I trust, forgive me for repeating a "bon mot" ascribed to him, which is going the round in Manila. It appears that a German man-of-war, without any formalities, steamed into the bay during the blockade, and made for the anchorage as if the whole place was a German seaport. As is probably known to most people, and as is only right and proper, neutrals have, by the rules of naval warfare, no rights whatever in a blockaded port, except by the courtesy of the blockading power. Admiral Dewey, therefore, acted perfectly correct in firing a shot across the German's bows and ordering her to heave-to. The enraged German Captain, with all his feathers flying the wrong way, went forth with on board *H. M. S. Immortalité*, and explaining his grievance, asked Captain Chichester's advice. The British officer, well versed in naval etiquette, at once pointed out to the German Captain that he had placed himself in the wrong by ignoring the American flag, and that a handsome apology was the best way out of the deadlock. Having thus smoothed the feelings of one side, the British Captain went to Admiral Dewey and explained that the slight to the American flag was unintentional, and probably due only to ignorance of naval etiquette. "You see, sir," he added, "the Germans have got no sea manners."

Several of the sunken Spanish warships Admiral Dewey proposes raising and adding to the American Navy. "And mind you," he added, "though a lot of kind people want to have them called the 'Dewey' and other names connected with me personally, I won't have it at any price. They shall keep their present names, and go down in our Navy as a record of the past, in the same way as the glorious old names of captured French and Spanish ships have become household words in the British

*From the *Philippines*, by Major G. J. Younghusband. Macmillan Co.

Navy." At the same time, while honoring this noble and unselfish sentiment, let us hope that the "Dewey" will be the name of one of the new American warships now on the stocks, and form one of an "admiral class as illustrious in American history of the future as ships like the Nelson, Howe, Rodney, Anson and Collingwood are by association in our own fleet."

Talking of the rewards open to a successful commander in the service of a republic, I asked Admiral Dewey what his reward would be for his naval victory, and added that he would certainly have been made a peer under a monarchy. "Yes; I suppose I would have been," he remarked simply; "but I have been very amply rewarded, for I see from the papers that the Senate has voted me a sword of honor, though, mind you, I have not heard a word about it myself. And, my friends tell me, they hope to secure my promotion to the rank of rear-admiral. I am only a commodore now, and perhaps they will give me a medal, too. Besides, every one has been most kind to me, and you won't credit the number of flattering little presents that I have received." Here was republican simplicity with a vengeance—a sword, a medal and, perhaps, a step of rank for winning a great naval victory!

Among the many little presents which the Admiral showed me was a new broom decorated with the Stars and Stripes, and embroidered with the inscription, "A Clean Sweep! To Admiral Dewey, from the Nu Club of Boston." He also brought out a handsome little carved baton and cigar case, presented to him by Aguinaldo, the insurgent leader and ally of America during the war, together with a very cordial letter which accompanied them.

Illustrative of Admiral Dewey's promptness and grasp of situation, a minor incident may be mentioned. A letter was received one evening from Aguinaldo, saying that he had attempted to land on a certain small island in the bay, and to take possession of it, together with some Spanish prisoners who had been left there, but had been prevented from carrying out the operation by the German man-of-war, the *Irene*, the captain of which ship appears to have been a singularly indiscreet person. The Admiral, European complications or no complications, very naturally resented this second infraction of "sea manners," and calling on board the captains of the *Raleigh* and *Boston*, gave them explicit orders to proceed at once to the scene of dispute, and to land troops on the island at all hazards. These instructions were literally and promptly executed. The two American war vessels cleared for action, ran up their fighting pennants, and bore down in all earnestness upon the good German. The local emblem of the "mailed fist" had hardly bargained for this exceeding prompt and robust action, and cleared out with more haste than decency, some say slipping his cable in his hurry, and left Aguinaldo and the Americans to effect the necessary capture. Judging from the general behavior of the Germans recently in these waters, they are perhaps a little liable to forget that though they have a colossal and probably good army, their navy is very low in the scale of sea power. Argument on land, backed by a couple of million soldiers, is liable to be effective, but a couple of million

soldiers are not of the least advantage in an argument at sea.

Admiral Dewey's firm attitude, backed up as it no doubt was by the moral support of British naval opinion on the spot, went far to clear the atmosphere and to make sufficiently apparent to all and sundry that he meant to take his rights as a belligerent capable of insisting upon them, and that he would brook interference from no one. In the extraordinary and unwarrantable behavior of the Germans lay the chief danger to the general peace; but German bluster was met with quiet dignity by the American commander, who showed the most undaunted front and clearly declared that if the Germans did not as neutrals adhere to the laws of neutrals, he should fire on them. "But that, sir, would mean war with Germany," said the horror-stricken German Admiral. "I am perfectly aware of the fact," was the suave reply of Admiral Dewey. When the question of the bombardment of Manila was under discussion, a matter which lay entirely between the belligerents, and which remained for them and them alone to decide, the German Admiral was again on the point of exceeding his rights as a neutral in interfering, and with a view to ascertaining whether the British squadron would support him, he visited Sir Edward Chichester and asked what action he proposed taking in the event of the Americans bombarding the town. "That, sir, is known only to Admiral Dewey and myself," was Sir Edward's polite but crushing reply—a reply which did more than much diplomacy toward furthering the prospects of a pan-Anglo-Saxon alliance. When at the end of the troubles the *Immortalité*, on her way to Hong Kong, steamed out of the bay, every ship in the American fleet manned her yards and gave the British man-of-war three cheers as she passed along, and she, with the answering signal, "Thank you," flying at her mast-head, went on her way, having with skill and judgment upheld the honor of the British Navy and the British nation so that all that sail may see. Before parting with Admiral Dewey I asked him what was his candid opinion, taken on the broadest possible grounds, as to the wisdom or otherwise of a permanent occupation of the Philippines by the Americans. After thinking carefully for a minute he replied, "I do honestly think that the retention of these islands would be the wisest course to pursue. American trade is next to the British the most important in China and the Far East, and to foster, protect and increase that trade we want that local influence in these waters which actual occupation can alone ensure."

With a warm shake of the hand and the most cordially expressed sentiments toward the Old Country, the Admiral handed me over to the officer on duty, leaving behind an impression of esteem, regard and admiration which it is difficult for me to sufficiently express. In self-defence and anticipating an accusation of emotional enthusiasm, it may be useful to record that far from verging toward hero worship, it was a cause of solemn complaint by one of my commanding officers that I had a hollow in my head where the bump of veneration ought to be! And such, dear reader, to let you into a phrenological secret, is indeed the case!

SOCIETY VERSE: SONGS IN LIGHTER VEIN

- Shopping*.....*Denver Post*
- She screamed in terror when her purse
Was snatched from out her jeweled hand,
And hurled a modest semi-curse
Toward the fleeing, bold brigand;
And when the copper caught the thief
She seized the purse with anxious air,
And breathed a sigh of sweet relief
To find her treasures all were there.
A penciled note
Her fellow wrote,
A sugar plum,
A wad of gum,
A hairpin (bent),
A copper cent,
A button-hook
With broken crook,
A safety pin,
A curling tin,
A powder rag,
A sachet bag.
These were the treasures which she bore
Around with her from store to store
While on a shopping tour, to see
The many pretty things which she
Would love to buy if she but had
The cash, and with a smile so glad
It almost made the copper sneeze
She thanked him, and with sprightly ease
Tripped on to seek another store
Or two where she could shop some more.
- When Helen Shows Her Teeth*.....*M. Wilson*.....*Brooklyn Life*
- When Helen smiled and showed her teeth
Like gleaming rows of pearls
Between her coral lips, I swore
I prized that radiant smile far more
Than all the riches set in store
For foreign dukes and earls.
But now when Helen shows her teeth
The time has come I know—
From long experience at that—
To merely take my coat and hat,
Evacuate our cozy flat,
And clubward promptly go.
- Beneath the Hood*.....*C. Keller*.....*Midland*
- Beneath the hood her eyes were bright—
I shyly watched her where she stood—
Her tresses looked like scraps of night
Beneath the hood.
Such smiles would stir a hermit's blood,
Such lips—like flowers warm with light—
Would quickly melt the iciest mood,
Beneath the hood.
I stole behind her—'twasn't right,
I call it neither wise nor good—
I put propriety to flight
Beneath the hood!
- Larry Kisses the Right Way*.....*Jennie E. T. Dewe*.....*The Century*
- How do I know that Larry loves me,
How does he his love betray?
How do I know that Larry loves me?
Larry kisses the right way.
"An' how—an' how does Larry kiss thee—
Kiss by candle-light or day?"
Only this my tongue can tell thee:
Larry kisses the right way.
- Myrtilla's Garden*.....*New York Sun*
- Myrtilla's flower garden's quite
A heart-enchancing plot;
A bended knee it claims by right
Of worship on the spot;
Since roses nod at every breeze,
The bluebell lifts its head
Along with daisies, pinks, heartsease
And poppies, white and red.
It needs no floriculturist's care,
It hath no need of rake
Or spade or hoe; there are, I swear,
No earthly clods to break.
The garden's fenced with white chiffon—
You marvel much thereof?
Why, all these blossoms bloom upon
Myrtilla's summer hat.
- At a Country Dance*.....*Arthur Gulterman*.....*Criterion*
- Tread of the thistledown
Lighting on heather,—
Curls in a dancing crown
Bursting their tether,—
Laugh of a bobolink
Swaying on rushes,
Breath of the meadow-pink
Born of her blushes,
Free as a swallow dips,
Moving to viol-tones,
Over the floor she trips,
Men's hearts her stepping-stones.
- A Masquerader*.....*F. B.*.....*Lippincott's*
- Love that came in Pity's guise,
Could I say him nay?
Down he dropt his radiant eyes,
Veiled his pinions gay
'Neath a mantle gray,
Hid his bow and arrows, too.
What was a poor maid to do—
Love that came in Pity's guise,
Could I say him nay?
Softly knocked he at the door,
So I looked to see;
Love I knew had knocked before,
But this was not he—
Pray, who might it be?
"Pity is my name!" he cried;
So the door I opened wide—
Love that came in Pity's guise,
Could I say him nay?
In my empty heart he came,
Filled each corner, too,
Till one day, with look of flame,
Off his coat he threw,
And Love's self I knew.
With a laugh of cruel glee,
"I am master here," quoth he—
Love that came in Pity's guise,
Could I say him nay?
Love that comes in Pity's guise,
Who can say him nay?
Maidens, an' ye would be wise,
Turn the rogue away,
Lest ye find, some day,
Cruel Love your tyrant grown,
And, like me, ye make your moan—
Love that comes in Pity's guise,
Must as master stay.

A DEPARTMENT OF FRENCH LETTERS

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED BY MRS. W. D. CABELL.

Napoleon's Hands.....George Banal.....Revue Bleue

The 2d of July, 1811, as Napoleon entered the little drawing-room of Marie-Louise in the palace of Compiègne, he observed a charming young girl, Mlle. de Miollis, seated upon a sofa, her face turned away from the door. With a gesture imposing silence on all others present, the Emperor approached her on tip-toe and crossed his hands over her eyes. Mlle. de Miollis knew no one except Dr. Bourdois, a venerable man attached as physician to the King of Rome, who could possibly have taken such a liberty with her.

"Stop that, Monsieur Bourdois!" she exclaimed. "Do you think that I do not recognize your great, ugly hands?"

Napoleon was rarely taken aback, but he was for a moment nonplussed by this rejoinder so little flattering to his vanity. But in a moment, releasing Mlle. de Miollis, he replied to her:

"Great, ugly hands! Truly, mademoiselle, you are fastidious! You are more critical than my soldiers!"

Napoleon had very beautiful hands—white, firm, dimpled, strong, with supple taper fingers, soft skin, well-cut, pink and polished nails. He displayed them with some coquetry, particularly when with his army. When he occasionally wore gloves, it was only for protection from cold; as soon as possible, in the city, he ungloved one hand. In camp and in conducting reviews he usually had both hands bare. He knew the effect upon the soldier's simple soul of his mobile glance, his dazzling smile set off by the brilliancy of his remarkable teeth; he knew also that the beauty of his hands and the majesty of his gesture had a decisive influence upon all who approached him. Great actor upon the world's stage, he did not disdain these physical means, trivial in ordinary men, but of irresistible power in a leader of mankind.

The hands of Napoleon were very popular in the army. In the hour of battle he placed himself always on an eminence where he could be seen by all the regiments in line; in the bivouac, when he traversed the ranks on foot, all eyes sought the hands rather than the usually severe and passive face of the Emperor. Was it not these hands that fastened the star of the Legion of Honor upon men's breasts?

Francisque Sarcey

The following estimates are from various sources as indicated, and give the gist of current opinion regarding the celebrated French author:

Francisque Sarcey was born at Dourdan (Seine et Oise) October 8, 1828. After a brilliant course in the Charlemagne Lyceum, says "Les Annales," he was received into the Normal School in 1848 with Taine and Edmond About. He served successively in the colleges of Chaumont, Rodez, Lesneven and Grenoble, as professor of rhetoric and philosophy. Early possessed by the demon of journalism, he published certain political articles offensive to the authorities, and his resignation was de-

manded. He was called to Paris by his brilliant friend, Edmond About, and published in the "Figaro" a series of critical studies under the pseudonym of "Satané Binet." In 1867 he entered the office of the "Temps," which he was never to leave, and in 1871 he began in the "XIX. Siècle" of Edmond About a succession of brilliant and resounding campaigns. His ardent partisanship brought him into a number of duels—notably one with Clement Duvernois. Conspicuous as a lecturer, he also published a number of volumes, among them "Etienne Moret," "Le Siècle de Paris," "Souvenirs de Jeunesse."

Sarcey lived in a modest little home in the Rue Douai. Here thronged actors, actresses, authors and journalists. His correspondence was vast; for many people he was a sort of father-confessor, a Providence. He was an enormous worker, went nowhere, and the only way to obtain an audience of any length was to accept one of his cordial invitations to breakfast. Sarcey was a bibliophile, delighting in the rare and precious volumes he collected. In a copy of his "Souvenirs de Jeunesse" has been found written the following dedication to his daughter:

"You will, I hope, carry off one lesson from this reading. I have worked enormously, my child, and I still work hard. Work is essential in this world, nothing else in the world is good and true. Work has saved me from many blunders, and consoled me for those I have committed. Voltaire has put into a book that you will read some day a sentence containing the secret of happiness, 'We must cultivate our garden.'"

He died very suddenly, May 19, from a cold, leaving a wide gap in the field he filled, and there seems to be at present no one to take his place.

* * * * *

As a journalist (writes Jules Lemaitre), Francisque Sarcey has an exceptional quality, and a manner all his own. His personality is in all his work. He is always natural and seems always amused at what he says even when it is not amusing.

His chief quality is, as has been said a thousand times, common sense, which perhaps involves a certain deficiency where sensibility and imagination are demanded. Wherever common sense suffices, Sarcey excels; where common sense falls short, perhaps, as in certain delicate questions, Sarcey still holds his own and always deserves to be heard.

The redresser of petty abuses, the protector of humble office-holders, the terror of administrations and corporations, an earnest hygienist, a utilitarian above all things, interested in whatsoever affects our humanity, living well upon the earth and liking to live there, how many questions he has agitated, how many services he has rendered or attempted to render to mankind!

As a writer, Sarcey possesses naturalness and clearness in the highest degree, for he only dis-

courses of things that he perfectly comprehends—a rare merit in these days when pedants assume to say more than they know, and exquisites affect, on the other hand, to feel more than they can express. Sarcey has a wonderful talent for animated exposition. Under his humorous and patient pen, never hurried and never bored, the most complicated questions grow simple, and the dryest become interesting.

It must be conceded that he is at times too insistent, too precise about dotting his i's, and some people declare that he is heavy—which I deny. Saturated with Voltaire, Sarcey is of the eighteenth century, a little blunted, perhaps, a little Attic in his pleasantry and, by the way, read the Greeks and see if the Attic is always exquisitely fine! His humor is frank, copious, insistent, but heavy only to the shoulders of those against whom it is directed.

All of Sarcey's prose is plainly written off-hand, and if more labored would perhaps be worth less—simplicity, lucidity, naturalness, easy movement, charm, distinguish it. He is of good Gallic strain.

As a dramatic critic, Sarcey almost escapes criticism. He has written in fragments here and there the whole history of the theatre, as, for instance, the genesis of the operetta, the causes of its efflorescence, its success and failure, all defined and set forth by him.

I am convinced that in his scattered pamphlets may be found an immense mass of dramatic exposition well worth the trouble of being collected into one work and carefully condensed, arranged and completed, for upon subjects pertaining to the stage, Sarcey has defined and put into circulation a crowd of ideas, which many use without acknowledgment, even in contesting them. . . .

* * * * *

Paris loves Sarcey (says Jules Claretie), who loved his Paris. It acclaimed this habitual student of current events. It gave him that sort of special worship, at once respectful and smiling, which seems to belong by right to certain legendary personages. For fifty years, through a multitude of newspapers and reviews, from the weekly "Figaro," where the little Grenoble professor timidly offered his first article, to the "Temps," where the master critic had raised the most influential tribune of our day, Francisque Sarcey multiplied articles, judged men, stirred up questions, handled vanities, attacked abuses, struck many scattered blows—some of which he regretted. In the turbulent history of our troubled days, no one perhaps has been concerned in more controversies, with more people and more events than this great destroyer of chimeras, this brilliant improviser of conversations, this typical journalist who inherited the familiar nickname which our generation respectfully gave to Sainte Beuve.

He continued a journalist to the end. In the hour of death his last concern was the unfinished article which, when it failed to appear on Sunday in the column of the "Temps," made every one say who knew the master:

"If Sarcey could not hold his pen, he must be stricken with death!"

The Comédie Française has just announced a

rather harsh decision in regard to the late M. Sarcey. The beloved critic had in his will bequeathed his bust to the little museum of the Maison de Molière. The committee declines this bequest on the ground that its gallery of portraits is reserved exclusively for the authors and actors of the Théâtre Français.

When we recall the innumerable articles which Francisque Sarcey devoted to the Comédie Française, the large share of his leisure that he gave it and his consistent and zealous efforts in behalf of its interests, we must agree that he has contributed more to the glory of the Théâtre Français than many of the second-rate actors and artists whose images may be seen in the corridors and the museum of the Maison de Molière. Therefore, whatever the letter of the law, they might have paid Sarcey this posthumous compliment, and found for his bust a modest place in the theatre he so dearly loved.

Prince Bismarck

From an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by Charles Benoist. Pen pictures of noted men recently passed away.

The words coined from the name of Macchiavelli, often misapplied to men and things, lacking altogether the idea and the method of the Florentine Secretary, may be legitimately given to the life and mission of M. de Bismarck. That "Prince" pictured or created by Macchiavelli, in the little Italian city of the sixteenth century, for all time and all places is the prototype of Bismarck, who, far more than Talleyrand, to whom the name was once given, is truly The Prince and possesses his qualities.

The Prince takes the world as it is, and men for what they are. He concerns himself not with what should be done, but with what is done. Since the depravity of our nature permits no one to be purely virtuous, the statesman permits himself only vices not compromising to the State. He is slow to believe and to act, does not fear trifles, is not startled by his own shadow, never pushes confidence into imprudence nor suspicion into offense. In the depths of his heart he has decided that it is better to be feared than to be loved, because men love at their own pleasure, and they fear at the pleasure of the Prince. He does not forget that to keep plighted faith is honorable, but he has too often seen the triumph of those who broke it over those fettered by their word! His observation is figuratively rendered thus: "The Prince must know how to play at once the lion and the fox." For perfect success the Prince must be at once an imitator and a profound dissimulator; if men were good, such a method would be unworthy, but since they are evil, it is essential to success. He should therefore adapt his soul to seek good when possible, but to be competent for evil if necessity obliges. To have certain virtues differs widely from seeming to have them, since to have and practice them may be hurtful, whereas to merely seem to have them can be only advantageous. The end of all is to maintain and extend the State; to this end all methods are honorable, for the vulgar see only the surface of things and the world is peopled with the vulgar.

Thus Macchiavelli conceived and described The Prince in 1513, in a village in the suburbs of Florence, and thus for the great triumph of Prussia in Germany, from 1862 to 1890, M. de Bismarck was his incarnation. He was the realist and pessimist; he had that matchless force given to a man by contempt for men proceeding from a thorough knowledge of them. He learned how "not to be good," determined to be dreaded rather than loved, played to perfection the lion and the fox, was an imitator and a dissimulator of the rarest and finest kind, seeming to assume nothing and never to dissimulate, put into his discourse the five theological types of virtue of the Macchiavellian doctrine; the false show of piety, generosity, fidelity, loyalty and sincerity, and under the mask of a purposed and calculated brusqueness concealed a total want of candor withal, neither narrowing nor lowering the standard, retaining of virtue only the stamp, but retaining that fully, and displaying it with sovereign ease—he was completely and powerfully the Prince, and he achieved that "chef d'œuvre" of political art, the German Empire, New Germany, "Com è bello!"

But how did he thus form himself, and how did he make Germany? How did he convert a country youth from the old Marches, narrow in views and aspirations, into The Prince? And how did the Prince in his turn convert the Prussia he found into the Germany he left? An answer must be sought in the psychological analysis of three or four phases of the soul of Bismarck, of three or four stages of his life, and three or four periods of his history. From 1848 to 1862 is the suffering stage, when the Prince was laboriously and painfully forming himself; from 1862 to 1876, the stage militant, when, with fire and blood, he sternly created political Germany; from 1871 to 1890, the triumphant stage, when, free and glorious, he quietly created economical Germany. Then there is a fourth stage, the last, from 1890 to 1898, when he fell and when he died, resigned neither to silence nor to oblivion. By what name shall that period be called—the dying stage?—when, Germany accomplished, day by day in senile rancors and trivial rages, his own hands discredited and undid him?

In 1849, when Otto de Bismarck-Schoenhausen entered the Prussian Landtag as Deputy for Rathenow, old Prussia, absolute, military, pietistic, entered with him: Prussian right congealed in tradition, Prussian spirit petrified in the countersign. And the first words he spoke were to the following effect: He said that kings were kings by the grace of God, which is in them only, and that in them only is the temple of supreme authority and the source of all law; that the will of the prince is everything, and the will of the people nothing; that what is nothing can be represented by nothing, and can produce nothing; that what is called by a revolutionary and impious name, "the people," is not the nation, but a vile and stupid creature, covered with a skin that does not belong to it, and "braying in public places"; that the nation, on the contrary, is the invisible and silent multitude not only of living souls, but of those of the past and the future, all merged in the person of the Prince as in the living and enduring body of the State; that in

this mystery and silence of the nation pursuing from generation to generation its historic mission, fulfilling its destiny also from generation to generation, kings only, by the grace of god, can hear and see. Cut or detach the divine thread which binds the nation to the king, and there remains nothing but a gallery of fools bearing down to destruction "on the rock of bronze." "God, the King, the people! but the people exists only in the King, through God!"

The arch-Prussian who thus expressed himself was a sort of giant, with short, thick, red beard, very light gray eyes under tufted and heavy eyebrows, straight hair, and heavy movements; his neck was confined in a high cravat, his coat was rudely and somewhat clownishly cut. The face was ordinary, on the whole, but for the eyes, superb eyes of very light gray, of very hard and pure metal, penetrating, attracting and flashing to take and hold. They shone with an intense and accumulating energy, and their tranquil dilatation, their direct glance revealed prodigious force of will.

With a voice too thin for so large a body, with gropings, falterings, chokings, stammerings of the tongue and the thought; in an incorrect, broken, irregular style, which was yet illumined by intuitions; without inflections or other gestures than the automatic lifting of one arm, he coldly uttered terrible things. He loaded with imprecations, for instance, those hotbeds of rebellion, the cities, declaring, as a principle, that at need they should be "extirpated from the earth"; or he demanded a place for fire and blood in the government of men, would reintegrate those agencies in politics softened and weakened in his eyes by humanitarian declamation; and while he could not be said to sing the hymn—so monotonous was his intonation—he chanted the litanies of force like a devotee whose conscience, far from forbidding, would command him to practice them. . . .

Parisian Notes

The late Victor Cherbuliez has written immensely, and must fill an important place in literary history. If not the inventor of the psychological novel, he contributed largely to bringing it into fashion. Highly romantic, he loved the strange and the unknown—sometimes even the chimerical. He studied the human heart with delicacy and method, but he chose for study rare, passionate, complex hearts, and took no pleasure in ordinary revelations.

Cherbuliez introduced the cosmopolitan novel, "Le Comte Kostia," made Russia the mode. "L'Aventure de Ladislav Bolski" remains the most powerful analysis ever made of the Polish soul. Slave nature attracted him by its singularities, by its disconcerting and baffling qualities, by its grandeur and the intensity of its passions.

The work of Cherbuliez is extremely varied. Of his collaboration in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," M. Brunetière writes: "The work of Cherbuliez, under the pseudonym of 'Valbert,' is not inferior to the rest of his admirable performance." . . . He was a brilliant and prolific novelist, a kindly and profound philosopher, a publicist whose name and opinions were of weight in the bureaux and

embassies. But what we most mourn is himself, the man that he was, the moral force that disappeared with him. . . . His début was brilliant. "I have just heard the opening address of Victor Cherbuliez," wrote Amiel in his journal, January 9, 1861, "stunned with admiration. If it was a lecture, it was exquisite; if a recitation, admirable; if an improvisation, amazing."

The style of this versatile writer is smooth and brilliant, never wearisome, although a little burdened by digressions devoted to the development of his personal views. There are, perhaps, more vigorous writers and more impersonal psychologists than Cherbuliez, but he was highly original and invented many types that have been largely imitated, perhaps to the obscuring of his fame. He was a man of heart, of warm affections; his death, in full vigor of mind and body, was the result of excessive and too protracted grief at the death of an idolized son.

* *

The Museum of Brussels has recently acquired several very important paintings. Among these is a Dutch triptych of the fifteenth century, known as the Triptych of Warfusée, representing scenes from the Passion of Christ on its inner panels, and the ascent of Calvary on its outer walls. The museum already possessed a portrait by the same hand, and the comparisons which the exhibition of the triptych permits will doubtless be very useful to the study of that early Dutch school which M. Camille Benoist tried to elucidate some months since in his interesting articles in the "Chronique des Arts."

* *

The Spiritualists have met with a very serious loss. One of the most illustrious of their number, M. Camille Flammarion, now rejects their doctrines, disavows a book which he believed himself to have written by the dictation of Galileo, and declares that no human being can boast of having held communication with the spirit of one departed. The following are the circumstances that have converted M. Flammarion: His master, Allan Kardec, formerly published a work which he modestly called "La Genèse," and which is a sort of Bible of Spiritualism. This work was inspired, he said, by the spirit of Galileo, manifested through a medium who was no other than M. Flammarion. A large part of "La Genèse" is devoted to the description of the heavens, and it states that Jupiter has four satellites and Saturn eight. Since the appearance of this book, an additional satellite has been discovered belonging to each of these planets; Galileo must therefore have been mistaken. This, M. Flammarion believes to be inadmissible, and that consequently it was not Galileo that dictated "La Genèse" to him.

He is confident that it was his own mind, the externalized mind of M. Flammarion, which has only expressed what was known in his day and what he actually thought. M. Flammarion believes that it is always thus. So-called spirits have dictated music and poetry in his presence. This music and this poetry were always similar to what was known, loved or composed by the medium or one of the

assistants. He concludes that departed spirits have nothing to do with the phenomena attributed to them, and that these phenomena are never due to anything except the "externalization" of the Spiritualists themselves. If this theory be admitted the whole religion of Spiritualism crumbles; therefore, to avoid such a catastrophe, they have decided to review "La Genèse." "Let us not imitate an unhappy example," they say. "Let us not insist upon an error, but rather eliminate from our sacred writings discrepancies revealed by science." This is to their honor, and testifies to their good faith—but what says the shade of Galileo?

* *

During the past few days a vigorous old man has displayed wonderful ability and endurance in the manuscript chamber of the National Library. He is a man of medium height, with smoothly shaven lips and chin, and a steely glance behind his great spectacles. His features are irregular and a little harsh, his face is all furrowed with an infinitude of little wrinkles. Heavy locks of white hair are thrown back to show a mighty brow, high and broad, the brow of a thinker. From nine in the morning until six in the evening, this old man sits absorbed in the manuscripts, from time to time copying a text. This is M. Théodore Mommsen, the famous Berlin scholar, the only survivor of the Pleiades of historians and archæologists which gave to Germany her Ranke, Sybel, Freitschke, Curtius, et al. . . .

A jurisconsult, linguist and archæologist, M. Mommsen is a happy exception to those German scholars who specialize extravagantly. His great work, his "Historie Romaine," exhibits an accumulation of encyclopædic information to produce vertigo, a very clear intelligence and a very modern spirit. M. Mommsen has taken part in politics; he is a liberal, despite certain concessions the result of a great admiration for M. de Bismarck. M. Mommsen recalls his political experiences in writing his "Historie Romaine"; he participates personally in the incidents he relates, and connects with unswerving partisanship, ancient conceptions and contemporary ideas, just as in France Ernest Renan traced a parallel between Moses and Abdel-Kader, and treated the prophets of Israel as talented journalists. The subjectivity of M. Mommsen has been harshly reproved by his contemporaries, and yet his "Historie Romaine" owes to this personal note, this fashion of warm and colored narrative, its position in Germany as a classic, as one of her national works which every working man must read.

* *

. . . Last week the Société des Beaux-Arts convoked a meeting of persons interested in prohibiting the marring of landscapes by hideous placards, and deliberated upon the means of discouraging the trade of advertising. It was suggested that the tax upon mural placards (100 francs per square metre) should be attached to all permanent advertisements, and particularly to advertisements in the open fields. Then a committee was organized "for the protection of landscapes against advertisers."

MODERN MEDICINE, SURGERY AND SANITATION

Disease From Pet Animals.....Medical News

Parrots are known to be peculiarly susceptible to a disease so peculiar to themselves that it is called from the Greek word for parrot, "psittacosis." A number of fatal cases in human beings of what was at first supposed to be a malignant influenzal pneumonia were in Paris traced to the bacillus at present thought to be causative of the parrot disease. A certain proportion of parrots are known to die from tuberculosis. Cats are known sometimes to have tuberculosis, and that they have in many cases been carriers of diphtheria and other of the ordinary infections directly and indirectly is more than suspected. These would seem to be the facts in the matter. They are, perhaps, not enough to justify a crusade, on sanitary grounds, against the keeping of pet animals. Pet animals are, however, the fad of the day. They are multiplying more and more, and it does not seem unreasonable nor is it dictated by any desire to produce a sensation that we should demand of their owners great care in the matter of detecting the first signs of disease in them, and then so guarding them as to prevent their being a source of contagion to the human. Especially does this warning seem necessary with regard to children. With them the animals play more freely, and readier opportunities for infection are given. Moreover, growing children are less resistive to disease, and they present excellent cultural opportunities for micro-organismal growth when once implantation has taken place. The older and better-informed people may take foolish risks if they will; there should be no such option in the case of children.

Health Precautions in Tropical Places.....New York Tribune

If there is one thing more than another that contributes to the preservation of the health of white folk in the Far East, it is flannel. I dare say that this utterance will appear to some of my readers both grandmotherly and sufficiently trivial to call forth a smile. But there is no greater element of protection from the various maladies of the Orient than this homely fabric, and if there has been less sickness among the American soldiers in the Philippines than might be expected from the fact that they are not seasoned to the climate and from the absence of suitable kits and food it may be ascribed to the fact that they all of them wear flannel shirts. I have frequently found in England young officers and civilians proceeding for the first time to India, and farther East, who, lacking the necessary experience, considered it necessary to lay in vast stores of the thinnest kind of gauze silk underwear and the flimsiest silk or linen pajamas. Yet no sooner do they reach their destination than they find these articles not only useless but absolutely dangerous. Should these clothes become in the least bit moist from the effects of perspiration—the damp heat at Manila, for instance, is something frightful—and if then the slightest breath of wind or draught strikes the wearer, he is likely to be prostrated, if not by pneumonia or by dysentery, at any rate, by fever.

In Egypt, when picnicking in the desert at spots too remote from the Nile to carry ice with us,

we nevertheless always managed to have water that was of icy coldness, no matter how scorching the temperature, and this by a very simple process. We would fill one of the porous earthenware bottles with water of the normal temperature, namely, lukewarm, cork it, then envelop it with a wet cloth and fasten a cord about a yard long tightly around its neck. One of the native attendants was thereupon instructed to keep the jug swinging at the end of the cord round and round in a circle. No matter how hot the wind or how blazing the sun the current of air thus created against the wet cloth had the effect almost of icing the water in the bottle within the space of about ten minutes.

It will be readily understood, therefore, that the human body, if arrayed in linen, cotton or silk that is moist through perspiration, is exposed to the same icing process as the bottle if subjected to any draught whatsoever. That is why all old-time residents in the Orient invariably wear thick flannel next to their skin in preference to either silk, cotton, linen or any flimsy fabric, the pajamas in particular being of a particularly heavy kind of wool. That is why, too, one finds those Arabs of the Soudanese and Sahara deserts and along both shores of the Red Sea arraying themselves in blankets and burnous of the coarsest species of wool, which is the one fabric that does not retain the moisture, but permits it to evaporate quickly and without danger to the body. There are many Europeans as well as natives who, as an additional protection against dysentery and those other stomachic ailments which constitute nine-tenths of the maladies in the East, wear big belts of flannel around the waist and next to the skin. All this may sound frivolous, but it is a matter of life and death in the Orient.

Another important precaution that is necessary in tropical countries is to protect as far as possible the head and the back of the neck from the rays of the sun. It is on this account that while men, women and children throughout Asia invariably wear peculiarly constructed helmets or hats, made either of pith or of the lightest kind of linen-lined straw, the principal features in this headgear being the protection of the nape of the neck, the abundance of ventilation and the impenetrability to the rays of the sun. These so-called solar topees are so constructed as to allow the air to circulate freely between the hat and the head, and until receiving the letters I have from Manila about the felt hats of the American soldiers in the Philippines, I did not imagine that it was possible for white troops to do any campaigning in the Orient without the regular topee of the white man in the East. Let me add here that two other preservatives from sunstroke or heat apoplexy in the Orient are extreme temperance in the use of liquors and perfect digestion. If the latter is out of gear its owner may be said to take big chances of a sunstroke or of heat apoplexy.

Medical Gymnastics in Sweden.....Jay W. Seaver.....Good Health

The department of medical gymnastics has attained an approved standing among the medical profession in Sweden. In the city of Stockholm

there are a number of clinics where exercise is used as the sole therapeutic means. If, in the estimation of the physician in charge of one of these clinics, the patient needs medical care, he is transferred to another clinic for this treatment, and, drug medication having been completed, the case may again be referred to the gymnastic clinic.

The term "medical gymnastics" is a general one, and includes three sub-classes: First, "active movements," which are made by the patient according to the directions given him; second, "passive movements," or those which are made by the operating gymnast on the quiescent body of the patient; and, third, "resistive movements," which are accomplished by the union of the activity of the patient, either resisted or assisted by the operator.

The first class, or active movements, includes exercises without apparatus, usually called free exercises, those with movable apparatus, and those with fixed apparatus. The first one of these subdivisions is much the more common form, and movable apparatus is used least frequently.

The exercises used depend largely upon the condition of the patient. Many of the cases are treated at first only by passive movements, or massage, and when the circulation and the general tone of the tissues have been sufficiently improved, resistive exercises and mild forms of active exercises are employed. The work is so carefully graded that the patient progresses from work requiring no effort up to the greatest exertion which it is desirable for him to undertake.

As the patients are usually more or less deviated from a normal form, many of the exercises are corrective in tendency; that is, they are devised with the idea of replacing tissues until they bear a normal relation to one another, and often considerable force is exerted in these movements of replacement. At times the work requires two gymnasts working in unison on the case, one acting for the support of the patient while the other executes passive or assistive movements, and sometimes the gymnasts work in directions opposed to each other, the patient being thereby stretched or forcibly placed with the organs in better relative position.

But whatever stress may be laid upon passive movements, I think I found no practitioner of medical gymnastics who did not constantly strive to arouse activity on the part of the patient toward volitional movements as the crowning feature of the curative process. In the advance treatment of scoliosis, for instance, they constantly speak of the "education of the muscles" to hold the body in correct form, and our most successful method has been along this line.

The influence of the various forms of exercise on the circulation seems to be the most marked feature of the treatment. The beneficial effect of the exercise on the more remote organs, like the digestive tract, is believed to be secured largely through an improved circulation established by these active or passive exercises; or the mild stimulation of the nervous system produces nutritive changes that may not be wholly due to improved circulation. The rousing of the blood-making functions is accomplished in a highly satisfactory way in many of these cases, profound anemia and chlorosis responding

after a few treatments more readily than they ordinarily respond to medication by drugs.

In this country we look upon gymnastics as being especially valuable in the treatment of certain cases of organic deformity, as in spinal curvatures. In Sweden the range of the work is very much broader, and the success there of gymnastic treatment in general systemic disorders, not zymotic in form, leads me to believe that we have only partially utilized the possibilities of gymnastics, and have much to learn.

Sanitation and Salvation.....New Orleans Plague

It has been said that, as a personal practice, cleanliness is next to godliness. It is certain that, as a public virtue, sanitation is not inferior to patriotism. But while there have been in every age and every country individuals who, from a sense of propriety and a desire to be comfortable, have always illustrated in their own persons the practice of cleanliness, public sanitation is entirely a modern virtue, confined to a very recent period. Public sanitation means cleanliness, dry dwellings, and an abundance of clean water for all household purposes, and it is expressed by the terms, sewerage, drainage and water supply. Of course, these conditions are more necessary where great multitudes of population are crowded together as in a city, but they are indispensable to the public health everywhere. As has been said, public sanitation, which embraces sewerage, drainage and a proper water supply, is to a large extent a product of modern civilization. The Romans fully appreciated the importance of a water supply, and their magnificent aqueducts of solid masonry, carrying the mountain rivers to the cities in the valleys, are still found in use or existing as the ruins of an early civilization in many parts of Europe and in some places in northern Africa. Some preparation for the draining of cities was made in earlier times; but the innocuous disposal of excremental filth was utterly neglected, and was left almost wholly to the people of this century. It is not too much to say that the accumulation of filth in cities, and the pollution by it of the sources of water supply, were the chief causes of deadly diseases. Dr. Guy, in his history of the epidemics of the Middle Ages, relates that, in the twelfth century, not less than fifteen epidemics of disease and many famines carried off the people of England. The thirteenth century saw twenty plagues and nineteen famines, while the fourteenth had a black record of disease. In 1348 the "black plague," or "black death," which was brought into the country from the East, caused the death of 100,000 people in London alone, while in Europe altogether 25,000,000 people fell victims to its ravages. In 1485 the "sweating sickness" appeared in England, causing great destruction of human life. It reappeared at various intervals for a century thereafter. The last terrible visitation of the plague in England was in 1664-66, by which 100,000 lives were lost in London alone. This epidemic was followed by the great fire of 1666, which destroyed 13,000 houses, including all the most densely populated portions of the city. The rebuilding of London with some regard to sanitary laws appears to have put the first check on the epidemic diseases that had previously devastated its population. The

great cities were the chief centres of disease in every case, and there was no let-up in the liability of cities to such visitations until the conditions of sewerage, drainage and water supply were radically changed. The same state of affairs that prevailed in Europe obtained also in this country. Up to 1802, New York and Philadelphia were periodically visited by yellow fever of the most destructive type, and but for the improved sanitation adopted and put in operation in those cities, they might still be liable to such invasions. There can be no fact in all the annals of disease and the war against it more clearly established than that proper public sanitation is not only the most effective, but it is really the only preventive of destructive visitations of infectious diseases. This sanitation, after a century of experience, has been found to consist of sewerage, draining and supplying with abundant clean water the cities where the hygiene is defective.

Mental Fatigue.....M. V. O'Shea.....Popular Science Monthly

Fatigue disturbs the power of accurate and sustained bodily co-ordinations, particularly of the peripheral muscles, or those engaged in the control of the more delicate movements of the body, as of the fingers. Every one must have had the experience that consequent upon a period of exacting labor (physical or mental), or worry, the hand becomes unsteady, as revealed in writing or other fine work, the voice is not so perfectly controlled as at other times, and perhaps involuntary twitching or "tics" make their appearance in the face or elsewhere. Ordinarily people regard these phenomena as evidences simply of "nervousness," but, as commonly used, this term does not take account of the neural conditions responsible for these abnormal manifestations. Warner points out that nerve cells in a state of fatigue become impulsive or spasmodic in their action; there is not such perfect balance as usually exists between them when in a normal, rested condition, and this results in lessened power of inhibition. Scripture and others have shown by experiments in the laboratory that fatigue renders co-ordination less sustained and accurate. If, now, one observes a group of people, young or old, in which some or all have passed the fatigue limit, he can see the cause of many of those occurrences which give the teacher in the school, for example, continual trouble. The children will doubtless be moving incessantly in their seats, books and pencils may be dropping upon the floor, and various signals are responded to slowly and in a disorderly manner. The restlessness is probably due for the most part to the effort of the pupils to relieve the tension of muscles induced by overstrain, while inability to accurately co-ordinate the muscles employed in holding pencils and books causes objects to slip out of the pupils' hands upon the floor. One has but to observe his own experience, and he will soon realize that when nervously exhausted he is not so certain of retaining securely small objects which he handles. This accounts for what is sometimes regarded as carelessness in school children as well as in adults, exhibited in slovenly writing, in breaking dishes, and in similar occurrences. Any task demanding delicate and sustained adjustment of the finer muscles on the part of one fatigued will

be liable to be performed in a careless manner, as we are apt to feel. Often more than not the term carelessness probably denotes impaired neural conditions, as well as consequent mental dispersion, if one may so speak, leading to inaccurate and intermittent mental and physical adjustments to duties in hand.

Cowles observes that the first prominent and serious mental concomitant of nervous depletion is revealed in the inability to direct the attention continuously upon any given subject; and James has said that when one is fatigued the mind wanders in various directions, snatching at everything which promises relief from the object of immediate attention. Experiments in the laboratory upon the keenness of sense discrimination of data appealing to sight, hearing, touch and the other senses, show that there is lessened ability in conditions of fatigue; and this is accounted for probably by the waning power of attention. The significance of this latter effect of fatigue must be apparent when it is realized that attention is at the basis of all the intellectual processes. If one cannot attend vitally, he cannot perceive readily or accurately; he will be unable to recall fully or speedily what has formerly been thoroughly mastered; and, most serious of all, he cannot so well compare objects or ideas to discover their relationships—that is, he is not so ready or accurate in reason. In fatigue, then, one really becomes stupid. Suppose a fatigued pupil in school working over his spelling lesson, for instance; he will be liable to make errors both in copying from the board and in reproducing what he already knows. In recitations in history, memory will be halting; what has apparently been made secure some time before now seems to be out of reach. In those studies requiring reflection, as arithmetic, grammar, geography and the like, the reasoner will be unable to hold his thoughts continuously to the matters under consideration, and so will be unable to detect relationships between them readily and accurately. When one considers, in view of what is here set forth, that many persons, adults as well as students, are for one cause or another in a constant state of fatigue, he can see the explanation of the stupid type of individual, in some instances.

The effects upon the emotional activities, while not so easily detected by experimentation, may yet be readily observed in one's own experiences and in the conduct of persons in his environment. Cowles, Beard and others assure us as physicians that neurasthenia gives rise to irritability, gloominess, despondency, and sets free a brood of fears and other kindred more or less abnormal feelings. Wey, in his studies upon the physical condition of young criminals, has found that in the majority of instances there appears to be some neural defect or deficiency, mostly of the nature of depletion, which he believes contributes to alienate the moral feelings of the individual. There is little doubt that viciousness has a physiological basis. It is probable that in such a case the highest cerebral regions, through which are transmitted the spiritual activities last developed in the race, becoming incapacitated first by fatigue, are rendered incapable of inhibiting impulses from the lower regions, which manifest themselves in an antisocial way.

CHILD VERSE

The Child Heart.....Arthur Austin-Jackson.....London Speaker

The heart of a child,
Like the heart of a flower,
Has a smile for the sun
And a tear for the shower;
Oh, innocent hours
With wonder beguiled—
Oh, heart like a flower's
Is the heart of a child!

The heart of a child,
Like the heart of a bird,
With raptures of music
Is flooded and stirred;
Oh, songs without words,
Oh, melodies wild—
Oh, heart like a bird's
Is the heart of a child!

The heart of a child,
Like the heart of the spring,
Is full of the hope
Of what summer shall bring;
Oh, glory of things
In a world undefiled—
Oh, heart like the spring's
Is the heart of a child!

*Auld Daddy Darkness.....James Ferguson.....Bairnhood Ballads**

Auld Daddy Darkness creeps frae his hole,
Black as a blackamoor, blin' as a mole;
Stir the fire till it lowes, let the bairnies sit,
Auld Daddy Darkness is no' wantit yet.

See him in the corners hidin' frae the licht,
See him at the window gloomin' at the nicht;
Turn up the gas licht, close the shutters a',
An' Auld Daddy Darkness will flee far awa'.

Awa' to hide the birdie within its cosy nest,
Awa' to lap the wee flooers on their mither's breast,
Awa' to loosen Gaffer Toil frae his daily ca',
For Auld Daddy Darkness is kindly to a'.

He comes when we're weary to wean's frae our waes,
He comes when the bairnies are gettin' aff their claes;
To cover them sae cosy, an' bring bonnie dreams,
So Auld Daddy Darkness is better than he seems.

Steek yer een my wee tot, ye'll see Daddy then;
He's in below the bed claes, to cuddle ye he's fain;
Noo nestle in his bosie, sleep and dream yer fill,
Till wee Davie Daylicht comes keekin' owre the hill.

A Star-Fancy for a Child.....G. Forrester Scott.....The London Spectator

When summer nights are warm and dry,
The Scorpion, with his flaming eye,
Down in the south as twilight grows,
Watches the lily and the rose.

He sees the poppies and the stocks,
The sunflowers and the hollyhocks;
Though all the trees are thick and green,
With his red eye he looks between.

But when the nights begin to freeze,
Eastward behind the naked trees
Orion lifts his head to spy
Those stars that in the garden lie.

*Published recently by Alex. Garden, of Paisley, Scotland.

The Scorpion told him how they grew,
Purple and pink and white and blue;
So night by night Orion goes
To find the lily and the rose.

Night after night you see him stride
Across the south at Christmastide;
Though all the fields are white with snow
He watches for those stars to blow.

But when 'tis near his time to rest,
Leaning his head toward the west,
When April nights are sharp and clear,
He sees those garden stars appear

For just before he sinks from sight
He sees the borders strown with light,
And looking back across the hills
Beholds the shining daffodils.

Our Standing Army.....Margaret Vandegrift.....Youth's Companion

We have no standing army?
Nay, I look around and see,
The man who ploughs the furrow,
The man who fells the tree,
The statesman and the scholar,
At the first word of fear,
Turn to their country, breathing,
"My mother, I am here!"

Not of a dumb, blind people
Is this our army made.
Where schoolhouse and where steeple
Have cast their friendly shade
Our army grows in knowledge,
As it to manhood grows,
And trained in school and college
Stands ready for its foes.

The brawny arms of gunners
Serve minds alert and keen,
The sailor's thought has traveled
To lands he has not seen.
Not for the joy of killing,
Not for the lust of strife,
Have these come forth with gladness
To offer up their life.

Behold our standing army,
Not as in other lands,
An army standing idle,
With empty minds and hands,
But each one in his station,
And peaceful victory
Is training for the nation
Heroes of land and sea.

My Sailor of Seven.....Gerald Brennan.....St. Nicholas

My sailor of seven, your ship be a clipper,
And sturdy the heart of its dear little skipper!
Remember,—lest later you learn it with wailing,—
The oceans of life are not always plain sailing.
If just be your cause, and the foe's in the offing,
Ne'er haul down your flag for his threats or his scoffing.
But stand to your wheel; do not show the white feather,
Through seas rough or smooth, be it war or bad weather.
From haven of Home unto harbor of Heaven,
Your voyage be happy, my sailor of seven!

IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

When Pa Firs' Et Tabasco Sauce.....San Francisco Examiner

When pa firs' et tabasco sauce—I'm smilin' 'bout it yet,
Although his subseken't remarks I always shall regret.
We'd come to town to see the sights, an' pa remarked to me:

"We'll eat at a bong tong hotel an' sling some style," says he.

An' then he sort o' cast his eye among the plates an' all,
An' says, "That ketchup mus' be good, the bottle is so small";

An' then he took a piece o' meat an' covered it quite thick,
When pa firs' et tabasco sauce an' rose to make his kick.

It all comes back so plain to me; I rikollect it well;
He just was talkin' mild an' calm, an' then he give a yell
An' tried to cave the ceilin' by buttin' with his head,
"Er-hooh! Er-hooh! Fire! Murder! Hooh!" I can't tell all he said.

But when they heard his heated words six women lef' the room,

An' said such language filled their souls with shame, an' also gloom;

But pa, he only gurgled some, and then he yelled again,
When firs' he et tabasco sauce an' told about it then.

We laid him out upon a board an' fanned him quite a while,

An' pa, he sort o' gasped at first an' then he tried to smile,
An' says: "Just heat a poker now, an' run it down my neck;

I want to cool off gradual, it's better, I expeck."

But when he'd got me out o' doors, he says: "I want to get

That there blame ketchup recipe an' learn jus' how it's het,

So I can try it on the boys when you an' me git hum,
Till they, too, think the condiment is mixed with Kingdom Come."

When Our Gal Spoke a Piece.....S. W. GillilanThe Indianapolis News

I ben t' doin's off an' on,

Like apple-bees an' spellin's,

T' quart-ly meetin's, public sales,

Hangin's an' weddin' bellin's.

But nawthin' since th' shootin' scrape

Down on Bill Jones' lease

Hez worked me up like t'other night

When our gal spoke a piece!

'Twuz down't th' old frame meetin' house—

They called it childern's day;

Th' younguns done it purt' nigh all

Except th' preacher's say:

An' that whole programme wiggled off

Ez slick ez melted grease—

But th' place where I fergot t' breathe

'S when our gal spoke a piece.

The sup'intendent spoke right up—

I heered 'im call her name!

An' ther she come a trottin' out!

'Tothers may looked th' same,

But they wa'n't nary nother one,

Not even Thompson's niece,

That looked wuth shucks t' Moll an' me

When our gal spoke a piece.

Me an' my woman set down front,

Right clost t' th' mourner's bench;

A-hearin' that there young 'un speak

Give me a nawful wrench,

An' when we heard 'em cheer an' cheer

We set like two ole geese

Wipin' th' silly tears away—

When our gal spoke a piece.

'Twuz jest some leetle, easy thing

Like "Twinkle, Little Star,"

Er Mary's leete cosset lamb

Er somethin' like that 'ar,

But 'twan't no twinklin' starlight beams,

Ner tags fr'm lammie's fleece

That made us blow our noses hard

When our gal spoke a piece.

I hain't ben what I'd orto ben,

I've staid away fr'm church,

An' sometimes Mol an' me hez thought

They'd left us in th' lurch,

But—well, we've kindo' rounded up

An' let our wand'rins cease

Sence we wuz down there t'other night,

And heerd her speak a piece.

"Lookin' Back".....Molra O'Neill.....Blackwood's

Wathers o' Moyle, an' the white gull flyin',

Since I was near ye, what have I seen?

Deep great seas, and a strong wind sighin'

Night and day, where the waves are green.

Strut-na-Moile, the wind goes sighin'

Over a waste o' wathers green.

Slemish an' Trostan dark wi' heather,

High are the Rockies, airy blue.

Sure ye have snows in the winter weather

Here they're lyin' the long year through.

Snows are fair in the summer weather,

Och, an' the shadows between them blue!

Lone Glen Dun, an' the wild glen flowers,

Little ye know if the prairie is sweet!

Roses for miles, and redder than ours,

Spring here under the horses' feet.

Aye, an' the black-eyed go'd sunflowers,

Not as the glen flowers small and sweet.

Wathers o' Moyle, I hear ye callin'

Clearer for half o' the world between.

Antrim hills an' the wet rain fallin',

While ye are nearer than snow tops keen.

Dreams o' the night, an' a night wind callin'—

What is the half o' the world between?

At the Grindin' of the Cane.....Atlanta Constitution

I'm a-goin' ter meet my lover at the grindin' of the cane—

At the grindin' of the cane,

At the grindin' of the cane;

He's comin' on his pony in a canter down the lane—

He passes all the purty girls, an' gives his pony rein;

Fer my lover's goin' to meet me,

My lover's goin' to meet me

At the grindin'—at the grindin' of the cane!

I'm a-goin' to meet my lover at the grindin' of the cane—

At the grindin' of the cane,

At the grindin' of the cane;

He gallops 'crost the medus—he canters down on the lane,

With not a kiss fer Jenny, nor a wavin' hand to Jane;

Fer my lover's goin' to meet me,

My lover's goin' to meet me

At the grindin'—at the grindin' of the cane!

Who wouldn't wait to meet him as he rides—as he rides

To the grindin' of the cane,

To the grindin' of the cane;

With the foam, like snow a-fallin' from his frisky pony's sides;

An' he'll be the best of husbands, an' I'll be the best of brides;

Fer my lover's goin' to meet me:

With a kiss of love he'll greet me

At the grindin'—at the grindin' of the cane!

FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA*

—A writer in the *Edinburgh Medical Review* declares that many fancied disorders of the stomach are really the results of the metabolic misdeeds of bacteria in the intestines. Rest, milk diet and cheese are among the remedies suggested.

—The human-hair industry is a very active one in France, the departments most frequently visited by the hair merchants being those of Corrèze, Creuse, Allier, Cher Dordogne and Haute Vienne. The average price given for a full long head of hair is from eight shillings to twenty-five shillings for the very best quality and color. The girls of the districts mentioned above, which are exceedingly poor, stipulate that their hair shall not be cut short in front, and conceal the shorn appearance at the back by a draped colored handkerchief. The best shades of light and blonde hair are obtained from Germany and Switzerland, and for these high prices are given.

—Sand stored in a large tank, from which it can be sifted automatically to any or all parts of the building, in such a manner as to smother a fire effectively, is a new idea to be used in the new telephone company's exchange at Indianapolis, Indiana.

—The ancient and unique customs connected with hocktide have just been observed at Hungerford. The morn was ushered in by blasts blown from John of Gaunt's horn. The hocktide jury were sworn in by the town clerk, after which the constable, portreeve, bailiff and tuttimen were elected. On Hockney day two tuttimen have to visit each house in the borough, and collect a coin of the realm from the males, and have the privilege of taking a kiss from each female. These tuttimen carry long poles, adorned with choice flowers tied with blue streamers, and surmounted with oranges. The tuttimen are followed by the school children, who all have a holiday on Hockney day. Each lady who receives a kiss is entitled to an orange.

—Like many another long-retained notion, the idea that dogs perspire in an unusual way proves to have no foundation in fact. Replying to an inquiry, Mr. S. G. Shattuck of the Royal College of Surgeons states that dogs cannot sweat by the tongue, as the only glands in a dog's tongue are in the posterior part, and these have a mucus-secreting structure. The dog's skin, moreover, is abundantly provided with glands like those producing sweat in man.

—The Royal Academy of Science of Amsterdam has paid a delicate compliment to the English-speaking world by ordering that its translations shall in future be printed in English instead of native Dutch, in order that they may be more available to the scientific world at large.

—Lieutenant Eggers, of the Damaraland police, recently prevented a rising of the natives in a very unique manner. The authorities had ordered the registration of all rifles in the possession of the natives, and the latter feared that their guns were to be taken away. But the officers told them

that their weapons were merely to be "vaccinated," and as they remembered the beneficial work of the veterinary surgeons during the great cattle plague, they eagerly submitted their guns to the novel vaccination against evil spells.

—The Barbers and Wig-makers' Union in Vienna are very stringent in their examination before they admit any new member to their society. Only fully competent persons are allowed to practise, and to prove their capabilities must first show that they thoroughly understand the disinfection of razors, brushes, etc., used in their craft, and also how to keep the razors sharp and use them to the best advantage. Even so, the man who successfully passes the examination of the Union is required to serve an apprenticeship for two years before he can take a shop of his own. Women barbers are also admitted to this Austrian union, but they are required to apprentice themselves for three years before they can go into business on their own account.

—All deep-sea sounding records are believed to have been broken by the British cruiser *Penguin*, which reports having sounded to a depth of 4,762 fathoms, or 28,732 feet, in the Pacific Ocean, between New Zealand and the Tonga Islands. The *Penguin* also found out that Falcon Island, which was formed during a volcanic eruption in 1885 and disappeared last September, has sunk eighteen feet below the surface.

—It seems an astonishing thing that the natural signature, the impression of the thumb or finger-tip, is not used to a greater extent than it is for purposes of identification. If the thumb be lightly pressed upon a surface smeared with printing-ink, and then pressed upon clean paper, an impression is obtained which is distinctive for the particular individual who owns the member. No two thumbs or fingers are alike in the arrangement of their multitudinous lines; each, therefore, is a seal which is unique, and a seal which cannot readily be mislaid or lost. The French police use this test to assure themselves of the identity of a prisoner; but surely the system could be usefully extended. A newspaper correspondent who recently pleaded for such an extension of the thumb-mark test stated that once when abroad he was in great straits for money, although he held checks for a considerable amount, simply because he could not prove his identity. If the local banker had only had an impression of his finger-tip, as well as authority to pay, all difficulty would at once have vanished.

—It appears, from figures furnished by the Post Office Department, that the average person in Massachusetts, including men, women and children, spends \$2.30 on postage per annum. New York comes second, with an expenditure of \$2.27, and the District of Columbia third, with \$2.16. Colorado is fourth, with \$1.93, and Connecticut is fifth, with \$1.80. The States ranking lowest in this regard are South Carolina, with 25 cents per capita; Mississippi, with 34 cents; Alabama, with 34 cents; Arkansas, with 37 cents, and North Carolina, with 41 cents.

*Compiled from Contemporaries.

THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

An Occasion of Mourning.....L. C. P. Scribner.....New York Post

"Miss Sally, my sister Jinny done got one of dese here special delivunce letters dis mawning, en dey say it had oughter a got here de night befo' it come; but dat sumptious nigger what brung hit, ain't wait long 'nuff fer us ter teck de letter round de cornder ter de drug sto' fer ter ax de gentman what keeps hit ter read de letter and give us de notifications of de time it were 'spected ter git heré. So when Jinny come back de special-'livunce nigger done gone. So we ain't had no way fer to meck de 'quirements why it ain't done come befo' he brung it ter us.

"Now, you see, we dunno what have become of de corpse, en I is 'bleeged ter ax you ter 'scuse me fum cooking dis mawning. You see, it's dis-er-way: my aunt (what I ain't seen fer nigh about twenty year, I reckon), is done 'ceasted way up dar in Washington, whar she bin living sence de war, en de 'Mary Magazines,* what are de entitlements of de society what she belongst ter, has done sont de remaines of de corpse down here ter Jinny en me. En now—we done lost de corpse! 'Kase de tredge of de society done sont de notifications when de corpse were a comin' in de special-'livunce letter, what de no 'count nigger ain't brung us ontwell dis mawning!

"Dat was a real nice letter, when de drug sto' gent'man read hit ter me. In gran' words hit say: 'De pore sister done part dis life in a heap o' grace, wid de baid all made up wid her sunflower quilt, en de ruffle piller cases on de pillers (what she had been en kept ter use when she died ever since I has 'membered her). Den de letter say de remainders of de corpse was aguinter come by dat late last night train. En, of co'se, we ain't knowed hit ontwell dis mawning; so now I come ter ax you ef Sarah can't cook fer you to-day en ter-morrow, 'case we alls got ter go in all kinds of different directions en hunt de corpse dis day! En ter-morrow, we is obligated ter bury hit—ef, of co'se, we finds hit.

"Miss Sally, you ain't got nair old mournin' veil, is you? I ain't sho' yet as ter how deep my mournin' oughter go, but I knows tain't fitten fer me ter go round ter dese here railroad de-pos a-axing fer de corpse widout no mournin' veil, en I'se goin' down de street now en buy me a nice deep black bordered han'kercher.

"Lord, Miss Sally, honey! Now, is dat sweet veil fer me? Is you reely goin' ter give me dat lovely veil? Jus' you look-a-here!"

Instantly the veil was flung over Harriet's old bonnet and settled itself in pall-like folds about her face. In spite of the deep gloom of that countenance, I fancied that the expression of pride which would occasionally make itself evident was by far the deepest feeling, for surely never had grief like this fallen to the lot of woman! The loss of the corpse was such an unusual sorrow, and to the emotional negro what could be more delightful than the prospective "hunt"!

I watched Harriet go slowly down the street; the

*Mary. Magdalenes.

recently acquired trappings of woe fluttering dismally.

It was late in the next afternoon when Harriet returned. Her face wore an almost triumphant expression of gloom; her extensive person in its black garments was positively awe-inspiring; the veil, and the gloves, the fingers of which were an inch too long, added still more to her dreary appearance. Yet, there was a something which made me feel that the occasion had not been one altogether given up to anguish.

"Miss Sally"—the gloves were being neatly folded in Harriet's capacious lap—"Miss Sally, you oughter seen de coffin. When we found dat corpse down at de Union de-po we jus' got us a hack en driv ter de ondertaker's, and obligated him ter git us de corpse up ter we alls house es soon as he could. Den we cleaned up de house, en cooked some pies en pound cake, en sont Jinny's boy Torm round ter tell de folkses 'bout de funeral, en de special-'livunce corpse. I 'clare 'fo de Lord, Miss Sally, you ain't never seen such a handsome caskit es dem 'Mary Magazines' done give dat ole cretur! Moss velvit, en de shiningest handles, en things! But you think dat awdacious Washington ondertaker ain't gone en nail hit up so we can't git in en see how de corpse look? Well, folkses commence ter come, en dey all want ter look en see de daid, en we ain't got nothin' ter show um!

"Presney, I see some on um laffin' ter themselves, so I say ter Jinny, 'Dat coffin gotter to be got open ef I has ter chop hit!' En Jenny, she says, 'Yas, yonder's dat black, big-mouthed Marthy Ann Jacksing done et fo' pieces of pie, en I just hearn her say she 'specks de corpse is mighty ugly, en mebbe it ain't got no shroud.' Dat settle hit! We took de white doves en de sheaf of wheat offen de coffin, an' sent for Mr. Johnsing, de ondertaker, en he onscrew de lid. I ain't tellin' you no story, Mis Sally; dat elegint coffin had glass, shore nuff glass, over de face. 'Cose, Jinny en me, we bust out cryin' en hollerin'; but befo' I done it, I just looked at Marthy Ann Jacksing, en she was shorely swumped up! 'Cose ain't no niggers round here had no winder panes in dey coffins! De Lord knows 'twas certney a pity ole Aunt Charity couldn't a seen dat coffin, 'kase she would a certney been proud of it, en her Society members what done got it fer her. Well, we alls had a nice, well-behaved funeral, too. I kinder peeped through my veil en see how solemn all dem hacks looked. Everybody what lived in our neighborhoods was a looking out de winders; en a whole pack of chillen was a-crowdin' roun' de gate fer to see de mourners a-come out."

"Miss Sally, we alls had twenty-one hacks, en a bricked-up grave, where can't no skip-doctors, nor moths, nor rust, nor nothin' git into it. De hearse horses was white—but, Lord, honey! I reckon you is tired hearin' me talk dis-a-way; lemme go git my apron en do my cookin'!"

To Suicides Commencing.....Barry Pain.....Black and White

The advertisement in the newspaper ran as follows: "Suicides Commencing—These should write

for appointment to Mr. Rex Blake, 72 Uppington Gardens, South Kensington."

Herbert Streuth, artist, received an appointment for 2.30 on Wednesday afternoon. He called at the South Kensington address, and was shown into a solidly furnished library, where a podgy little old gentleman with white hair shook him warmly by the hand, and bade him to be seated.

"I am very pleased to see you, Mr. Streuth, and I trust that I may be of some service to you; in fact, that we may be of service to each other. But I must begin by asking you a plain question, which you will answer truthfully and in one word. Is your intended suicide connected in any way with severe poverty or overwhelming financial losses?"

"No," said Streuth; "I am considered, I believe, to be fairly well off."

"Delighted to hear it," said Mr. Blake, rubbing his chubby hands together, "now we will proceed. I tell you frankly that with me this thing is a business, and nothing but a business. If you decide that I can serve you, I shall expect a moderate fee. Now, what are the principal objections to suicide?"

"The law does not permit it," said Streuth.

"Precisely, but in the case of the successful suicide the law is not asked. It says that you may not take your life away, but if you do it cannot compel you to take it back again, or punish you in any way. We can leave the law out."

"There is also the religious objection," said Streuth.

"Many very religious people," replied Mr. Blake, "have not found it cogent. Take the case, by no means an uncommon one, where the death of one man may be an inestimable benefit to many to whom he is really sincerely attached. Is an act of self-sacrifice to be regarded as a crime? No; it seems to me that each suicide must be judged on its own merits, taking into consideration the motives and beliefs of the person suiciding. Any other objections?"

"I know of none," Streuth answered; "in fact, I have not been thinking much about it. I want to get out of things. I don't ask myself if there are any objections or not. I don't care a damn if there are any objections."

"You surprise me," said Mr. Blake; "you are an artist, and yet it has not occurred to you that the manner of the suicide is of essential importance. The throat-cutting is very dirty, and the same objection applies to the use of firearms. Have a little foresight. Imagine what you look like afterward, and the state of the bedclothes, and all the rest of it."

"I was intending," said Streuth, "to drown myself."

"I have here," said Mr. Blake, "a little work on Forensic Medicine. There are some interesting chapters on the signs by which you can tell the length of time the body has been in the water. Did you ever hear of adipocere? There is an elegant little description of it in this passage. Just read it."

Streuth took it and read a few lines. "I can't stand this," he said, "it is too nauseous."

"I thought you would see it in that light," Mr. Blake replied; "people mostly do when I put it to them. You really can't tell what a river's going to

do to you. It may give you back at once, or it may keep you for a bit. Even if it gives you back at once you don't look pretty. Here is a description of the face of a man taken out of the Thames on——"

"You needn't go on with that. I have given up the idea of drowning myself. There is still poison. A little prussic acid and the bother is all over."

"Excellent," said Mr. Blake. "If you know the right dose you die almost immediately; but you've got an awful moment. If you don't know the right dose you have a very bad time. You will be found with your hands violently clenched, your eyes glistening and your pupils dilated, and you will shriek just before your death. Unpleasant, isn't it?"

"Well," said Streuth, "there are other poisons——"

"All are open to objections!"

"I don't know," said Streuth, "if you imagine that by telling me these things you can deter me from the end which I have in view. If so, pray do not waste your time and mine any further."

"I had no such idea," said Mr. Blake. "All I wish to do is to give you a chance of committing suicide in the best possible way. No pain, no scandal, no untidy body lying about afterward. A simple, mysterious disappearance, your own self-respect saved, and the feelings of your family spared."

"Well," said Streuth, "what is it?"

"Fire, plain fire, that is all. Near Weybridge there is a certain furnace which is kept going day and night. Its heat is enormous. There are no half measures about that furnace. The very moment you go into it you are dead. Half an hour afterward nothing of you is left that is recognizable as ever having been human. I will give you directions and admission card in exchange for your check for five pounds as soon as that check has been cleared."

Streuth pulled five sovereigns from his pocket and put them on the table.

"I will take the directions and card of admission now."

"Certainly," said Blake; "this little plan makes your way clear from Weybridge Station. It is six or seven miles, and you will have to walk it. Cabs can be tracked."

"I quite see that," said Streuth.

"For similar reasons you must not inquire your way. You cannot miss it; the plan is on a large scale and every possible landmark is indicated. When you reach the furnace (which is supposed to be used in connection with some brickworks) you will find a deaf-mute as night porter in charge. Hand him the ticket and he will show you by signs what to do."

Streuth took the ticket and plan, shook hands and went out.

He was a passenger in the last train to Weybridge that night.

* * * * *

Three days afterward Streuth, with a smile on his face, called once more on Mr. Blake. Mr. Blake did not seem at all surprised to see him.

"Let us speak quite plainly," said Mr. Blake. "You were afraid of the fire?"

"I was," said Streuth.

"Everybody is. It is the most awful element, having in it something of the supernatural. I have sent 175 suicides to that place, and only three handed their tickets to the night porter."

"And did the three commit suicide?"

"No! They came out again. Not one of them has committed suicide or ever will. You won't, for instance."

"No," said Streuth, "common-sense has dawned. After all," he muttered, "she is not the only girl in the world."

"Many of my clients," said Blake smilingly, "give me some little present, some trifling souvenir on their return."

Streuth put his hand into his waistcoat pocket. As he fumbled with the coins he said, "Suppose that one of those three who did give up his ticket to the porter had committed suicide, you would have stood a fair chance of getting yourself into a devil of a mess."

"Not at all," said Blake genially, "not at all. To prevent the possibility of accidents there isn't any furnace."

He swept the sovereigns from the table into the palm of his hand.

"Most liberal of you, I'm sure."

Search for a Lost Gold Mine..... Atlanta Constitution

"Them revenoo fellers at Knoxville was up to all sorts of tricks when I had a still, and I lost a heap o' sleep in plannin' how to beat 'em. They was purty sartin I had a still up yere, and they was bound and detarmined to find it. Some o' their tricks was mighty cute. One o' their spies was a preacher, another was a peddler, another was a land-looker, another was a feller who had bin ordered by the doctor to camp out in the woods. It got so I dasn't trust anybody."

"Where was your still?" I asked.

"'Bout half a mile from yere, in a big ravine, and the way down into that ravine was so rough and poky that they all passed it by fur a hull y'ar. Bimeby the revenoo sort o' let up on me, and fur a month or so not a stranger showed up. I began to feel peart and to brag about it, but the ole woman looks at me in a serus way, and sez:

"Zeb White, don't yo' be too powerful smart over this thing. Them revenoo fellers has jest let go to spit on their hands and git a better holt."

"As how?" sez I.

"Jest yo' lay low and yo'll find out."

"Mebbe it was a week arter that," said the old man, "when three strangers showed up one day. They had guns and a compass and a map, and the story they told was that they was lookin' fur a lost gold mine. 'Pears like a man had diskivered a gold mine doarin' the war, but had bin chased away and then got hurt and died. Befo' he died he told sumbody about the mine. Then the next feller he got hurt and died, and he told sumbody befo' he drawed his last breath. The story sounded all right and took me in. Thar's coal and iron and marble and other stuff up yere, and sum folks has always claimed that ther' was gold, too. I jest swallowed all they said, but the ole woman didn't. She thought it over a while and then sez to me:

"Zeb White, don't yo' go and be no fool now 'bout that gold mine."

"As how?" sez I.

"As to believin' in it. Them fellers has got long noses and sharp eyes, and if they ain't revenoo then I don't know a skunk from a b'ar. They ar' gwine to beat up this yere mounting to find your still, and if yo' don't step high and look sharp yo'll find yo'rsel in prison!"

"That's what she sez, sah, and the mo' I thought of it the mo' likely it seemed. I didn't let on to the fellers, however. They axed me a heap o' queshuns and I answered 'em all, and they finally camped in the woods 'bout a mile to the west and begun prowlin' about. Then I got mighty skeered and was gwine to run away, but the ole woman sez to me: "Yo' jest let me manage things, Zeb White. Fustly, yo' see Dr. Stebs and send him yere. Then yo' see Dan Hobbs and Tom Parker 'bout movin' the still. Then yo' walk around and act nateral."

"Two days arter that," said Zeb, "the ole woman fixed up a jug o' whisky and I kerried it down to the still. Dan Hobbs and Tom Parker was all ready to help me, day or night, and the three of us was sorter watchin' the gold hunters. Them fellers would cum around every day or two and tell how they hadn't found anything yit, but was still hopeful, and me'n the ole woman' peared to swallow all they said. One arternoon Dan Hobbs seen 'em strike the trail and go down into the big ravine, and I was all of a tremble when I told the ole woman.

"They ar' arter the still, of co'se," sez she, "but thar' ain't no call to get skeert over it. They'll find a jug o' whisky thar' and they'll drink mo' or less to find out what it is. Yo' git Dan and Tom yere in about an hour, and I'll hev ropes and the lantern all ready."

"It was purty nigh dark when we started, and the ole woman went along. We jest went straight to the still, and we found them three fellers lyin' on their backs and sound asleep. I never did know what Dr. Stebs put into that whisky, but it made them fellers as stupid as logs. We kerried 'em one by one out o' the ravine and over to an old iron pit, and then we used the rope to lower 'em down. The pit was over twenty feet deep, and if the fellers got bumped about it wasn't our fault. When we had lowered 'em down we went to work and moved the still purty nigh a mile. It was daylight next mornin' befo' we got through, and we was all played out. We didn't go nigh the pit that day. Along to'ards night we could h'ar the fellers shoutin', and it was the same the next mawnin', but it was most two days befo' we went to 'em. Yo' may reckon they was feelin' mighty bad by that time, as they hadn't nuthin' to eat or drink. When we got to the pit we 'peared to be powerfully surprised, and I hollers down and sez:

"Be yo' them three critters who was lookin' fur a gold mine?"

"We are!" they yells.

"And what ar' yo' doin' down thar?"

"Starvin' to death!"

"Hain't ye found the mine?"

"No; and, fur heaven's sake! help us out o' this and we'll never look no mo'!"

'TILDA—THE COSTER-GIRL *

[Among the heroines of modern romance there are types of every conceivable kind. One of these which will interest people through the picturesque glimpses which the author gives of her, is 'Tilda, an Amazonian coster-girl, who sells flowers in Picadilly, as recounted by Richard Whiteing in "No. 5 John Street" (The Century Company). She is introduced to the reader defending a little child from the drunken brutality of a sailor, and in the following extracts an endeavor has been made to let the author himself paint her portrait.]

THE HEROINE'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

In an instant we are in wild, rushing tumult, in fierce hurry to and fro, to the accompaniment of cries and slamming doors. Thrust the point of your stick into an anthill and turn up one single piece of sod, and you have the effect—in all but the noise, imperceptible to our coarser sense. The whole house seems to live in every separate atom, like a cheese under the microscope. There is one exception, at least. I knock at my friend Low Covey's door, and rush in without waiting for an answer. His apartment resounds softly to a low, musical trill, produced by himself with the aid of a tube half sunk in a glass of water. He is practising a bird-call. It is exquisite in its liquid softness, and I could fain stop and listen but for the dreadful summons from below.

"What's up now?" he asks, with something of the impatience of a prima donna disturbed in her scales.

"Did you hear that fearful cry?"

"Ah, I 'eerd somethink."

"There's murder going on—a woman, I think."

"Dessay; it's Sat'd'y night."

"I'm going to see."

"S'pose so; you're fresh to the place."

"Come on, too, for God's sake!"

He withdraws the tube, wipes it carefully on his cuff, and lays it on the mantel-shelf.

"Oh, all right, then. I'm on. You 'ook it dahn; I'll be there soon's you."

He is not the only self-possessed mite in the cheese. As I pass the second floor back, I see, through the chink of the half-opened door, a woman placidly eating a supper of what, I have reason to believe, is fried fish. A querulous wail of infancy, in a discord of many notes, is also wafted outward with the fumes of the meal.

The rush of wild figures, men, women, children, clad or half-clad, is toward the upper back yard; for there are two yards, the lower like a dry well. We cross a kind of permanent drawbridge over the well, and there, in the full moonlight, stands a tall, powerful girl, with her back to the door of an outhouse that usurps half the yard. A little boy cowers at her feet against the door. Her arms are in the attitude of fight common in the sporting prints, and she holds them in very womanlike fashion. In front of her stands a half-drunken sailorman, his face disfigured with a blood-streak, and his right hand slowly caressing a large, open-bladed pocket-knife with a gesture sickening to behold. As an accessory figure of this gruesome composition, yet

still well in the centre of it, is a faded-looking woman, whose whole person has an indescribable air of steamy dampness and melting away. She is as indeterminate in outline as an ill-made pudding. Hers was evidently the shriek of alarm. Her eyes seem bulging out of her head with fear, and she has lost all sense of purpose in her actions. She still cries, "Murder! murder! murder!" with an automatic regularity suggestive of some new variety of a bank-holiday machine.

"Who 'it 'im?" cries the Amazon, answering some question from the crowd. "I 'it 'im; and I'll 'it 'im ag'in if he touches the kid. I kin do 'im any d'y, and charnce it. Mike 'im put 'is knife down—thet's all."

The knife! Yes; that is the capital fact of the situation. I know that in another moment it may be darted into the girl's side, finding the needful "purchase" of resistance in the hard surface of her stays. There is no mistaking the import of the man's devilish smile.

Low Covey has hitherto followed me with lagging foot; but on catching sight of the girl he takes the drawbridge at a bound, with the exclamation: "Oh, it's a pal!" Without another word he fells the sailorman with a blow on the jaw, so swift, and sure and unforeseen that the fellow falls quite senseless, and his fingers relax their hold on the knife. Low Covey pockets the weapon of the vanquished as spoil of war, drags him out of the throng, loosens his neckcloth, lays him with a certain tenderness of touch against the wall, and having, as he puts it, "mide 'im comf'tabl'," turns with a look of inquiry to the girl. She, however, speaks no word, but drops her now nerveless arms, and, leaning against the door of the shed, closes her eyes. The babble of the yard, suspended during the crisis of the scene, now breaks forth again, and explains all. The sailorman was groping his way to a subterranean, with the moist-looking woman of the murder-shriek for guide, when he stumbled over the child asleep in an angle of the stairs.

"There's alwize a kid on them stires," explains one of the voices, "and there alwize will be till they puts a lamp up, and leaves off leavin' the street door on the jar. They comes in when they ain't got no lodgin' money for the fourpennies, pore little things."

The sailorman was angered and kicked the child. The moist woman remonstrated, got a blow for her pains, and brought worse punishment on the innocent cause of the disturbance. The sailorman was for dragging the child into the yard and beating him there at his leisure, when the street door opened once more to admit the flower-girl, 'Tilda, coming home from her day's work. She darted forward and struck the man full in the face. The moist woman set up her shriek to the universe. The rest is told.

By this time the heroine of the adventure has gathered up her "things," including the dreadful helmet, and she seems to have perfectly recovered her belligerent and defiant self.

"My kid!" she cries fiercely, in answer to another

*From No. 5 John Street. By Richard Whiteing. (The Century Company.)

question. "He's no kid o' mine. I ain't got such a thing."

"He don't look as if he was inybody's kid," says another. "Never had no mother, I should say. Speak up, Tommy, what's yer name?"

At this the flower-girl turns and looks down at the urchin, where he crouches still at her feet, as though settling himself once more to lawless sleep. His claim against society, Nature, God—call it what you will—seems stupendous. He lacks everything—clothing, flesh to hang it on, all the amenities, presumptively, down to the A, B, C. He wears a shirt torn at the shoulder, and a pair of trousers which are but a picturesque ruin—just these and no more. A ridiculous fag-end of the shirt, itself a shred, sticks tailwise out behind through one of the rents. He is shoeless, capless, uncombed, and, even in this light, manifestly very dirty. With the dirt on his face there is a tiny dried-up rivulet of blood. At sight of the blood the flower-girl catches him up in her arms, and all the Amazon vanishes as she bursts into pitying tears. She holds him to her fine, firm-lined bosom, calls him "pore lamb," and makes awkward, untrained attempts to dress the cut by wiping it with the corner of her apron. He resists. The strong hand seems to hurt him, and to confirm a wild, nomad terror of human touch, which he has found invariably harmful. She sets him down, and enters the house to fetch water for his wound. When she returns with that, and with a huge slice of bread and butter, he is nowhere to be seen. He had followed her, as we thought, to her room, but really only to steal away to the unconditioned freedom of the street by the ever-open door. . . .

AN INTRODUCTION.

A whistle from Low Covey brings her ('Tilda) to the window of her room, as we both stand together in the yard. She appears, holding a slice of bread and jam cut on the colossal scale. The open window frames her like a picture which has the recesses of the room for its background. It reveals no amenities in the interior scene, no prints nor knick-knacks, no finery, even, but her best hat. This lies on the bed, which alone is ample enough to support its broad circumference. Like the hat of St. Jerome in a well-known picture, when not in wear it serves to furnish the room. Her sense of decoration is purely personal. She is unusually well dressed for her station—in fierce blue as to the skirt, and in a bodice of some smart-looking cotton stuff. She grows on one as seen in the light of day. She is unquestionably a fine girl—a fine woman—her age, as I should guess, being about two-and-twenty. . . .

Her expression is her strong point—all fire, energy, daredevil and untamed will. If the face were before me on canvas, to shape as I liked, I should take just a thought from the prominence of the cheekbones, and perhaps reduce the fulness of the lips. I should do nothing at all to the dark eyes, and should leave the nose just as it had been left by Nature and the happy immunities of pugilistic war. 'Tilda is evidently of the blessed minority who "don't care," and who have never had to feel that it is necessary to do so. She might, I fear, do herself an injustice if she looked clever. She uses

no false pretense, I know, in looking game. She is tameless and unconditioned, to the very folds of her hair. I particularly admire the way in which the black mass of it is caught up into a great knot behind, as though with one fierce swoop of the hand. It is fettered there, I have no doubt, with frequent hairpins, but it is manifestly rebellious in its bondage. In front it is arranged in those curious side-locks which seem to have come down to the coster-girls from grandmothers of the epoch of Queen Adelaide.

The shape and air of the face is rather Eastern, and especially Japanese—no uncommon thing in this rank. Yet it is Japanese only in the woman's way, and with due suavity of line. The type is outlandish in the modeling of the cheeks, in the short nose, and in the pouting lips. The large, well-shaped eye, however, and the white and red of the complexion, bring it home again. It is as though Omar's potter had wrought with the fullest sense of creative freedom, and in a mood of happy carelessness which gave its own spiritual character to the work of his hands. In our civilization such faces mark those who live their lives from day to day, with no yesterdays and no to-morrows—London coster-girls, Grévin's grisettes.

"What's up now?" is her salutation, in a tone which, I am sorry to say, lacks clearness, owing to her attempt to do justice at once to the articulation and to the bread and jam.

"'Ere's that bloke what lives in the next room to mine," observes Low Covey, indicating me with a wave of his hand. It is simple, but it serves.

"'Ow d'yer do, sir?" says 'Tilda.

It is painfully embarrassing. I really do not know how to begin to speak to her. Covey comes to my aid, but not effectually.

"Ain't she a clippin' gal?"

"Git out, yer silly fool!" says 'Tilda, tapping the window-sill with a certain impatience.

The situation grows desperate.

"I hope you have quite recovered from your alarm the other night?"

"Meanin' to s'y?" says 'Tilda, with a glance of angry inquiry. She thinks, I fancy, that a speech which is civil in form must necessarily be unintelligible in substance, and, being so, is probably charged with the venom of a sneer.

"That s'ilor chap," explains Covey, ever anxious to make himself useful.

"Oh, that lot! I could ha' done 'im fast enough if it 'adn't 'a' bin for the knife."

"Could you spare me a buttonhole?" I ask, presenting the collar of my shabby coat.

"Sold out, wuss luck," laughs the girl. "An', blow me, if I shan't be sold up, too, if I don't soon sling my 'ook an' git some more. Ta-ta, Covey. See you ag'in, sir, bimeby."

"She is a neat little bit o' muslin, ain't she, now?" cries Covey as we leave the yard. "It's all business, of course. The gal as looks best sells most nosegays. That gal would live by a flower-basket where others would starve. Rag-bags (her competitors) tied in the middle with a bit o' string; that's what I calls 'em. She do look nobby, don't she, now? You wouldn't have no idea of the kind of people as talks to 'er—a lord once, swelp me

lucky, I ain't tellin' yer no lie. And she's got 'er answer for all on 'em, don't you make no mistake."

"Alwize a-washin' 'erself," he adds abstractedly. "Business ag'in"—as though trying to explain a seeming eccentricity by its law. "Scented soap, too, Sundays—num! num! num!"

* * * * *

AT A CHARITY FAIR WITH ROYALTY.

It is not much like a holiday so far. 'Tilda is imperative in her demands upon our time. She has snapped us up as by press-gang, and we have to toil for her table like slaves at the oar. We rinse the flowers, decorate the flower-pots with gold-and-silver paper, nail our flag to the wall, if not to the mast, and make ourselves handy in a thousand ways. The girls under her orders busy themselves in other parts of the work. When all is done, it is impossible to deny the justness of Covey's remark that 'Tilda's table "takes the cake."

It wins high commendation from the committee, who presently appear, and who, in their turn, are joined by the chief patroness. She is honored in herself, and as the all-potent influence to which we owe the promise of the royal visit. She offers her hand to 'Tilda, with a smile which is more expressive than words. The guests arrive.

The sight, I observe, draws tears from many eyes, and these not merely the eyes of women. In both sexes, all ages, it is a pathetic exhibition of human waste. These are the slag of our smelting fires of civilization; yet one cannot but feel that they might as richly repay a second visitation for ore as the dross of ancient mines. They seem to demand new and nicer processes of treatment, that is all. They look shabby, as a matter of course, but this is nothing to their want of spiritual form. There is no speculation of self-reliant manhood, womanhood, childhood, in their eyes. They seem to have had a fright of hostile social forces at birth, or before.

The desperate struggle for decency in the make-up is the most touching part of the sight. It is the clean collar, indeed, but manifestly the clean collar under difficulties.

The difficulties have been most triumphantly met at 'Tilda's table. Each girl or boy mite is accompanied by its trainer, and delivered in all attainable smartness at the scratch. The healthier and stronger hurry to their places in a tumult that gives a needful pulse to the scene. The thud of crutches here and there evokes a not ill-meant, "Go it, ye cripples," from the observant Covey; but the pleasantries are not exactly to 'Tilda's taste. One infant is brought in on his stretcher-bed, and lies full length to his provender, like a Roman of old.

The almost intoxicating bill of fare is not roast beef, vegetables, tarts and other kickshaws, with apples and oranges for dessert.

We are at the oranges, when a sense of something unwonted, fateful, going on at the door suspends the whole festival as by a word of command. It is at first but a sound of carriage wheels, mingled with hoarse "Hoorays!" and rasping cries of "Stand back." Then it grows, unmistakable in its import, as the committee and patrons hurriedly leave the hall. By general consent of murmur, "She's come!"

For the best of us, I am afraid, it is now a case of—

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall rise?

A clatter as of grounded arms shows that the crutches have been brought to the floor to enable the very cripples to rise. Even the recumbent Roman tries to rise with them, and is with difficulty kept in his place by the combined agencies of a stout nurse and a weak spine. So we touch miracle again, as in the ages of faith; for by the power of this transcendent presence the very halt seem to be made whole. It is a presence in white and mauve, with large and lustrous eyes which owe much of their expression of command to their perfect steadiness, and with features that defy the enemy in their firm and faultless lines; for the face seems to have perpetual youth among other attributes of the skies. There are more figures belonging to the same exalted region—a Jovian co-partner and head of the family, who beams genially upon the whole scene, but who, on this occasion, rather avoids notice; daughter princesses, erect, immobile, impassive, as though waiting their turn to smile according to the privilege of their degree; secondary satellites of ladies and gentlemen in attendance, who will take up the smile, in their turn, when it has passed all the steps of the throne. But for the moment our regards, our thoughts, are fixed on the one in whose name we have been bidden to the feast. It is the dinner of the Princess, and the Princess is here.

She stands perfectly detached from her courtly background, bowing repeatedly with gentle inclinations, and at each recovery smiling approval as she takes in some line of the vista with that unflinching gaze. A glance now summons our chief patroness to her side, as though for explanations. In these there is evidently some reference to our table, for the august visitor at once determines the order of procedure by leading the way toward 'Tilda's infant brigade.

It has happened so quickly that our detachment is quite taken by surprise, and the very camp-followers are cut off without hope of escape. From my obscure position among these I see that 'Tilda is completely in the toils. She has been waving one of the infants as a flag; and the necessity of restoring him unbroken to his place has delayed her retreat, and brought her face to face with the Princess.

In an instant we have one of those crystallizations of incident that make what is called a situation. The whole room strains for sight and sound of what is going to happen. The children, and some of the old men and women, gather round, as the Aztecs might have gathered round Cortes when they felt that at last they had before them one of the promised children of the sun. Furtive hands, some of them skinny with the age that ought to know better, stretch forth to touch the hem of the white and mauve, as though even that must have some effluence of the supernatural. The coster-gal and the Princess stand motionless in the centre of the circle, the one so immeasurably high, the other so immeasurably humble, yet, in the view

of their mother nature, perhaps with hardly a pin to choose between them in every essential attribute of womanhood.

The Princess speaks:

"What a very pretty table, and how nicely the flowers are arranged!"

'Tilda's agitation is painfully apparent to me. She is, as ever, straight as a dart; but there is a deep flush on her cheek and her breathing is registered in the short, convulsive agitation of a little brooch of German silver which she wears on her breast.

But a gracious observation has been made, and the gracious observation demands a reply.

"Thank you, lidy. Thank you, milidy. Yes, Your Majesty." Poor 'Tilda!

But really the best of us can hardly come to these things by the light of nature. 'Tilda will rally presently, I feel sure; but she is naturally a little unsteady in the first passes of this awful encounter.

The smiling end of the committee of reception, which is the one nearest to the point of courtly contact, has made many attempts to intervene. It now makes another, as though to save the Princess from 'Tilda by substituting its more polished self. To its surprise—a little, perhaps, to its chagrin—the Princess avoids the threatened rescue by a dexterous half-turn toward the coster-girl, which is equivalent to a command. She is smiling, too; but her smile is that of the only unembarrassed person in the circle, and in this connection it has the unmistakable significance of "Please leave us alone."

"And are you the kind flower-girl that arranged it all?" "Yes, mum." 'Tilda has got it at last. If she can only stick to it now!

"Lady Ashbury tells me that you have paid for the flowers out of your own pocket. It is so good of you."

A silence, natural enough in the circumstances. One part of its import, I begin to fear, is that it measures the immeasurableness of the social void between them, the stellar remoteness of all possible points of contact.

"It must be delightful to live in the country with the beautiful flowers."

It is a shot which, in its aim, takes no account of the economic uses of Covent Garden market, or of the fact that 'Tilda has hardly ever in her life beheld a flower growing "wholesale."

"Oh, milidy" ('Tilda, 'Tilda, make it one thing or the other), "I ain't got nothin' to do with makin' 'em grow. But 'ow should you know, milidy? 'Ow should you know?"

Perturbation of committee, which shows a disposition to push itself forward with a short account of the system of distribution in the flower trade.

"Milidy," however, is apparently a better judge of a good answer than the committee, and her fair countenance is still turned to the quarter from which the answer came. If the distance between the two women is still one of stellar spaces, it has yet been lessened by stellar spaces by 'Tilda's considerate offer of an excuse.

The press looks disconcerted. What seemed only to be an exchange of passing remarks now threatens to lengthen into an interview, and the press is distinctly out of reach.

Milidy (with a glance from the plain ring of galvanized iron on 'Tilda's left hand to the infant she has just deposited in its place)—And is this pretty child yours?

'Tilda (interpreting the glance)—No, milidy; I ain't a married woman; but he did so cry to have a peep at yer, and p'r'aps he mayn't never see yer no more.

"Why so? I shall come often and see my poor—again and again."

"Oh, milidy, it 'u'd be like the Bible if you could come and walk down John street Saturday nights. Don't you believe 'em when they s'y the men won't mind nobody. They'd mind you! Oh, milidy, that's what I'd do if I looked as though I'd got wings under by bodice, and could talk French."

There is a headlong impetuosity in the girl's manner, as though she felt she had to speak a decisive word for others, and that now or never was her chance. It is clear that, in her poor, rude way, she is pleading for her fellows, and that the dominant idea in her mind is still the wonder of this morning's experience with the fine lady, carried to finer ends. For this time she had been made to feel that woman as the man-subduer is to conquer for something higher than mere personal denomination, and to use angelic powers of compulsion that proud nations may be brought under the yoke of tenderness "to them as can't fight," and may consent to put forth all their strength to make the weak and lowly happier, and all the world a sweeter scene. The sense of the unsuspected fighting power of beauty and of grace, that seemed to dawn upon her when I took her to see the pictures, has been deepened by the might of living forces on this astounding day—at first by her encounter with the fairest of the "common people of the skies," and now by its culmination in this tremendous event.

Chairman of the Committee (with a warning look at 'Tilda)—Ahem!

Milidy (very gently)—Well, who knows? Since you wish it so much, perhaps I shall come to John street one day.

'Tilda (on second thoughts)—Oh, no, please, milidy, you mustn't never come there—leastways, Saturday nights. It 'u'd only make yer want to die. Perhaps if you was jest to s'y you wouldn't 'ave it—without comin'—it might all stop. Send 'em a message, milidy, and pass a act o' Parliament. Don't give no more dinners to us grown-ups. We're done. But make a lor about the young 'uns. Them's your chance. Make a lor to make their fathers and mothers send 'em to school. Make a lor to give 'em two plates o' meat a week—never mind the oringes—and to keep their pore little feet out o' the wet. Make a lor so as they shan't 'it their little sisters—leastways, when they ain't two of a size, and the gal can't spar.

The girl's voice trembles in its last accents; and, faith, it is a moving scene.

The committee have now quite given it up, and to all appearance they are engaged in mental prayer. They make miraculous recovery, however, when their precious charge, smiling no longer, but with a sigh, and a slow, penetrating look straight into the eyes of 'Tilda, shakes hands with the coster-gal," and resumes her tour of the hall.

UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

Superstitions of the Navajo Indians...Cosmos Mindeleff...Denver Republican

The Navajo Indian has just as strong, and from his point of view just as good, reasons for abstaining from the use of fish as the good Jew has for eschewing pork. That taboo is one of the most curious superstitions which ever troubled mankind. These Indians will not eat fish under any circumstances, although they know other tribes who practically live upon such food, and thousands of them have seen white men eat fish and still live. Yet the Navajo believes, and believes earnestly, that if he should eat fish, even by accident and unknown to himself, his body will swell up to an enormous size and his skin will break out in sores, through which the bones will come out. In the early days of the American contact with the tribe, forty or fifty years ago, much the same feeling existed in regard to pork, and to this day some of the old men will not touch it. But this feeling was almost destroyed after the Navajo war some thirty years ago, when practically the whole tribe surrendered and were deported to San Carlos. There they died by hundreds from homesickness, which, to an Indian, is often fatal, but as they were fed principally on bacon the old men attributed the deaths to that food. Even those who will eat pork on a pinch prefer something else when they can get it. Sheep and goats are fine, horses and even dogs are all right. Indeed a young horse is considered a delicacy, while a prairie dog roasted in the ashes is a treat. Even a yellow cur dog is eaten with gusto. The Navajo cannot understand our prejudice against horse meat. He asserts that a young horse is much better than an old cow, and he extends his statement to cover burros. Much of the venison which is peddled at the various ranches by Indians is only burro by another name. On one occasion a Navajo brought in the hide of a burro and offered it for sale. The trader abused him roundly for offering such trash, but he was considerably taken aback when the Indian replied: "What are you angry about? Ten days ago I sold you the hind-quarter of that beast and you have since told me it was very good eating. What is the matter with the hide?"

Although there are plenty of bear in parts of the reservation the Navajo will not kill one if he can avoid it, and never for food. No sum of money would tempt him to touch a dead bear, nor, for that matter, a live one. He has the same feeling in regard to the coyote, whose name he uses as a synonym for everything cowardly and despicable, and a coyote skin is an effective tent guard.

Another idea no less singular is often encountered in traveling over the reservation. No Navajo will ever make a campfire of wood which came from a tree that was struck by lightning, or that might have been. If such a fire is made by an irreverent white man the Indians will retire to a considerable distance, where they cannot feel the heat or smell the smoke, and they will go to sleep in their blankets, fireless and supperless, rather than eat of food prepared on that kind of a fire. The Navajo be-

lieves that if he comes within the influence of the flame he will absorb some of the essence of the lightning which will thereafter be attracted to him, and sooner or later will kill him. Up in the mountains more than half the great pines are scarred by lightning, but no wood from them is used. Almost any old Navajo can narrate instances where the neglect of this precaution has resulted disastrously, for men are sometimes killed by lightning in a region where thunderstorms are frequent, and it is but a step from the effect to the cause.

Superstitions of the Sea.....Minna Irving.....Self-Culture

"What is the unluckiest omen that can happen on a ship?" I asked a Danish captain who had sailed the seas for nearly half a century, and worked his way up in the days when every shipmaster served a long apprenticeship before the mast. "Nothing could possibly be worse than a clergyman, unless it should be two," was his reply. It is true that, to this day, deep-sea sailors look upon a clerical passenger with marked disfavor, and feel uneasy during the entire voyage. This feeling extends to a corpse, and crews have frequently mutinied in preference to carrying a dead body as cargo. When the French liner *La Champagne* was so nearly lost on her eastward passage some time ago, many old sailors gravely set it down to the fact that a minister was on the passenger-list and a corpse was in the hold—a terribly disastrous combination. Women are considered extremely unlucky on a warship or merchantman, and are supposed to bring squally weather and dangerous gales. Away back in the early fifties it was customary for a captain in the navy to take his wife and family with him on long voyages, but Jack's influence gradually prevailed, and the women were left at home.

St. Elmo's lights are another source of uneasiness to the sailor. They are usually seen in the tropics, and are probably due to electricity, but they certainly present a spectral sight on a dark night at sea when the little globular greenish-blue flames are seen floating and flickering above the yardarms, jumping at a bound from topsail yard to topgallant yard, or disappearing there only to reappear on the truck of the mainmast. These phenomena precede a storm, and become visible during the calm that is generally followed by a deluge of rain and an electrical display of unusual brilliancy. Originally known as *Corpus Christi* lights, the sailors have corrupted the name to "corposants," and believe them to be the souls of departed seamen appearing to presage misfortune—usually the loss of the ship. It was formerly a hard task to get a sailor into the rigging while a "corposant" was flickering aloft.

To break a looking-glass on shipboard means a broken mast, and a broken tumbler means a shattered compass. A sneeze invites misfortune unless you sneeze to the right. The man at the wheel under any flag will tell you that he cannot steer straight if there is a cross-eyed passenger aboard,

and if the helmsman is a son of the British Isles he will repeat:

"St. Peter, St. Peter, pray give us a charm
Against the bad eye that would do us a harm."

To fall down without any apparent cause is a warning of death in the immediate future. An American cruiser was lying off Nice a few years ago when a seaman fell prone on the deck. Upon rising he went to his bunk, and, returning, placed a slip of paper bearing his mother's address in the hand of a messmate, saying he never expected to see home again.

For the nose to bleed only a few drops is believed in the navy to foretell death in as many days or weeks as there are drops of blood. You may hear a sailor sing at sea, but he rarely whistles; whistling is supposed to bring a hurricane, and is always hushed by the remark, "There's a hurricane sailor here."

"When I was a youngster—I won't say how long ago," said Captain Eastaway, of the British S. S. Scandinavian, "I had my ears cuffed for whistling, and also for turning a hatch upside down on deck. I have seen old sailors, when a big sea was coming, hold up their hands and motion it down, as if they had the power to break it." A horseshoe has been the fetish of English sailors ever since Lord Nelson nailed one to the mast of the Victory. Odd numbers are regarded as lucky, and this belief is shown in the number of guns fired in salutes.

Pets are believed to bring good luck, and when, in the recent war with Spain, a man was struck and killed by a bursting shell on the Texas, all the sailors in the fleet said it was because the battleship was without a mascot. The cat has a bad reputation among seafaring men, most of whom believe she brings ill-luck to a ship. If a cat falls overboard and is drowned (she is always rescued if possible), the men will often leave at the next port, believing the ship to be doomed; and I have heard men-o'-war's men cite the case of the old Kearsarge as proof thereof. On her last voyage the frigate carried a cat and a monkey, between whom a violent feud existed, and on the way north, one dark and stormy night, Jocko threw poor Tom overboard, running along the rail and chattering like a fiend as the unfortunate pet disappeared in the boiling waves. The seas were running too high to admit of launching a boat, and puss was left to a watery grave, but not without many gloomy forebodings, which were realized soon after, when the Kearsarge stranded on the fatal reef.

The course of events that follow a ship during construction are said to control her whole future. The John Bunyan was most unlucky while building. The hull fell over and seriously injured many workmen; she obstinately stuck on the ways and refused to be launched; and a very dark future was predicted for her, but she was afterward a very lucky ship, though, of course, this may be the exception that proves the rule.

The town of Medford, Mass., in its early days, had a phantom ship of its own, terrible enough to satisfy the most blood-curdling "raconteur" of sea-stories that ever lived. The original phantom ship—better known as the "Flying Dutchman"—was

merely a peaceful merchantman which was driven back so many times by wind and weather while trying to round the Cape of Good Hope, that her captain, Vanderdecken, swore an awful oath that he would round the Cape in spite of God Himself. For his sin the choleric commander was doomed for eternity to endeavor to weather the Cape, but always to be driven back by adverse gales. The Medford legend runs that a ship laden with gold put out from that place in the dark days of piracy, when Blackbeard and Morgan ranged the seas, and the dreaded "Jolly Roger" haunted every ocean highway. Five days out the vessel was becalmed, food and water gave out, and all hands perished of thirst and starvation. When the tardy winds rose again, the ship filled away with her ghastly crew and captain, and a buccaneer on a sharp lookout for plunder, after lying idle for days on the glassy ocean, saw her and gave chase. He soon overhauled her, and was first to board the deathship; but the rope with which she had been carelessly made fast to his own vessel parted under the strain of the seaway, and he found himself rapidly borne away from his comrades on what he soon discovered to be a floating coffin. Night was descending, and before his own ship could come up to him, he went mad with terror, seized the helm and raced away before the wind, and—so says the legend—he was condemned for his many sins forever to sail the gruesome craft, which has often been seen by affrighted sailors scudding past in moonlight or lightning's glare, manned by blackened corpses and steered by a shouting, gesticulating madman.

No more than fifty years ago there were people who believed that Captain Kidd patrolled the coast on moonless nights in a ghostly craft, landing here and there to visit the various places where he had secreted treasure, and to see that the spectres of his slaves mounted guard over his buried gold.

East Side Superstitions.....J. P. M.....New York Post

Among the unintelligent and poorer classes of the east side the belief in unlucky houses is like a pervasive instinct that it is impossible to remove by any of the ordinary methods of reasoning. Nor is it altogether such a stupid conviction as that which leads these people to cover up the looking-glass when there is a death in the house, for the unlucky character of the house is always determined by the actual facts of misfortune. Nothing is better attested by the experience of mankind than that misfortunes have a tendency to group themselves and become serial. It is not at all mysterious to the reflective mind that one misfortune should propagate another. But when the chain of occurrences is wholly beyond the direction or the influence of the subject, the concatenation immediately raises in him the vague suspicion of a malign and mysterious influence. This is a survival of early racial fears, and its persistence is remarkable.

Among the Italian residents there is a well-defined belief that a habitation can be made unlucky to the resident by the will of an enemy, and there are, of course, numerous forms of mumbo jumbo by which the hoodoo can be removed. One of these is the enticing of a black cat into the place. This curious superstition may not only be found

among the blacks of South Carolina, but there is a trace of it in our traveling theatrical companies, where a black cat is regarded as a harbinger of good luck. Among the Hungarian immigrants there is, I am told by a resident doctor, a common practice of moving a very sick patient from room to room in the search, not indeed for a healthful environment, but to escape from the ill luck that pursues the patient. A year or two ago we had the confession of an Italian incendiary under conviction that he had set fire to two tenement houses because they were cursed.

These beliefs in habitations of ill luck must not be confounded with haunted houses in which the dwellers are annoyed by physical manifestations. In nearly every case a house of ill luck has no association whatever with spirit manifestations. Nor is it a house of ill luck to all occupants. When one family is driven out by a series of misfortunes, another moves in that reverses the luck. When the attention of a fairly intelligent Pole was called to this he said: "That makes no difference. One's ill luck goes with him only to certain places." There was for quite a while a Polish fortune-teller in Stanton street who made a specialty of determining the luck of places for persons who intended to move.

In the denser parts of the east side district one encounters in any reformatory or charitable effort to get in touch with these people a deep-lying and confusing network of the most primitive superstitions. They are contributed by every ignorant nationality. They intersect each other and turn up in action and ordinary every-day conduct with amazing pertinacity. It is as if all the outworn delusions of the past conditions of man had been emptied into this cesspool of heterogeneous life, and here lived on automatically and potentially with a skulking obduracy. This is not, perhaps, so astonishing when one considers that every nation and almost every tribe of Europe, Asia and Africa has thrown its ancient delusions into the sum total. One may stand in the Bowery, as upon the edge of some great brawling river, affluent with an intelligible life which flashes and plunges and has a hurrying contemporaneity that is almost jocund, and it is hard to realize that one has but to turn into these estuaries and reeking confluent side streets, to come upon the jungles of India, the crypts of Asia and the glimmering ghosts of a thousand primeval faiths and facilities, snuggling away in congenial glooms, or running rampant over each other in the noisy thoroughfare. Even the boys who play "craps" have their occultism that has descended from the banditti of Naples, and give the game "bad roots" by mysterious passes, or invoke good luck with bits of coral. Often one immemorial custom collides with another, as when a Greek wedding and a Hebrew funeral take place under the same roof.

Curious Oaths.....Boston Journal

There is more than a touch of the grotesque, as well as of the solemn, in the models of administering oaths in certain countries. When a Chinaman swears to tell the truth he kneels down and a china saucer is given to him. This he proceeds to break in pieces, and the following oath is then adminis-

tered: "You shall tell the truth and the whole truth. The saucer is cracked, and if you do not tell the truth your soul will be cracked like the saucer." Other symbolic variations of the Chinese oath are the extinguishing of a candle or cutting off a cock's head, the light of the candle representing the witness' soul and the fate of the cock symbolizing the fate of a perjurer.

In certain parts of India tigers' and lizards' skins take the place of the Bible of Christian countries, and the penalty of breaking the oath is that in one case the witness will become the prey of a tiger, and in the other that his body will be covered with scales like a lizard.

One of the most terrible of European oaths is that administered in Norwegian courts of law. The prelude to the oath proper is a long homily on the sanctity of the oath and the terrible consequences of not keeping it. Part of this lengthy sermon takes this form: "If you swear a false oath the goodness and mercy of God will not avail you, but you will be punished eternally in hell as a perverse and hardened sinner. If you swear falsely, all your possessions will be cursed; your land and meadows, so that they will yield you no fruit; your cattle and sheep will be barren, and all that you enjoy in this world will become a curse to you." When the witness is duly crushed by the sense of his fearful responsibility, the oath is administered, while he holds aloft his thumb and fore and middle fingers, as an emblem of the Trinity. It is a little curious that the expression, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," in very slightly varied forms, runs through almost all the oaths administered in European courts.

In an Italian court the witness, with his right hand resting on an open Bible, declares, "I will swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

The Mohammedan takes the oath with his forehead reverently resting on the open Koran. He takes his "Bible" in his hands, and, stooping low, as if in the presence of a higher power, slowly bows his head until it touches the book, which to him is inspired. In the reverence of his acts and the unswerving loyalty to an oath many Europeans have much to learn from a follower of Mohammed.

In certain parts of Spain the witness, when taking an oath, crosses the thumb of one hand over the forefinger of the other, and kissing this symbolic, if primitive, cross, says, "By this cross I swear to tell the truth."

In the more usual form of administering the oath in Spain the witness kneels solemnly before the Bible and places his right hand reverently upon it. The Judge then asks him, "Will you swear, in the name of God and His holy Book, to speak the truth in answer to all questions that may be asked you?" The witness answers, "I swear." The Judge then concludes, "If you do this God will reward you; but if you fail He will require an account of you."

An Austrian takes his oath in front of a crucifix, flanked by lighted candles. With upraised right hand he says, "I swear by the all-powerful and all-wise God that I will speak the whole and clean truth, and nothing but the truth, in answer to any questions that may be asked in this court."

SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

The Tenement: Curling its Blight J. A. Rilla Atlantic

On behalf of a number of well-known capitalists, who had been identified with the cause of tenement house reform for years, Robert Fulton Cutting, the president of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor in New York, offered to build homes for the working people that should be worthy of the name, on a large scale. A company was formed and chose for its president Dr. Elgin R. L. Gould, author of the Government report on the Housing of the Working People, the standard work on the subject. A million dollars were raised by public subscription, and operations were begun.

Two ideas were kept in mind as fundamental: One, that charity that will not pay will not stay; the other, that nothing can be done with the twenty-five-foot lot. It is the primal curse of our housing system, and any effort toward better things must reckon with it first. Nineteen lots on Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth streets, west of Tenth avenue, were purchased of Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark, who took one-tenth of the capital stock of the City and Suburban Homes Company; and upon these was erected the first block of tenements. This is the neighborhood toward which the population has been setting with ever-increasing congestion. Already in 1895 the Twenty-second Ward contained nearly 200,000 souls. Between Forty-ninth and Sixty-second streets, west of Ninth avenue, there are at least five blocks with more than 3,000 tenants in each, and the conditions of the notorious Tenth Ward are certain to be reproduced here, if indeed they are not exceeded. In the Fifteenth Assembly District, some distance below, but on the same line, the first sociological canvass of the Federation of Churches had found the churches, schools and other educational agencies marshaling a frontage of 756 feet on the street, while the saloon fronts stretched themselves over nearly a mile; so that, said the compiler of these pregnant facts, "saloon social ideas are minting themselves in the minds of the people at the ratio of seven saloon thoughts to one educational thought." It would not have been easy to find a spot better fitted for the experiment of restoring to the home its rights.

The Alfred Corning Clark Buildings, as they were called in recognition of the support of this public-spirited woman, have been occupied a year. When I went through them the other day I found all but five of the 373 apartments they contain occupied, and a very large waiting list of applicants for whom there was no room. The doctor alone, of all the tenants, had moved away, disappointed. He had settled on the estate, hoping to build up a practice among so many; but he could not make a living. The plan of the buildings, for which Ernest Flagg, a young and energetic architect, with a very practical interest in the welfare of the Other Half, has the credit, seems to me to realize the ideal of making homes under a common roof. The tenants appeared to take the same view of it. They were a notably contented lot. Their only objection was to the use of the common tubs in the basement laundry—a sign that, to my mind, was rather favorable

than otherwise, though it argued ill for the scheme of public wash-houses on the Glasgow plan that has seemed so promising. They were selected tenants as to trustworthiness and desirability on that score, but they were all of the tenement house class. The rents are a little lower than for much poorer quarters in the surrounding tenements. The houses are built around central courts, with light and air in abundance, with fireproof stairs and steam-heated halls. There is not a dark passage anywhere. Within, there is entire privacy for the tenant; the partitions are deadened, so that sound is not transmitted from one apartment to another. Without, the houses have none of the discouraging barrack look. The architecture is distinctly pleasing. The few and simple rules laid down by the management have been readily complied with, as making for the benefit of all. A woman collects the rents, which are paid weekly in advance. The promise that the property will earn the five per cent. to which the company limits its dividends seems certain to be kept. There is nothing in sight to prevent it, everything to warrant the prediction.

The capital stock has since been increased to \$2,000,000, and the erection has been begun of a new block of buildings in East Sixty-fourth street, within hail of Battle Row, of anciently warlike memory. James E. Ware & Son, the architects, who, in the competition of 1879, won the prize for the improved tenements that marked the first departure from the boxlike barracks of old, drew the plans, embodying all the good features of the Clark Buildings with attractions of their own. A suburban colony is being developed by the company in addition. It is not the least promising feature of its work that a very large proportion of its shareholders are workingmen, who have invested their savings in the enterprise, thus bearing witness to their faith and interest in it. Of the entire number of shareholders at the time of the first annual report, forty-five per cent. held less than ten shares each.

The Spread of Socialism Washington Gladden The Outlook

The present tendencies in the business world are carrying us toward Socialism at a plunging pace. The shrewdest capitalists themselves recognize the fact; one of the monopolists is quoted as saying the other day what Mr. Kirkup said twelve years ago, that the promoters of trusts are the most powerful agents of State Socialism.

It is greatly to be deplored that we should be driven toward it at this rate and along this route. It would be better to go slowly and tentatively; by the municipalization of public utilities, by the nationalization of railways and telegraphs, and by the education of the people through these great co-operations. The danger now is that we shall be forced into the undertaking of great tasks for which we are not prepared, and that the tempers engendered in the struggle will unfit us for wise administration.

Doubtless the industrial methods which the trusts are introducing have come to stay. All that they urge about the waste and mischief of competition

and about the great economies of co-operation on the large scale is perfectly true. Concentration in all the great industries is the word of the hour. We can no more go back to the old economic régime than we can return to the stage-coach and the handloom. The only question is, Who shall control these vast enterprises? Is the capital of the country all to be gathered into the hands of a few men, and administered by them according to their pleasure? Doubtless if we could be sure that the managers of these gigantic industries would all be sagacious and unselfish men, consulting the public interest in all their actions, this might be a desirable arrangement. But experience does not encourage us to look for such virtues in those who possess such enormous power. What we should have, if this condition prevailed, would be an economic feudalism, with powers wholly unexampled in history. The only alternative seems to be industrial democracy—the possession and administration by the people of the means of production and exchange.

Toward this we are surely moving, but it would be well if we could go very slowly. It ought to take us several generations to arrive at this goal. The people need to be educated in the comprehension of their social relations. They are receiving this education; the progress that they have made during the past quarter of a century has been rapid; but it is not easy to unlearn the maxims and extirpate the habits of the old individualism, and to train the people to work together for the common interest. The trusts are right when they tell us that this is the way; they are only wrong when they limit the maxim to the holders of capital. What they and we have to learn is that it has no limitations; and that is a truth which will not be assimilated in a generation. There is even danger that in our insurrection against the mad rush of concentration we shall be driven into the forms of co-operation for which the spirit is not yet prepared, and that serious reactions will occur, by which the progress toward a true industrial democracy will be long delayed. The hardest lesson to learn is that healthful social progress must be tentative and slow.

The Elmira Reformatory System.....Charles Dudley Warner.....Arena

The best method for the treatment of the criminal is coming, rightly or wrongly, to be called the Elmira system. The prison at Elmira is the most interesting spot in the world. It is the most interesting place to study all this problem of psychology. It is worth while to understand the underlying thought which makes the experiment at Elmira not only so interesting, but so successful. It is based partly on the notion of Froebel, and also upon the further notion that we are creatures of habit, so many of our acts are automatic. A child soon gets a habit. He does not have to be told that he must keep away from the fire. One-half of our habits are automatic. When an act is performed, a sort of registration is made on the brain, and when the act is repeated the impression is deepened, and the fluid or essence, or whatever it is, follows the line of least resistance into the same place, until the habit is formed. That is what we call the formation of a habit physiologically. The whole Elmira system is

based on that ability to form, and to change, habits. Everybody knows that it is useless to try to change a person, to deprive him of a bad habit, unless you give him a good habit in the place of it; nature will not have a vacuum. That is the significant thing in the Elmira system. It goes on the principle that if you keep a person long enough doing a certain thing, he will form a habit of doing it, so that it shall be easier to do that than to do something else.

Railroad Slums.....Joseph Flynt.....Independent

The railroad slums have developed with the tramp class. The hoboes have been traveling on the railroads for the last twenty years, and to-day they have camps and "hang-outs" on nearly all the trunk lines in the country. The significance of these camps and "hang-outs" is that they afford a refuge for as lawless a collection or ne'er-do-wells and criminals as can be found anywhere, and that on account of them it is possible for a tramp and a thief to roam at will throughout the land and have a stopping place where the police cannot bother him, and whence he can start out on his plundering raids. They are lodging-houses, information houses and railroad stations in one, and they may also be called outcasts' clubs. Any one can be "put up" at them, and the tramp spends his days wandering from one to the other.

The life that goes on at these camps is what justifies me in describing them as slums, and much of it is so revolting that it cannot be referred to here. There is no city slum, however, where I have seen or heard of anything worse than may be seen and heard at the tramps' railroad "hang-outs."

This deplorable state of affairs has familiarized the boys of the country with a criminal environment. I doubt whether there is another country in the world where provincial youngsters have the intimate knowledge of tramps and "crooks" that American lads can, and often do, boast of. Between New York and Chicago, merely to take this section of the country, there is hardly a town on any of the railroads connecting these two cities where the majority of the young men and boys have not at least an amateurish acquaintance with tramp life, and where not a few of the young people can talk as glibly about the tramp's business, and know how to travel after his methods, almost as well as the full-fledged roadster. Indeed, it was recently said to me by a man who has spent twenty years of his life in the police department of one of the railroads, that out of every five youngsters who gather around the tramps at their camps, three are sure, sooner or later, to run away from home and try tramping on their own hook, and one is almost certain never to return to his home.

Ceaseless Toil.....W. B. Columbine.....Westminster Review

It is a bitter satire on our high civilization that, despite all the wonderful inventions of labor-saving machinery, mankind should still be compelled to spend the best and greatest part of their waking hours in efforts to secure the bare means of subsistence—food, clothing and shelter. The contemplation of this state of things makes one revert with feelings of relief to Thoreau's picture of himself sitting in his sunny doorway, in Walden Woods.

"from sunrise till noon, rapt in a reverie," indulging in what his fellow-townsmen, he says, would no doubt have called "sheer idleness." To him these golden hours were not time subtracted from his life, but so much over and above his usual allowance. "I grew in those seasons like corn in the night, and they were far better than any work of the hands would have been." Men and women generally have no time to grow like this. They are chained for life to the car of labor, and there is no respite for them from continuous toil until their energies begin to fail, when they are ruthlessly pushed aside to make room for younger men and women. Then, when their time for growing as well as for working is past, they may sit and sun themselves in the workhouse-yard—a poor, belated, senile travesty of Thoreau's joyous and virile freedom. Simplicity of life is a grand thing, and there is a deep wisdom in Thoreau's Walden which both rich and poor would do well to lay to heart; but, after all, the free, unfettered, semi-savage life which Thoreau lived is only possible to individuals here and there. For the bulk of mankind it is obviously impracticable. Had fifty men joined Thoreau in Walden Woods half the charm and independence of his life would have been gone, and he would probably have been compelled to seek newer and wilder solitudes in order to preserve his ideal. Still, a noble simplicity of life should be our aim, and there can be no doubt that with the means of production, distribution and communication now at our disposal, we ought to be able to provide for all material needs with at least half the labor which is now expended on these ends. Needless complexity of life, the maintenance of the unproductive classes, wasteful habits, and the strife of competition are the main causes operating to bind the masses of mankind to a life of ceaseless toil.

The Brookline Public Baths.....N. B. Crosby.....Self-Culture

The record of baths for the last year was over 45,000. During the summer of 1898 it averaged about 1,500 per week. The secret of the preservation of cleanliness with so large a number of bathers is revealed in the wise regulations, which are strictly enforced, and, we may add, are willingly observed. Each applicant for bathing receives a key to a dressing-room, towels and a bathing-dress. Before going to the large pool a rain bath is taken.

In refinement this public bath is unsurpassed. No boisterous conduct is permitted, but natural enjoyment is encouraged. A long chute or trough of close-grained hardwood, about twenty-five feet long, slants from the second story of the swimming-hall at an angle of about 30 degrees, and is constantly lubricated by a thin stream of water which trickles over it. Only three prescribed positions, which are delineated on engraved diagrams, are allowed on the chute, and no accident has ever occurred from its use. The bather takes his position at the top of the chute; there is a twenty-five foot dash, and an exciting plunge into the water. This not only furnishes pastime, but trains the nerves for sudden accidental falls into water.

The usual charges range from five to fifteen cents, but precisely the same service is given for the

money in each case. There are also provisions for those who cannot afford to pay even the minimum fee. At stated hours any one may have a rain or shower bath free, and this is a privilege which is largely availed of. There is a wise discrimination in the charges, which enables those who desire to bathe at a time when there are comparatively few present, to do so. A matron is in attendance during the hours for women and girls. There are also hours provided for private baths (rain-baths and tub-baths) for either sex, for swimming instruction in classes of four, and for special individual instruction. Non-resident bathers are charged the uniform fee of twenty-five cents. This most attractive municipal creation, like many other simple and good things, bids fair to become self-supporting. It has been so for the past summer months, and it is believed that it may ultimately become so for the entire year. In such event it will be not only a direct benefit to the inhabitants of the town in increased health and enjoyment, but may prove a profitable investment. An indication of the excellent lines on which this institution has been planned is found in the fact that it is patronized by all classes. The rich send their young sons and daughters to be educated in swimming; the Brookline Swimming Club has a weekly rendezvous there; and all, young and old, rich and poor, use it without social prejudice and with an intelligent recognition of its advantages.

The Natural Decline of Warfare, Alexander Sutherland, Nineteenth Century

A vast process of elimination is going on by means of which the world is given more and more into the possession of the sympathetic type. While we amuse ourselves, and argue and quarrel and threaten, this great but unobtrusive change is going forward. The kindly dispositions tend ever, more and more, to prevail over the cruel. And therefore, Czar or nor Czar, wars are eventually doomed, and peace must come in its own good time. That will be when the military instincts, born in our home and thrilling in our blood, shall have been diluted to such an extent that our intelligence can fully control them.

There is, of course, no reason why human ingenuity might not do something to hasten the process. Men are not like the cattle, that take no interest in the alteration of their own character. We have souls in us, and aspirations, which might readily enough change the process from one of centuries to one of only generations.

It is wise, however, not to be too sanguine, for the share of man is small and the influence of Nature hugely preponderant. From the Teuton chief who massacred women for the delight he had in killing, to the British officers I met on their way home from the Soudan, there has been an interval of 1,200 years, filled with a long, slow, beneficent process of elimination, that has raised the human character immensely. If it required another 400 years to carry us to the abolition of war, we could scarcely regard the rate of progress as having diminished. And yet I believe that this rate is being quickened at every generation, for in our day the law of the survival of the more sympathetic is allowed a far clearer course.

NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

When Ships Put Out to Sea.....Madison Cawein.....Truth

It's "Sweet, good-bye," when pennants fly,
And ships put out to sea;
It's a loving kiss and a tear or two,
In an eye of brown or an eye of blue—
And you'll remember me,
Sweetheart,
And you'll remember me.

It's "Friend or foe?" when signals blow
And ships sight ships at sea;
It's clear for action and man the guns
As the battle nears or the battle runs
And you'll remember me,
Sweetheart,
And you'll remember me.

It's deck to deck and wrath and wreck
When ships meet ships at sea;
It's scream of shot and shriek of shell,
And hull and turret a roaring hell—
And you'll remember me,
Sweetheart,
And you'll remember me.

It's doom and death and pause a breath
When ships go down at sea;
It's hate is over and love begins,
And war is cruel whoever wins—
And you'll remember me,
Sweetheart,
And you'll remember me.

Twelve-Ten.....Marion F. Ham.....The Chattanooga Times

12:10, with Number Four,
Fifteen minutes late;
12:10 in a minute more
They switch the Ludlow freight.
Down grade and an open track,
Full steam with a wall of black,
Flinging the glare of the head-light back
Into the teeth of Fate.

Full steam! with its hissing breath,
Screaming the onward flight;
Throttle wide! for a race with death
Into the yawning night.
White heat—and the drivers fly,
The wind shrieks like the banshee's cry,
And the engine leaps as it dashes by,
With the signal lamp in sight.

White light, with the main line clear,
And the Ludlow headlight red;
A minute's grace—with Fate in the rear,
And Death in the night ahead—
Crash of steel and a steel rebound!
Rending havoc—and screams that are drowned
In a maelstrom babel of thundering sound!
And under the wreck—the dead.

12:10, with the shouts of men,
And a lantern's gleam in the night;
Cries and hurrying feet—and then
The click of the lightning's flight.
"A switchman's blunder," the message said,
"Opened the switch and lost his head,
Panicked and staggered and wildly fled,
Crazed with the sickening sight."

"Twelve-ten! but a minute more,"
And a pallid face at the grate,
Asks the listener o'er and o'er:
"Have they switched the Ludlow freight?"
Weird theme of a madman's cell,
Told with laughter and frenzied yell,
Till the warden knows the tale full well
Of the midnight train that was late.

Paistin Fionn.....E. D. M.....The Shan Van Vocht

O, Paistin Fionn, but it vexed her sore,
The day you turned from your mother's door
For the wide gray sea, and the strife and din,
That lie beyond where the ships go in.

There was always peace in the little town—
The kindly neighbors went up and down,
With a word to you, and a word to me,
And a helping hand where need might be.

The sheltered curves of your native Bay
And the green hills gladdened your eyes each day—
There was song galore in the glens, my dear,
With never a heartbreak, never a tear!

Has the world been good to you, Paistin Fionn?
Has the yellow gold that you sought to win
Been worth the toil and the danger dared?
Has plenty blessed you, and sorrow spared?

Your mother sits in the dusk alone,
And croons old songs in an undertone—
Old cradle songs that your childhood knew,
When her folding arms made a nest for you.

She seeks your couch in the silent night,
Her trembling lips press the pillows white
Where your dreaming head hath often lain,
Oh, would it were here for her kiss again!

Her sad heart, loving and hoping on,
Awaits your footsteps from dark to dawn—
The thin cheeks paler and paler grow
With hunger for you as the hours drift slow.

Then Paistin Fionn, come back, come back—
A home-bound bird o'er the glancing track;
The door is open—the hearth is red—
And our love is calling you, Dear Fair Head.

Trooper Jackson.....Thomas Edward Crafton.....Harper's

"Don't you hear the bugle soundin', Trooper Jackson?
Come, shake yourself! There's trouble down ahead!
With a lot o' Texas rum they're a-makin' matters hum!
She's a-tootin' boots an' saddles! Out o' bed!
They're a-yellin' like the devil down the cañon!
A han'some lot of able-bodied Utes—
An' the orders is, to rip 'em,
An' to slash 'em, an' to nip 'em,
So jump along an' tumble in your boots!"

Oh! the ride was wild an' darin' down the bottom!
Just sixty men, where ten troops should have been.
Not a tremble, not a quiver, as they dashed along the
river

At the howlin' horde of undiluted sin!
Like a teamster's whip the guidons were a-snappin'!
My God! the Indians numbered ten to one.
Through the blindin' rifle flame
They kept ridin' just the same,
With "Old Glory" in the van a-leadin' on.

Like a catapult they hit 'em in the middle!
While the "trader's" powder tore its dirty way,
An' the flamin' sheets o' hell scorched their tunics as they
fell,
An' their yellow plumes were crimson from the fray.
But the orders was to give 'em a "chastisin'"—
With sixty men, where ten troops should 'ave been.
But they done it just the same!
An' they never thought to blame,
With the forty dead and dyin' carried in.

"Here's to you, cussin', fighting, Trooper Jackson!
Here's to you for the glory that you won!
'Twas a slashin', dashin' ride when you crossed the
Great Divide,
But you done it as I like to see it done.
Your photograph's a-hangin' in the barrack,
An' your sabre ornaments the Colonel's hall.
When your bugle sounded 'taps,'
Then you won your shoulder-straps,
An' you'll wear 'em at the final grand 'recall.' "

They've Mustered Out the Volunteers...Theodore Roberts...The Independent

They've mustered out the volunteers,
And hearts beat gayer North and South.
The brown hand calms the mother's fears—
Dear kisses touch the bearded mouth.
The house is glad, the fires are bright,
The hero tells about the fight.

They've mustered out the volunteers—
The captains cried, "We're off to-day."
The pine-woods rang with maddened cheers,
The troop-ships swung along the bay.
The hero talks "guard-mounts" and "taps,"
Ponchos, death, and shoulder-straps.

They've mustered out the volunteers—
The bugles set the camps astir,
And at the word some fell to tears
And some embraced the messenger.
And now the hero, with two bars
Upon his shoulder, sings the wars.

They've mustered out the volunteers!
The papers shout it, but the mail
Brings no bright word. The wet wind veers,
And he still guards the muddy trail;
Last orders have not come his way!
Though all the soft winds sing of peace
He holds the road to Siboney
And waits the final, great release.
The hero, when the candles fail
Hears singing, down a distant trail.

Contrasts.....M. G. Oreville.....From Veld and Street

There's lately been a deal of talk
Concerning authors' fees;
Some earn their chicken and champagne,
And some mere bread and cheese.
Now I'm an author whom the Star
At times delights to quote,
Yet Haggard gets his thousand pounds,
And I a ten-pound note!

My grammar is like Cæsar's wife,
While Haggard's grammar's—not!
My style is chaste yet strong. I am
An expert at a plot.
Altho' our skulls mayn't be the same,
We row in the same boat,
Yet Haggard gets his thousand pounds,
And I a ten-pound note!

The public like their fiction strong,
They're fond of gory fights.
They love the hero all the more
The more the hero smites;
I've made my heroes smite more blows
Than ever Haggard's smote,
Yet Haggard gets his thousand pounds,
And I a ten-pound note!

Now why this sort of thing should be
Is difficult to say:
There's something rotten in the State
Of Denmark, anyway!
The Grocer praised in generous terms
The last romance I wrote,
Yet Haggard gets his thousand pounds,
And I a ten-pound note!

My Vacation.....Tom Masson.....Life

Give me some quiet, unknown spot,
Where I can lay me down,
Where the daily paper cometh not,
Far from the noisy town.

Oh, take me out where Nature's greens
Soothe my most restless state;
Let me go where the magazines
May never penetrate.

Remove me from the latest books,
From Poets, Wits and Seers;
No more in culture's choicest nooks
May I shed wisdom's tears.

Take me away from sounding art,
From cleverness, from brains;
From knowledge deep may I soon part,
And simulation's gains.

Monotonously let me lie
Unsought, the hours through
In utter dullness, so that I
May learn a thing or two.

To Uncle Paul Kruger.....James Jeffrey Roche.....The Boston Pilot

Keep your powder good and dry, Oom Paul;
Never close your weather eye, Oom Paul;
Have your rifle clean and bright;
Look to fore' and after sight.
They are planning day and night—
You will need to watch them all,
Oom Paul, Oom Paul.

Shoot to kill 'em when you shoot, Oom Paul;
They are coming for the loot, Oom Paul.
They'll be gathering you in,
Just as sure as sin is sin,
For they know you have the "tin"—
You must battle for it all,
Oom Paul, Oom Paul.

Then get out your little gun, Oom Paul;
For you don't know how to run, Oom Paul.
Don't discuss about the right,
When a rattlesnake's in sight,
And his pizen head shows fight.
Don't you do a thing at all,
Not a thing to him at all,
Oom Paul, Oom Paul.

SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

Golf From a St. Andrews Point of View.....Andrew Lang.....North American

Golf has reached America, whether to "stay" or not. It appears to have arisen in "fashionable circles," and to have spread as I wish cricket could spread—a much better game. With us, in Scotland, golf is a very old sport, which Parliament tried vainly to put down, in the fifteenth century, because it took up time which should have been given to learning how to hit an Englishman with a bow and arrow.

I have, personally, little doubt that we got golf from Holland, where it is no longer played. From Holland, to be sure, about Froissart's time (say 1380), we got everything we wanted, ready-made, paying in wool, fish, leather and other exports. My friend, Mr. James Cunningham, lately invaded Holland, in search of the Origins of Golf. I hope he will give his results to the world. We know that the Netherlands played, for pictures of men driving off, and putting at the hole, occur in a MS. of about 1500, in the British Museum. Mr. Cunningham found pictures in which clubs and balls like ours occur, also painted tiles, of about 1650, but we knew already that these things were so. His chief discovery was the Dutch origin of such technical terms of the game as "putt," "stymie" and "dormie." If his philology is correct, as I believe, the question is settled. Holland is the cradle of the game. Scotland dealt very largely with Holland, and had regular trading settlements there, all through the later Middle Ages. The Scots merchants would take up the Dutch game, as we took up tennis from France. In tennis, the technical terms are French ("dedans," etc.); in golf, if Mr. Cunningham is right, they are Dutch. Our James IV., to encourage home industries, forbade the importation of Dutch golf balls, and, since then, golf has waned, and finally expired, in Holland, while it flourishes with us.

Golf is one of a group of accidentally differentiated sports. "Chole" (a word of Teutonic origin) is the Belgian golf, which has an element of hockey, the adversary being allowed one back stroke to the players' three strokes. There is no putting at the hole, the goal is a distant church door or steeple. M. Zola has described the game, in "Germinal," with his usual romantic exaggeration; and a match with the devil occurs in the late M. Deulin's "Contes," from Flemish sources.

Again, the "Jeu de Mail," at least as old as Queen Mary Stuart's time, when she was a player, is of the same group. A box-wood ball was driven with a club shaped like a light croquet mallet, and, in place of putting, the ball was "lofted" through a ring or into a narrow hoop. To this purpose a curious instrument, ending in a long piece of fluted steel (given in a portrait of about 1650), was employed. The "swing," the style, and the rules are in wonderful harmony with those of golf, as may be read in Lanthier's little work, now very scarce (1717-1720). My friend, Mr. H. S. C. Everard, the well-known golfer and writer on golf, has a copy, which I first saw at a sale twenty years ago, but could not afford to buy; and no other copy have I

ever seen. Mr. Everard might reprint it, with the excellent illustrations.

The historical glories of golf are well known. Mary Stuart played; her son, James VI. and I., brought golf to England, notably to Blackheath. His son, Henry, Prince of Wales, drove well, and not unsuccessfully tried to "cut over" his tutor. Charles I. insisted on playing out his game at Leith when news arrived of the Irish Rebellion. So writes Wodrow, the correspondent of Cotton Mather, and no friend of the Stuarts. The Great Rebellion ruined the Royal and Ancient Game in England, and, at the happy Restoration, the Duke of York (James VII. and II.), took up "jeu de mail," astonishing Mr. Pepys by his drives in the Mall.

About 1750-60 golf was played near London by Dr. Carlyle, to instruct Garrick. I regret that Dr. Johnson was not present. Moreover, the Knuckle-Bone Club, at Blackheath, kept the game alive, in its earliest and Royal English seat. Meanwhile, in Scotland, from Orkney to Skye and from Skye to Musselburgh, golf flourished; chiefly, I believe, on seaside links. About 1790 the medal was won at St. Andrews with a score of 95. Recently the round has been done in 72 (and, I think, in 71) by Mr. Freddy Tait, Auchterlonie, and, I believe, Andrew Kirkaldy. But, in 1790, the links were a very narrow course, beset by whins; there was only one set of holes, in and out, feather balls were in use, and there were no bulgers, no patent lofters, while the putting greens were not bowling greens. You cannot think how much wider and easier the links are, even since I was a boy. Thus a score of 95 in 1790, or thereabouts, is quite equal to one of 72 nowadays.

The great golfers of the early and middle century, Alan Robertson, Tom Morris (still on the spot), the Parks, with the contemporary amateurs, were the straightest of drivers, and their putting was indeed "an inspiration." They did not "approach" with irons or iron lofters, but with the elegant and harmless wooden "baffey spoon." They did not cut up the links like modern men, making a point of "cutting their divot," or scrap of turf. I make no doubt that (considering the relative proportion of numbers) the ancestral golfers were as good as Vardon, Taylor or Mr. Tait.

In the sixties, golf began to appear at Wimbledon Common, Westward Hoe, Hoylake and at Pau in the Pyrenean country. Then arose Mr. Horace Hutchinson, from Westward Hoe school, as I am told.

The wit and wisdom of Mr. Horace Hutchinson, in his Hints on Golf, led to the conversion of England. There had been earlier preachers—the Stuart kings, Dr. Carlyle, the Knuckle-Bone Club, while the Scots, at Calcutta and Bombay, did not cast their grain on soil entirely stony. But these missionaries answer to Paulinus and Augustine; thorns sprang up and choked the doctrine. Mr. Hutchinson, on the other hand, came like Aidan (though not from Iona), and definitely converted England to golf.

Kentucky's Vendettas *New York Herald*

The first feud of importance in Kentucky was the Hill and Evans vendetta, which began in 1829 and continued for more than twenty years. The leaders were practicing physicians, and they became enemies through a dispute over slaves. It was probably the most terrible feud ever known in the United States, for the members of the two families would fight wherever they met. Dr. Oliver P. Hill was the leader of one faction, and Dr. Samuel Evans led the other. Their bloody battles terrorized the citizens of Garrard County. Altogether twenty-seven men were killed.

One of the first feuds to start after the war was the Strong-Amy feud, in Breathitt County, Captain "Bill" Strong and John Amy being the respective leaders. This feud lasted thirty-five years, and one man a year was killed. The two forces met in a field one moonlight night, and when the firing was over there were five dead men and several badly wounded ones.

The Howard-Turner feud in Harlan County was the next important feud. In this thirty men were killed and much valuable property was destroyed by fire. The feud ran for ten or twelve years, and no man was punished until Wilson Howard, one of the leaders, killed a man who did not belong to either faction, and was hanged for the crime. This broke up the feud.

Another feud that cost the State a great deal of money was the Martin-Tolliver feud, of Rowan County. Craig Tolliver was the most desperate man that ever led a feud, and he terrorized the people of Morehead and Rowan counties until they were afraid to call their souls their own. After the State had spent more than \$100,000 in efforts to put down lawlessness, Governor J. Proctor Knott gave it up and told Boone Logan, then a young lawyer of Morehead, that the people of the county would have to be all shot before he would do anything more. Logan mortgaged his home and bought \$800 worth of rifles and ammunition and armed one hundred of the most determined men in Rowan County.

He then swore out warrants for the arrest of Tolliver and his men. They began shooting at the posse which had gone to serve the warrants. Logan had secreted his men around the hotel in which the Tollivers had taken refuge and had posted many of them along the road that Tolliver would be likely to take when he left the house. The firing became so heavy and bullets entered the plank hotel so rapidly that Tolliver and his men ran out and tried to escape only to be caught in a crossfire. Three Tollivers, including Craig, were killed, and several others wounded. The rest left the country and the feud ended after twenty-three men had been killed.

Then came the French-Everitt feud of Perry County, with Fulton French at the head of one faction and George Everitt, a brother of Judge H. C. Everitt, of the Clay County Circuit Court, at the head of the other. This feud raged for ten years and thirty-eight men died with their boots on.

The last, and in many respects the worst Kentucky has experienced, is the Baker-Howard feud. It has been stated that a feud between the Bakers

and Whites existed over half a century ago, but this is untrue. The present vendetta began only a little more than a year ago.

Half Century of National Game *F. H. Wade* *Denver Republican*

On the 19th of June, 1846, at Hoboken, N. J., was played the first match game of baseball that ever took place, the contestants being the Knickerbocker and New York Baseball clubs. Baseball grew gradually out of the old English schoolboy game of "rounders," which gradually "evolved" into "town ball." In the latter sport instead of bases there were "corners." These were unattended and the runners were put out by being hit with the ball, which was thrown directly at them by the fielders. The ball used was necessarily therefore much softer and smaller than the baseball of today. Unlike the rubber, yarn and leather spheres now in vogue, it was composed wholly of rubber. In the days of which I write a number of New York gentlemen were in the habit of assembling Saturday afternoon to play town ball. At length some of them began to think that certain modifications would greatly improve the sport. Numerous informal discussions took place and it was finally decided to adopt the changes proposed. Among these was the substitution of bases for "corners," the adoption of a hard ball with a rubber centre wound with yarn and covered with leather, the placing of men to guard the bases and having the ball thrown to them instead of directly at the base runners. It was also decided to change the name of the sport from townball to baseball on account of the bases forming so important a part of it. On September 23, 1845, the gentlemen who had decided upon these changes formed themselves into an association, to which they gave the name of the Knickerbocker Baseball Club. Townball continued to be played in other parts of the country, and its votaries seemed reluctant to substitute baseball for it. It is remarkable that baseball was not introduced in Philadelphia, a city only ninety miles from New York, until 1860, fifteen years after its birth. The originators of our national game were gentlemen who played baseball for recreation only, and would have held in very low esteem any man who sought to transform it into a means of gaining a livelihood. It was their intention that baseball should be purely a gentleman's game. As clubs multiplied throughout the country it became necessary to establish some general organization having authority to control and regulate the interests of the sport, to make such changes in the playing rules as might from time to time seem necessary, and in every possible way to protect and improve our national sport. To meet this necessity there was formed the National Association of Baseball Players, in which any club was entitled to membership with the privilege of sending delegates to the annual meeting. The playing rules adopted by this organization were the standard ones for the game and were respected and adopted by all clubs, whether members of the association or not. Almost the first rule adopted by this national association was one most positively debarring from membership and rendering liable to expulsion any club in which there was a man who played baseball

for hire or emolument of any kind, the object being to make and keep the sport a gentleman's game. The result of this was that baseball flourished between the years 1866 and 1871 to an extent that has never been known before or since. The number of clubs was literally legion, and in every large city the number of matches that were played daily was almost incredible. The grounds were usually upon some vacant lot or common, and were free to all, no admission fee being charged. As a consequence the crowds at these contests were very great, from 10,000 to 30,000 being by no means an unusual attendance. In the city of New York, for example, there were five different baseball grounds within a stone's throw of each other, and scarcely a day passed during the baseball season that there was not a match in progress upon every one of these grounds, and the same is true of other large cities. It is no exaggeration to say that thirty years ago 200 games were played for every one that is played now. Baseball is unquestionably in its decadence, and has been ever since professional baseball players were first openly recognized and professional playing permitted.

Sport With Flying Fishes *New York Sun*

"To shoot flying fishes requires as much skill as to shoot quails," said the sportsman. "They move just as fast and look so much like the water that they are hard to hit. They swim in coveys, just like quails, too, and one of the prettiest sights I ever saw about the California islands was the flight of a covey of flying fishes. I was out after them in a small launch, and as we turned the corner of the island we suddenly struck a heavy west wind. It happened that at that moment a school of tunas came rushing in and chased the flyers into the air. There must have been thirty or forty of them, and as they cleared the water, head to the wind, the gale struck them and carried them high into the air, where they drifted away like a flock of insects glistening in the sunlight, gradually falling away before the wind and disappearing from view."

"How far can a flying fish fly?" asked one of the listeners.

"Well, that's difficult to say. I know that they can soar an eighth of a mile, and I'd be willing to say that they often clear over a quarter of a mile under favorable conditions. There has always been a good deal of mystery about the flight of flying fishes, and there are two decided factions among men who ought to know. One side says that the fish flies, that is, flaps its wings; and the other that it merely soars. Now, if you interview the steward of the steamer that runs between San Pedro and the island he will prove, or try to, that they fly like birds. The steamer is high forward, and one day he saw what he thought was a bird in the air. A moment later it shot through the glass window and landed among his glasses. He will make affidavit that he saw its wings going. But if you interview President Jordan of Stanford University, who is an authority on fishes, or any of our local naturalists, he will tell you that the flying fish does not fly. Why, just look at it; they come plumb against the side of the boat. Once I was rowing some ladies

along shore when I saw two flying fishes coming right for us. One, despite the fact that the lady waved her hands to frighten it, struck her in the back, while the other passed a few inches from my head; in fact, I turned to avoid it. Now, if the fish could fly, in the proper acceptance of the term, it would avoid obstacles. Why, I have seen them fly upon the beach in numbers. A lady was sitting on the shore at Avalon when a flying fish flew right into her lap, frightening her well, you may be sure. Another fish struck a fisherman in the face. This was at night, and might have resulted seriously, as a man could easily be stunned by such a blow.

"No; the fish don't fly. I have watched hundreds of them, and spent weeks trying to photograph them. There is a porthole in the *Hermosa*, and I leaned out of that and held my kodak trying to catch one, but it was almost impossible. But I saw how they fly. You see, all sorts of fish prey on the flying fish, and when the steamer comes along they think it's a big killer, perhaps, or a tuna, and being slow swimmers they leap out of the water, and they do it in this way: they whirl the tail around and around, and it acts as a screw and sends them out of the water. The tail is lashed with great vigor and that conveys to the body a quivering, wriggling motion that makes the side fins or wings look as though they were being flapped; but it is only for a second. The moment the fish clears the water the wings are seen to be rigid, and they are held that way while the fish shoots away three feet above the surface, like a kite, supported by the rush through the air, and impelled by the momentum received by the action of the tail. They shoot along, say, for 500 feet, then the force of the rush begins to be exhausted and the tails drop—not the head, mind you; just the tip of the tail; and see"—and the speaker picked up the four-pound flyer—"see the lower lobe of the tail. It is longer than the upper. This touches the water first, and the moment it does the tail is twisted furiously, and once more the fish darts away, clearing, perhaps, 300 feet before its tail drops again. This is repeated three or four times, enabling the fish to travel a great distance without returning to the water. The only beating of the wings is caused by the wriggling of the tail.

As the speaker finished a flying fish crossed the bow of the boat followed by a huge fish, gleaming like silver, that shot up into the air like an arrow, struck the flyer, and sent it, whirling like a pin-wheel, into the air.

"There's the fish!" exclaimed the man with the gun, as the big creature dropped gracefully back; "there's the fellow that retrieves the flying fish and rarely misses him. The tuna is the only fish that can catch his prey in the air. You see, he frightens the flying fish into the air and follows it, just beneath the surface, and when the opportunity comes makes a flying leap and sometimes seizes it; again, as now, he hits and kills it, picking it up as it falls into the water. The tuna is the sharp-eyed fish of the sea. I have seen them following the flying fish. The latter would fly directly over my boat, the tuna would go under; but the tuna would never lose sight of the flyer, and bagged it as it finally fell, exhausted, after its long, soaring flight."

APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

Alcohol for Lighting.....Sterling Herlig.....Washington Star

Alcohol is about to supersede petroleum not only in France, but all Europe. It is not only to supersede petroleum, but it promises to take the place of coal itself. Houses are to be heated by alcohol, and engines are to be driven by alcohol. As for alcohol lighting, it is already an accomplished fact. The Emperor of Germany has had the palace at Potsdam and the Thiergarten at Berlin supplied with incandescent alcohol lamps, while the new French President, Loubet, is lighting up the courtyard of the Elysée with these same extraordinary novelties of the hour.

Both the agricultural and industrial worlds are excited over this matter. Chambers of commerce and farmers' clubs are hearing lectures on the new discoveries. Never, perhaps, has such important fiscal legislation been accomplished in both France and Germany in so short a time as that—almost secured—which is to take off the last tax and obstruction from the free manufacture and sale of industrial alcohols. The distiller is at last to work for the good of humanity. His friend, the farmer, is at last to get a share of the good things of progress. The significance of this new movement to the world at large is concealed, so to speak, in the peculiar legislation which is everywhere applied to alcohol. All the discoveries and inventions imaginable must lie helpless until the iron heel of the internal revenue tax is removed from this peculiar product. Alcohol is not dear in itself. M. G. Arachequesne, secretary-general of the new association "pour l'Emploi Industriel de l'Alcohol"—the great league of distillers which, in France, is engineering the affair—has just been telling me that a few years ago in Cuba he made alcohol out of refuse molasses at an expense of less than nine francs the 100 litres. This would amount to less than eight cents a gallon. It was only done as an experiment, partly to find out what to do with the waste molasses. The alcohol could not be exported in sufficient quantities to other countries because of the taxes.

"It is the same in Louisiana," said M. Arachequesne, "where the refuse molasses is dumped into the sea; and you can imagine something of the condition of France and Germany—two countries which have no petroleum of their own—by casting a glance at the dilemma of the beet sugar agriculturists of California, Nebraska and Utah, forced to burn their waste molasses at an actual expense. There is no other way to get rid of a superfluity, which cannot be simply thrown away for fear of creating a nuisance. In all these States," continued M. Arachequesne, "where they have tried beet-sugar raising successfully or unsuccessfully. Kansas, Minnesota, California, Nebraska, Utah, Colorado and Virginia, it is a hardship to the farmer that he is not allowed to distill industrial alcohol from his waste material. But if this is a hardship, how much greater—in view of these new inventions and discoveries—must be the lot of the American farmer, with millions of bushels of Indian corn that he often finds impossible to sell?"

The conclusion of this expert is that sooner or later the United States must fall in line with the new European legislation.

France, a country utterly without petroleum and importing coal enormously, sees nothing less than her agricultural salvation in the new use of alcohol. For years they have been seeking in vain for the "national light" and the "national fuel." For years, on the other hand, the farmers have been struggling sullenly against the internal revenue laws. From beetroot, from potatoes and from divers other products they have sought to gain a profit, which they think ought to be theirs. All France may be compared to a great moonshine whisky district, watched at immense expense, where frauds and understandings take the place of violent resistance of authority. The French farmer knows all about alcohol. He wants to be his own distiller. He wants to make a double profit on his products, to have winter work for his sons, his daughters and his hired help. For long years the result has been a gradual letting down of barriers against alcoholic drinks in France, until to-day, in Paris, you can have a satisfying slug of absinthe for two cents. Naturally, the secretary-general of the "Association pour l'Emploi Industriel de l'Alcohol" is proud of his mission. To at once satisfy the farmers and the distillers and give to France her long-sought national light and fuel—all in removing a great stumbling block of morality and hygiene—is a task to be proud of. "Let Frenchmen make alcohol as they never made it before," M. Arachequesne has cried to the breathlessly interested chamber of deputies; "let France distill a hundred litres where she distills one to-day—but not to drink! The time has come! France will have alcohol—to burn." One of the chief factors in the new use of alcohol, and there are many, will undoubtedly turn out to be "carburant," a new discovery. As everybody knows, alcohol when burning disengages heat rather than light. It burns a dull blue. The carburant is nothing less than a substance which, when mixed with it, induces alcohol to give out a light of great intensity and beauty. At the same time it is said that it has the quality of obviating every danger of explosion. It is this latter virtue that is to make carburated alcohol a safe, odorless, clean, economical and energetic fuel and motive-power substance. When the carburant is added to the ordinary industrial or methylated alcohol, it changes its color, which in France is green, to a dark yellow.

The lamps resemble ordinary petroleum lamps, with wicks and chimneys. Were it not for the softness and brilliancy of the light you might imagine you were burning headlight oil. There is no sweating, no smoke or odor, either during or after combustion, and the lighting is instantaneous. The wicks never burn, so they need no trimming.

Dam Across the Nile.....Curtis Brown.....Providence Journal

Less than 350 miles northwest from Mount Sinai, to which the Lord descended in a fire and said: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,"

some months ago Queen Victoria's third son, the Duke of Connaught laid the mortar on the foundation stone for the greatest work Egypt has seen since the Pyramids were built. The structure thus begun is the dam across the Nile at Assouan, and is to be the biggest thing of the kind in the world. Comparatively little has been said about the wonderful work now going on at Assouan as fast as 5,000 workmen and an army of engineers can push it, because the scene of operations is so far away from the newspapers. It is 600 miles south from Alexandria and twenty-four hours journey by rail from Cairo. Hence it has not been generally realized that the purpose of this dam is to turn 2,500 square miles of Egypt—a district more than half the size of the State of Connecticut—from a desert into a garden so fertile that three crops a year can be raised on it. Egypt's productive capacity will be increased one-fourth, and it is said that her output of raw sugar will be at least doubled.

Lord Rosebery, who is somewhat given to epigram, once observed that "the Nile is Egypt, and Egypt is the Nile." That part of the country which has been able to keep its irrigation canals filled from the river has been phenomenally productive, and the rest of it has been more or less a desert, according to how much help it could get at odd times from Father Nile. The work of the new dam will be to store up the water from the flood season and distribute it for irrigation in new territory to build up a new Egypt. The dam will be a mile and a quarter long, and will rise straight up 300 feet from the bed of the river, creating at its back a lake of 144 miles long and, in the flood season, 66 feet deeper than nature intended. It is estimated that the reservoir thus created will hold 1,000,000,000 tons of water. There is one feature of this vast enterprise that will break the heart of the archeologist, for it seems to be certain that this practical enterprise is going to spoil the ruins of the temple of Philae, which stand on a tiny island in the river just above the dam, and within sight of it. The suggestion has been made that the temples be taken apart, stone by stone, and rebuilt near Cairo, where they would be handy for the tourist, but that would be about as great a desecration as to leave them where they are. The plans for the dam call for an imposing structure, which is to serve also as a bridge, underneath whose carriage road the water will pass through the sluices. A chain of half a dozen locks at one end of the dam will provide for the increasing river traffic.

The dam is to be built of the red granite that juts out in the little islands about which the Nile roars and tumbles down the first rapids just below the dam. It will cost somewhere near \$10,000,000, and \$6,000,000 more are to be spent in cutting canals and drains leading from the artificial lake. It is estimated that the work will increase the value of land in Egypt \$230,000,000 and the total value of the crops \$63,000,000, so it is a paying investment, so far as actual dollars and cents are concerned.

Needless Alarm During Thunderstorms.....Alexander McAdie.....Century

The keen suffering which many undergo just in advance of or during a thunderstorm is of a dual nature. The sense of impending danger alarms and

terrifies; but there is also a depression of spirits which is physical and real, brought about by some as yet unknown relation between the nervous system and conditions of air-pressure, humidity and purity. The suffering due to depression and partial exhaustion requires, from those who are strong, sympathy rather than ridicule. The suffering due to alarm and fright, however, is unnecessary. It is largely the work of the imagination. To a nervous nature there is something appalling in the wicked spiteful gleam of the lightning, and the crash and tumult of thunder. But such a one should remember that the flash is almost always far distant, and that thunder can do no more damage than the low notes of a church organ. Counting all the deaths from all the storms during a year, we find that the chance of being killed by lightning is less than one in a hundred thousand. The risk in the city may be said to be five times less than in the country. Dwellers in city houses may be startled by peals of thunder, but owing to the great spread of tin roofing and fair ground connections, there is very little danger. In the country, if buildings are adequately protected, and the momentum of the flash provided for, the occupants may feel secure. A good conductor well grounded is necessary in all isolated and exposed buildings. Barns, especially when filled with green crops, should have good lightning-conductors. The question is often asked: "Do trees protect?" The answer is that the degree of protection will vary with the character of the tree and its distance from a watercourse. An oak is more liable to lightning-stroke than a beech. The character of the wood, the area of leafage, the extent and depth of root, will determine the liability to stroke. Another question which is often asked is whether there is danger aboard a large steamship during a thunderstorm. On the contrary, there are few safer places. Sufficient metal with proper superficial area is interposed in the path of the lightning, and its electrical energy converted into harmless heat and rapidly dissipated. Accidents occur chiefly because the victims ignorantly place themselves in the line of greatest strain, and thus form part of the path of discharge. For this reason, it is not wise to stand under trees, near flagpoles or masts, in doorways, on porches, close to fireplaces, or near barns. Those who are not exposed in any of these ways may feel reasonably safe. It should be remembered, in the event of accident, that lightning does not always kill. It more often results in suspended animation than in somatic death. Therefore, in case of accident, try to restore animation, keep the body warm, and send for a physician without delay.

Making Wall Paper.....Philadelphia Times

The manufacture of wall paper is singularly interesting. First, a web of blank paper is set in a reel behind a blotching machine; two cylinders bring the free end of the paper into the machine, where a roller working in a color pan puts a large quantity of color upon the paper in blotches. Then a set of flat brushes, called jiggers, brush quickly back and forth, thus spreading the coloring matter evenly over the surface of the paper. As the paper comes from the blotching machine a workman

takes one end of it, wraps it around a stick and places the stick across two parallel endless chains, and the paper is thus carried up an incline. When eighteen feet of it has run out, the chains take up another stick that lies across them, and carry it up as they did the first stick; a third stick soon follows the second, and thus the work continues until the entire web of paper has been run out of the blotching machine.

The chains, in their working, hang the paper in loops over a system of steam pipes, and it is thus thoroughly dried before it reaches the end of the chain work, where it is again wound into web form. Wall paper designs are first sketched on paper, and then transferred to rollers of the size required. It is necessary to prepare as many rollers as there are colors in the design; thus, if the design requires printing in eight colors, eight rollers, must be prepared. When all of the rollers are ready the artist directs the rollers and each one is given a color. A workman, to whom that color has been given, takes a roller to his bench, sets it firmly in the grasp of a vise, and, with hammers, files, brass ribbons and brass rods, goes to work. Every bit of the design that is to be in green is traced out for him, and he carefully reproduces it in relief on the roller.

When his work is finished, the roller bears on its face, in raised brass, green stems, leaves, etc., and at the proper time and place will put the green coloring and shading just where the designer intended it should be. In like manner the other rollers are made ready for use, and they are then taken to a press that has a large cylinder of the width of ordinary wall paper. There are grooves around the sides and bottom of this cylinder, into which are fitted the rods on the ends of the rollers, and when in position, the faces of the rollers just touch the cylinder. An endless cloth band comes to each of the rollers from below, each band works in a color pan, which contains, in liquid form, the coloring matter to be carried on the roller to which the band belongs. Each roller is placed in such position that the part of the design upon it will strike exactly in the spot necessitated by the relative position of the other rollers. When all is ready the paper that has passed through the blotching machine is placed between the cylinder and the first roller, the cylinder and the rollers revolve rapidly, and soon the paper is beautifully printed. At each of the endless cloth bands there is a steel scraper called a doctor, and it is the doctor's duty to prevent too much liquid from the other pans from getting on the rollers.

The wall paper press throws off ten rolls of paper a minute, and each roll contains sixteen yards. It is said that stamped paper for walls was first manufactured in Holland about the year 1555. Some of the very costly wall paper in use nowadays is beautifully embossed and hand-painted.

Fires in Metalliferous Mines.....John E. Bennett.....Lippincott's

Divers phenomena are noticeable in connection with deep-mine fires, and among the most prominent are those affecting ventilation. It has been discovered that a fire above the opening of a mine, as the burning of a shaft-house, will draw all the air out of the lower recesses, and will at once smother all the life there is below. This was shown at the

fire at the Hayden Hill Mine in Lassen County, California, in which such a condition was presented. There were two men in the mine at the bottom of a 200-foot shaft. They knew the shaft-house was on fire, for the rope which connected the bucket with the drum of the hoist above burned off and fell to the bottom. They coiled the rope up in the bucket, knowing as they did so that their fate was sealed. Then they went up in the mine and crawled into the highest stope, doubtless hoping that enough air might remain there to support their lives. Their dead bodies were found in this chamber after the shaft-house had been consumed. The pathos of their situation was increased when it was discovered that at the time of their death they were within four feet of the top of the ground, and that a few strokes of the pick through the earth which roofed their enclosure, and which they could easily have reached, would have made an opening through which they might have obtained pure air. And the fact that fire above will draw the life-sustaining air from below, even when the air is abundantly pumped into the apartments beneath the fire, was fully and with fatal results demonstrated in the great conflagration which occurred on the Comstock Lode in 1869. The fire started in the 800-foot level of the Yellow Jacket Mine, and was caused by the timber catching from a lighted candle. It was not discovered until charred logs broke beneath the weight of the crumbling roof, and unsupported rock fell with a crash, choking up the gallery and expelling a blast of foul air and smoke through connecting drifts into the shafts of the Crown Point and Kentuck Mines, which were on the same lead of ore as was the Yellow Jacket. John Murphy, station man of the 800-foot level of the Yellow Jacket, heard a roar like the bellow of wind rolling through the drift, and saw fifteen lights in the station go out at once. He was stifled by the foul blast and fell down; but he managed to get into the cage, though he lost consciousness before he reached the top of the shaft. When he regained his senses he recollected that at the moment he fell he heard a voice in a level below him crying, "Murphy, send me a cage; I am suffocating."

As the deadly carbonic oxide gas rushed through the various channels of the mine, men were thrown down and were asphyxiated before any attempt at rescuing them could possibly have been gotten under way. The insidious gas expels the air, often imperceptibly to the victim. The first warning he has of his danger is usually the burning low and finally the extinguishment of his candle. While the light is fading he becomes conscious of a sense of dizziness, then a pain affects him in the region of the liver, and this is followed by an oppression upon the chest, as though there were some inert foreign fluid filling the lungs which he could not raise. This feeling does not continue long; he succumbs to unconsciousness, and if he is not speedily removed or provided with air, death quickly ensues. Men rescued from these horrors are temporarily demented; they gasp and laugh, or cry, shout, stagger and sprawl in the most terrible of intoxications. Indeed, many of those gotten above ground while unconscious do not recover, the poison having taken too deep a hold.

TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES RECALLED

The Nautilus and the Ammonite.....Richardson

The Nautilus and the Ammonite
Were launched in storm and strife;
Each sent to float in its tiny boat
On the wide wild sea of life.

And each could swim on the ocean's brim,
And anon its sails could furl;
And sink to sleep in the great sea-deep,
In a palace all of pearl.

And theirs was bliss more fair than this
That we feel in a colder clime;
For they were rife in a tropic life,
In a brighter, happier time.

They swam mid isles whose summer smiles
No wintry winds annoy;
Whose groves were palm, whose air was balm,
Whose life was only joy.

They sailed all day through creek and bay,
And traversed the ocean deep;
And at night they sank on a coral bank,
In its fairy bowers to sleep.

And the monsters vast of ages past
They beheld in their ocean caves;
They saw them ride in their power and pride,
And sink in their deep sea graves.

Thus hand in hand, from strand to strand,
They sailed in mirth and glee;
Those fairy shells, with their crystal cells,
Twin creatures of the sea.

But they came at last to a sea long past;
And, as they reached its shore,
Th' Almighty's breath spake out in death,
And the Ammonite lived no more.

So the Nautilus now, in its shelly prow,
As o'er the deep it strays,
Still seems to seek, in bay and creek,
Its companion of other days.

And thus do we, on life's stormy sea,
As we roam from shore to shore,
While tempest-tossed, seek the loved, the lost,
But find them on earth no more.

Yet the hope how sweet, again to meet,
As we look to a distant strand,
Where heart meets heart, and no more we part,
Who meet in that better land.

Lament of the Irish Emigrant.....Lady Dufferin

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'ning for the words
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here;

But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But, oh! they love thee better still,
The few our Father sends;
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride;
There's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength had gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it, for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more.

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true;
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair.

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I'll see the little stile
Where we sat side by side;
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

The Second Place.....Susan M. Spalding

Unto my loved ones have I given all;
The tireless service of my willing hands,
The strength of swift feet running to their call,
Each pulse of this fond heart whose love commands
The busy brain unto their use; each grace,
Each gift, the flower and fruit of life. To me
They give with gracious hearts, and tenderly.

The second place.

Such joy as my glad service may dispense,
They spend to make some brighter life more blest;
The grief that comes despite my frail defence,
They seek to soothe upon a dearer breast.
Love veils his deepest glories from my face;
I dimly dream how fair the light may be
Beyond the shade where I hold, longingly,

The second place.

And yet 'tis sweet to know that though I make
No soul's supremest bliss, no life shall lie
Ruined and desolated for my sake,
Nor any heart be broken when I die.
And sweet it is to see my little space
Grow wider hour by hour; and gratefully
I thank the tender fate that granteth me

The second place.

AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

EDITED BY ROBERT BLIGHT.

Under the new régime in botany we recognize many analogies between plants and animals. We no longer regard the plants as so many mere congeries of cells, but we look upon them as living things, daily progressing in what is truly called "the mystery of life." In connection with them we talk about absorption, transpiration, assimilation and respiration. We speak of them as eating and drinking, and now it is the fashion to add "sleeping." In the following extract from an article by Grant Allen we have the words of a true scientist on this phase of plant-life:

Plants That Go to Sleep.....The Strand Magazine

"Plants sleep almost as truly as animals. To be sure, their sleep is a trifle less obtrusive—plants never snore; but it is quite real for all that, and its reality can be shown, as I hope to show it here. Perhaps the best-marked form of slumber in the vegetable world is that of the great winter rest, when so many species retire altogether under the sheltering soil, and there lie dormant, side by side with the slumbering animals. How does the long winter rest of animals differ, after all, from the winter rest of the crocus or the hyacinth, which withdraw all the living material from their leaves in autumn, and bury themselves inches deep in the soil in the shape of a bulb, till February rains or April suns tempt leaves and flowers out again? The whole vast class of bulbous and tuberous plants indeed—the lilies, orchids, daffodils, narcissi, tulips, squills, bluebells and snowdrops—are they not just hibernating creatures, which retire underground in autumn with the slugs and the queen wasps, to reappear in spring about the same time with the return to upper air of the moles, the tortoises and the fritillary butterflies?

"In the case of pond plants and pond animals, in particular, this close similarity of habit is especially evident. The frogs and newts betake themselves to the depths before the surface freezes over; at the same time, when the whirligig beetles and the tapering pond-snails go below to hibernate, the buds of the frogbit and the growing shoots of the curled pondweed similarly detach their ends from the dying stems so as to bury themselves safely in the unfrozen mud of the oozy bottom. But it may not strike everyone that much the same sort of winter sleep, for plants as for animals, is common on land, too. Does not the tree fall asleep till the succeeding summer? Remember, the protoplasm or living matter in the green leaves is withdrawn before they fall into the vital layer just below the bark; and there it sleeps away the winter, protected by its overcoat of corklike material from the fierce frosts that would otherwise kill it. Indeed, it is only the dead skeleton of the leaf that drops on the ground; the life remains and hides in the trunk or branches. One may say roughly that almost all trees and shrubs or perennial herbs hibernate, become dormant in winter; but some of them conceal their living protoplasm in bulbs or tubers, which they bury underground, while others store it in the stem or trunk, wrapped warmly up in a vegetable blanket. Even evergreens sleep, though unobtrusively; that is to say, their life is really suspended more or less during the winter months, though the living ma-

terial is then exposed in the leaves, instead of being withdrawn into the bark or into a bulb or tuber.

"But besides this yearly winter sleep or hibernation a great many plants also sleep every night; in other words, they suspend more or less their usual activities, and devote themselves to rest and recuperation. But some leaves sleep more conspicuously than others. The cases in which you can see that they sleep, by their folding themselves up, are those of plants with thin and delicate foliage, where the leaves or leaflets gain mutual protection against radiation and cold by putting themselves, so to speak, two layers thick. Very dainty spring foliage shows sleep most obviously; very thick and coarse leaves sleep without folding; they have warmth enough or glassy covering enough to resist injury. Here again we can see the analogy between the nightly and the winter sleep; thin leaved trees shed their leaves in the autumn; thick-leaved kinds retain them unshed through the entire winter.

"The sleep of flowers is even more conspicuous and more readily aroused than the sleep of leaves. Blossoms are delicate and much exposed. Foliage for the most part sleeps by night only; but flowers take casual naps now and again when danger looms in the daytime. This is only what one might expect, for the flower is usually the part of the plant which does the most varied external business and holds the most specialized intercourse with the rest of nature. Hence it may have to wake or sleep in accordance with the convenience of the outer world. The rule with flowers is this: They open the shop when customers are most likely to drop in; they shut it when there is nobody about, and when valuable goods like honey and pollen run a risk of getting damaged.

"Most plants and most animals sleep by night and wake by day. But there are, of course, a number of kinds, both in the animal and vegetable world, which find it pays them best to be nocturnal. Day is the time when most enemies are about, therefore, to get the better of the enemies, it may be well to sleep by day and turn out in the twilight. Now, plants, like animals, have followed the general fashion of producing nocturnal types, wherever the circumstances rendered it desirable for them to do so. The night-flying moths are in many cases honey-eaters, therefore they may be utilized as carriers of pollen by any enterprising plant that chooses to lay itself out for securing their services. So a great many flowers have taken the hint and laid themselves out for this twilight blossoming. There are a large number of night-flowering plants. All are pure white, and all are heavily scented with very similar perfumes. Moreover (and this is a curious coincidence), none of them have any streaks, spots or lines on their petals. The reason is simple. Such streaks or lines are always honey-guides, to lead the insect straight to the nectary. Day insects see such lines and are greatly influenced by them; but at night they would be useless, so their place is taken by scent and by deep tubes, which make a dark spot near the centre of the blossom. What

night flowers need most is a bright, white surface which will reflect all the small light they can get; and this, I suspect, they sometimes supplement by a faint phosphorescence."

The above extract fits in admirably with a former article in *Current Literature*, in which Mr. John Burroughs was quoted as advocating a closer acquaintance with the habits of the creation immediately around us. A love for plants does not necessitate a knowledge of some moss from Japan. We may well "take heart of grace," for, although we may not be systematic botanists, we may be accurate observers. And it is well to remember that there is a wondrous fascination about the love of plants. It was this which drew so many of the poets into the fields and woods. Here is a pretty conceit, not often met with, by Horace Smith, only to be appreciated by one who habitually frequents the places where the flowers grow:

"Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields and ever ringeth
A call to prayer."

Mr. Grant Allen has shown how observation has led to the knowledge of the sleep of plants. Here we give another extract showing the self-protection of plants:

Self-Protection in Plants.....Chicago News

"In the dry South African region, where every green thing gets nibbled down in the rainless season, certain ice-plants and milk-weeds have the trick of forming tubers or stems exactly like the pebbles among which they grow, so that when the leaves die down in the dry weather the tubers are not to be seen apart from the stones. These tubers carry the plant over till the next rainy season.

"Plants protect themselves by terrifying attitudes just as do insects. One of the uses of the movements of the sensitive plant is to frighten animals. A venturesome, browsing creature coming near it is afraid to touch a plant which so evidently is occupied by spirits. The squirting cucumber of the Mediterranean alarms goats and cattle by discharging its ripe fruits explosively in their faces the moment the stem is touched. The cucumbers contain a pungent juice, which discharges itself into the eye of its opponent, and the smarting sensation which results is hard to bear. The dainty Grass of Parnassus is beautiful but dishonest. It is a bog herb, and has glossy green leaves and pure white blossoms, and is supposed to be the poet's flower. Its milk-white flowers are among the loveliest in England, yet they are deceivers. The drops of honey which bees and insects fancy they see inside the petals are solid, glassy imitations of honey, which fool the busy gatherers who are lured in this way that they may carry off the pollen to other blossoms."

It is curious to compare the modern manner of attributing personality to the plants with that of primitive times, when spirits were supposed to reside in each:

Folk-Lore of the Shamrock.....Home Journal

"Every Irish home, mansion or hovel has its garden, and often a winsome bit of shamrock is found there, or hidden amid the purple and white woodbine roots that cover house wall, roof and eaves with their climbing. Shamrock is the generic name in Irish and Gaelic for trefoils. White clover seems to be the popular native idea of the flower, and, as Ireland's national, heraldic emblem, it ranks equally in history with England's rose or Scotland's thistle.

It is often confounded with the yellow clover, but the spiral form of the pods is a distinguishing feature, and, like wood-sorrell or bird's foot trefoil, it is a plant with three leaflets.

"Wood-sorrel in Italian is called 'Alleluia,' and many of the Italian painters, from Fra Angelico down, placed the plant and its flower in the foreground of their crucifixion pictures. The purple-hued blossoms were supposed to have taken their color from the blood of Christ. The Welsh call these lovely white, purple-veined flowers 'Fairy bells,' and the country people believe that the elves ring them for moonlight dance and revelry. Yellow trefoil is the plant sold mostly in Dublin on St. Patrick's day. Old women and flower girls cry out: 'Buy my shamrocks! buy my shamrocks!' and all little children have Patrick's crosses pinned to their sleeves; but the common white clover is oftenest called the Irish shamrock. The oxalis shares with it, however, the credit, and exotic specimens have white, yellow, rose-colored, crimson and variegated flowers.

"According to the legend, St. Patrick, while teaching the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish, used this plant with its three leaves upon one stem to illustrate the great mystery, and it was thereafter worn as a badge, and finally adopted as an emblem. On March 17 the small white clover is worn in the hat all over Ireland. It is a singular circumstance that the trefoil in Arabic is called 'Shamrakh,' and was held sacred in Iran as symbolical of the Persian Triads. Pliny, in his *Natural History*, also asserts that serpents are never seen upon trefoil, and it is considered potent against the stings of snakes and scorpions. Considering St. Patrick's connection with snakes, this is somewhat remarkable, and it may reasonably be assumed that, previous to his arrival, the Irish had invested the shamrock or trefoil with certain virtues, and imagined that some strange suitableness in the already sacred plant shadowed forth the newly revealed doctrine of the Trinity.

"This 'wearing of the green' by 'all those whose hearts are true,' commemorates the landing of St. Patrick near Wicklow in the beginning of the fourth century of the Christian era. The event is a favorite inspiration to all Irish bards. The Irish Druids held the shamrock in great repute, and believed it to be a charm against witchcraft, and the ancients portrayed hope as a little child on tip-toe, holding one of these flowers in his hand. From the earliest times this plant has been connected with the heroes of antiquity and mythological gods, and later with saints of the church. The Germans long regarded the clover as sacred, and the ancient Greeks used it profusely in their festivals. A leaf of four-leaved clover in the Middle Ages pre-supposed detection of evil spirits, or, dropped into a person's shoe, it assured a safe return from a journey. It was also said to have cured disease and lunacy. Many Irish still regard the shamrock as magical, and believe that, if the dew upon it be drunk of a morning before the sun is up, it will insure one's happiness all day. Often a sprig is stuck over the doorway 'to keep Ould Nick away o' nights.' It has had a bearing on heraldry as well as on popular belief, and, though it is a much disputed

point whether the clover or the wood-sorrel is the genuine shamrock of St. Patrick, it is the clover which is the 'club' of the pack of cards, the same figure being called trefle in France."

The step from the sentimental to the speculative is a vast one. The extract quoted below shows how the most mischievous and mad kind of speculation may be connected with such innocent things as the bulbs of plants. The incident to which it refers is one of the strangest in the whole history of commercial "bubbles." Tulipomania did not extend over the whole of Europe, but was confined mainly to the Netherlands, and rose to its height in the years 1634-1637. We are indebted to an author named Munting for information on the subject, who, being the son of a merchant engaged in the trade, had special opportunities for examining its methods and results. The speculative trade was indulged in by "the first noblemen, citizens of every description, mechanics, seamen, farmers, turf-diggers, chimney-sweeps, footmen, maid-servants and old clothes women, etc." At first every one won and no one lost. Some of the poorest people gained in a few months houses, coaches and horses, and figured away like the first characters in the land. It was not necessary to have the bulbs "in stock." You could buy and sell roots you might never set eyes upon, nay, which never existed. The plan of the gambling was this: A purchaser would go to a seller and agree for a certain bulb to be delivered in six months' time for a thousand florins. During the six months the price of the bulb might fluctuate or stand still. If the price at the end of six months stood at fifteen hundred florins, the seller paid the purchaser five hundred florins; if the price had fallen to eight hundred, the purchaser paid the seller two hundred. If it stood at the price agreed upon they cried "quits," for no one ever thought of delivering in bulbs, or of receiving them. So much has been said to throw light on the great commercial speculation referred to in the quotation:

The Black Tulip.....Collier's Weekly

"Thirty thousand dollars is more than we should care to pay for a pink. But, perhaps, the carnation for which a Boston florist paid that amount was the pink of perfection. In which case it was cheap at twice the money. In any event, the transaction recalls the high figures which tulips once fetched. At Haarlem in one year the sales aggregated 10,000,000 florins. Holland went tulip mad. The bulbs were quoted on the Stock Exchange. Ownership in them was divided into shares. Speculators sold them short. At one time more were sold than existed. Young men of family treated them as other young men have treated actresses, and on them squandered their substance. At Lille a brewer sold his trade and good-will in exchange for a bulb, which was thereafter known as the Brewery Tulip. In Amsterdam a father gave one by way of dower with his child. Thereafter the variety was known as the Marriage-of-my-daughter. At Rotterdam a hungry sailor, happening on a few, mistook them for onions and ate them up. The repast became as famous as Cleopatra's pearl lunch, and probably exceeded it in cost. At The Hague a poor fellow managed to raise a black tulip. The rumor of that vegetable marvel spread. Presently he was visited by a deputation from a syndicate. For that ewe lamb of his the deputation offered 1,000 florins, which he refused. He was offered 10,000 florins. Still he refused. Cascades of gold pieces were poured before his resisting eyes. Finally, tormented and tempted, he succumbed. There and then the deputation trampled that tulip under their feet. Afterward it

appeared that the syndicate had already grown a gem precisely similar, and, unable to bear the idea that a rival existed, had authorized the deputation, if needful, to offer ten times the amount which it paid. When the poor fellow heard that, he took to his bed and died. On the subject of that flower a man wrote a novel, which Dumas signed, and which he swore he never had read and never would. Meanwhile Tulipomania reached such proportions that the Government had to interfere."

The following passage is given, not because Current Literature accepts the conclusions, but merely to show what pleasure, and, indeed, profit, may come from experiment and observation among the plants. As for the history of the garden strawberry, it involves more species than one, and there is more history connected with it than the taking of the Chilian strawberry to Europe by Captain Frezier.

How Strawberries are Made.....The Independent

"At one time I planted roots of wild strawberries which I received from Oregon. I gave them a warm and pleasant knoll in the backyard, and they grew and thrived. I had photographed the plants before they were set, and had taken botanical specimens from them. I made similar records after the plants became established in their new quarters. At the end of two years, I found that the distinguishing ancestral marks had disappeared.

"A hundred and fifty years ago a strange strawberry made its appearance in the gardens of Europe. Some persons said that it came from South America, and others that it came from North America; but nobody knew its history. Botanists considered it a good species, and it was named 'Fragaria grandiflora.' This plant is known to have been the parent of our common garden strawberries. Now, this strawberry of mine, taken from the woods of Oregon, turned into 'Fragaria grandiflora' in two years. In Oregon it is known to botanists as 'Fragaria Chiloensis.'

"The simple experiment of mine has enabled me to, as I verily believe, reconstruct the genealogy of the garden strawberry. It is a modification of the Chilian strawberry, introduced into Europe by Captain Frezier, in 1712. The unnoticed modification of this strawberry under cultivation had added one more species to the infinitude of species; but my accidental discovery that the species actually the result of modification has stricken that species from the lists, and grandiflora must be regarded as a variety of Chiloensis.

"To me the best proof that small differences widen into great ones is the fact that I saw this result in my strawberry. I see it now as it grew on the sunny knoll—at first a squat, blue-leaved, short-trussed, densely hairy, bashful plant just brought from the wilds of Oregon; then, the second year, a little more erect, the leaves thinner and more delicate, and a more confident and aspiring attitude; and the third year, a tall-growing, green-leaved, high-trussed, thinly hairy plant, with ambitions to rival the garden strawberry. I began with 'Fragaria Chiloensis,' but ended with 'Fragaria grandiflora,' and I had the very same plants—the identical roots—to end with that I had to begin with, for I had sown no seeds and had not even transplanted the plants."

ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

Animals That Use Tools.....James Weir.....Scientific American

Those who maintain that the lower animals, the sub-human families, in all manifestations of intelligence, are governed and directed solely and wholly by instinct, assert that such creatures never make use of tools. Yet, of these observers, even the most careless and most casual have, doubtless, time and again witnessed the use of tools by animals, though they may have failed to recognize it as such.

The spider which seeks out a pebble and anchors her web with it in order to hold it taut, or to keep it from being blown away by the wind, clearly makes use of a tool; the pebble in this instance is as much a tool as an iron anchor fashioned by the hand of man would be to human beings under analogous circumstances.

Professor E. H. Webber, the famous anatomist and physiologist, writes as follows:

"A spider had stretched its web between two posts standing opposite each other, and had fastened it to a plant below for a third point. But as the attachment below was often broken by the garden work, by passers-by, and in other ways, the little animal extricated itself from the difficulty by spinning its web round a little stone, and fastened this to the lower part of its web, swinging freely, and so to draw the web down by its weight instead of fastening it in this direction by a connecting thread."

Several years ago I was greatly worried by black ants, which had discovered some specimens (bird skins) on a table, and which they had attacked and were removing piecemeal. I made four circles of tar on as many squares of brown paper and placed one of these squares beneath each leg of the table, so that the legs were encircled by the tar. This seemed to stop the ravages of the little thieves for several days, but eventually I again found them on the skins busily engaged in removing bits of flesh. On examination, I discovered that they had brought in grains of sand from the street and had constructed a bridge or dike across the tar with these miniature blocks of stone. So very wonderful was this intelligent act that I called in my friend, Dr. R. O. Cowling, professor of surgery in the University of Louisville, to witness it. I removed the circle which had been bridged by the ants and substituted a fresh square. We then saw the ants bring sand grains from the street and construct another bridge.

Reaumer, in his *L'Histoire des Insects*, says that Cardinal Fleury told him that he saw ants on one occasion build a bridge of earth across some bird lime which had been spread on a tree; on another occasion the Cardinal saw these intelligent little architects build a floating bridge across a vessel of water surrounding the bottom of an orange tree tub. They used wood in the construction of this bridge, thus showing that they were aware of the nature of the material necessary to make their bridge a success; also, that they possessed no small engineering skill. Still more wonderful is the account of Dr. Ellendorf, who writes that the ants which he observed bridged a saucer of water with

a straw. He had placed the legs of a cupboard in saucers of water, thus, for a few days, preventing the ravages of the ants. Finally, however, they again gained access to the cupboard and were as bad as ever. On examination, he found a straw in one of the saucers which lay obliquely across the edge of the vessel and touched the leg of the cupboard; the ants were using the straw for a bridge. "I now pushed the straw about an inch away from the cupboard leg," writes Dr. Ellendorf, "and immediately a terrible confusion arose. In a moment the leg immediately over the water was covered with hundreds of ants, feeling for the bridge in every direction with their antennæ, running back again and coming in ever larger swarms, as though they had communicated to their comrades within the cupboard the fearful misfortune that had taken place. Meanwhile the newcomers continued to run along the straw, and not finding the leg of the cupboard, the greatest perplexity arose. They hurried round the edge of the saucer, and soon found out where the fault lay. With united forces they quickly pulled and pushed at the straw, until it again came into contact with the leg of the cupboard, and the communication was again restored."

In this instance the ants were quick to seize on material ready to hand; they found in the straw a ready-made and most efficacious bridge. They clearly showed that they recognized it as such, by replacing it when the doctor moved it away from the cupboard leg.

Some of the higher animals, such as the monkey and the elephant, on occasions make as intelligent use of tools as men would under similar or like circumstances. A Capuchin monkey, which I owned for several years, was given some walnuts. He tried to crack the nuts with his teeth, but they proved to be too hard. He then seized a stone which happened to be lying near on the pavement, and, holding the nut with one paw, he brought the stone down on it with the other, thus effectually laying bare the longed-for kernels. An Ateles, the property of Mr. Paul Deviney, of St. Louis, not only cracks nuts with a hammer, but also uses a "picker" in extracting the kernels. I have seen him do this time and again, and have often admired his skill and dexterity. Some monkeys are fully aware of the properties of the lever and of the advantage of leverage. In 1882 I saw a monkey at the Fair Grounds, in St. Louis, Mo., which would pry apart the bars of his cage with a stick. When I gave him my cane he would examine it carefully, as if mentally testing its strength; he would then place it between the bars at just the right spot, and swing back on it with all his might. When he had sprung the bars apart he would squeeze through and "go on a prowl." Reugger, the German biologist and naturalist, describes a monkey which would "employ a stick wherewith to pry up the lid of a chest, which was too heavy for the animal to raise otherwise." In 1889 there was on exhibition in New York a very large and intelligent hog-nose monkey. This animal was confined by itself, though there was a door between its cage and the one next

to it. This door could be easily opened by the monkey, but a spring governed it in such manner that it would close unless held open. The hog-nose was a sociable individual, and was very fond of visiting its neighbors. It could not bear, however, having the door closed on it, thus shutting it out from its own particular domicile, so it evolved the ingenious trick of chocking the door with a pan whenever it went calling! It would open the door, then place the pan in such a position that it could not swing to! One day I removed the pan, and the monkey's dismay and uneasiness was very plainly manifested until I restored it.

The Debauches of Bees.....New York Sun

"The bee's alleged perfection of policy and government has been the theme of laudation for centuries," said a well-known California apiarist, "but truth compels me to say that this insect is not the paragon of virtue and industry she is universally supposed to be, and many are her tumbles from the lofty moral perch. I use the female gender advisedly. The drone is the male of the bee tribe. The favorite relaxation of the bee is to abandon her moral attitude altogether and go off on a spree. I have seen bees so drunk that they could not fly, and in a condition of mental and physical paralysis, due to their copious imbibing, which would have killed one of your Bowery toppers with envy.

"It is a very common thing on a California bee farm to find the transgressing honey-makers staggering about on the tops of flowers or writhing about in the dust of roads, and performing all the absurd antics of a rum-dazed man. If the finger of scorn is laid upon an intoxicated bee, no resentment, as conveyed by stings, will be manifested, the backslider contenting herself with striking out weakly with legs and wings. Picked up and permitted to crawl upon the naked palm of a human hand, she will reel about in sinuous curves, buzzing drowsily and flourishing her impotent legs in an idiotic fashion most painful for the enthusiastic exploiter of her virtues and rectitude to behold. Or, again, when found in the early stages of drunkenness, the bee will get upon her hind legs, actually perform a sort of eccentric dance, beating time to her irregular measures with her other legs. Recovering somewhat from her debauch, and conscience-flayed, the little drunkard will strike out for home, and then it is really a pathetic, if rather ludicrous, sight her efforts present. Blinded and, no doubt, racked with pain by her excesses, she mounts into the air, instinctively finds her bearings, and then sails slowly away. But it is impossible to follow the usual undeviated bee-line, and she circles and whirls about like a rudderless ship, dropping down to rest and recover her senses upon some convenient flower a dozen times before the goal is reached."

"Can a bee get drunk on the nectar of flowers?" asked the reporter.

"Possibly," returned the apiarist. "The saccharine secretions of some flowers by no means compose a teetotal drink. Honey varies greatly in quality, some being downright poisonous, as you know, perhaps. To refer to a remote historical

period, when Xenophon's warriors ate the honey they discovered in the country of the Colchians, those who consumed a very little were made stupidly drunk, while those who made gluttons of themselves were driven mad. This result has been attributed to the fact that the flowers from which the bees gathered the honey were rhododendrons, like swamp honeysuckles, for example, so there can be no doubt that the honey of certain flowers found in the United States has an intoxicating effect on bees. Then, too, honey may be changed into alcohol. Germs of fermentation are always floating about in the air, and may settle down in the honey cups which are frequented by bees. The sweet juices are converted into alcohol, and the bee inclined to go off on a bat finds these transformed cups well-equipped groceries.

A Singing Ape.....Philadelphia Times

"I heard with astonishment the wou-wou ("hylobates agilis"), captive at the Zoölogical Gardens, emit the rising and falling scale of semi-tones throughout the octave. . . . They alone among brute mammals may be said to sing."

So wrote the great English anatomist, Richard Owen, of one species of the gibbon apes, and the curious in such matters may verify the statement at the present time in the Detroit Zoo, provided the wou-wou is pleased with his audience and finds himself in tuneful mood. This is rarely the case, however. But the fact is nevertheless true, and the curious cry of this ape—woo-wut, woo-ut, woo-ut, wut-wut-wut, wut-wut-wut, steadily rising in the scale—is the most extraordinary sound emitted by any of the lower mammals. Perhaps by reason of youth the musical education of our own wou-wou has not been completed, and the descending scale appears to be beyond his ken; but up to the highest point his performance is faultless, when, as aforesaid, he is in the humor.

Strange and melancholy animals are the gibbons, seemingly impressed, anthropoids as they are, with the extreme remoteness of their relationship to man, and possibly jealous of the orang-outang and the gorilla and the rest of them who are so much nearer to the main stem of the family tree. They are the smallest, longest of limb and most tree-loving of all the manlike apes. Systematic zoölogists consider that there are seven or eight species of gibbons, but, as a matter of fact, the young ones change so much in color as they grow to maturity, and we know so little of what those changes are, and the adults, furthermore, vary so much in the same locality, that it is very uncertain whether the species should be two or twenty. One of them, at least, the siamang, of Sumatra, differs from all the others, for he is three feet tall—a foot or so more than the rest—and is as black as Beelzebub, and while quite without skill as a vocalist, he owns a huge laryngeal sac, by way of a sound reflector, and is said to rival the famous howling monkeys of South America, in power of voice, at least. They come from all over the Indian region—Eastern India, Siam, the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, Java, Borneo and eastward to the Sulu Archipelago, almost to our new possessions, the Philippines, and everywhere their habits are much the same. Gen-

erally, they live in great forests and almost wholly among the trees, where they show prodigious activity in swinging forty or fifty feet from branch to branch, in much the manner of a flying trapeze performer. They eat fruit, leaves, insects, birds' eggs and probably lizards and birds as well, for one which was kept many years ago at the Zoölogical Garden in London, in a very large apartment, swung itself twenty feet from one shelf to another, catching on the wing a bird which was at liberty in the room, which it proceeded to devour.

The mother gibbon has the instincts of her sex strongly developed, and carries her one baby around with her for many months. It is even said, though at this moment not to be vouched for, that she often takes it down to the waterside and performs the matutinal act of washing its face, a fact which, if true, may be adduced as evidence that all human races, or indeed individuals, have not in all respects progressed upward in the race of evolution.

Sawfish and Swordfish.....Frank T. Bullen.....London Leader

Between the sawfish and the swordfish the only points of similarity that exist are that both are fish and both bear a weapon on their heads. Beyond these common features the two creatures are essentially unlike; and I have often been amused by people pointing out with an air of pride a huge "sword," as they have called it, suspended in some conspicuous place on their walls, and by their informing me with an air of wisdom that this is the weapon with which ships' bottoms are often pierced and thereby many lives are lost. These "saws" are very plentiful in East India ports, where they form one of the regular stock articles of the curio dealers—so plentiful, in fact, that for a rupee a very fine specimen may be purchased. They consist of a broad blade of cartilage (of which the whole skeleton of a shark is composed), and are studded on both edges with short, sharp teeth at regular intervals. The end of the weapon, however, is thickened, being far more like a snout than a point, and is withal so soft that the most cursory glance should convince anybody that as a thrusting implement it must be worse than useless.

As a matter of fact, the shark to which it belongs uses it in quite a different fashion. From the fact of his teeth being very small, although exceedingly numerous, he is compelled to feed upon soft matter, and he therefore supplies his need by the disagreeable practice of disemboweling other fish and feeding upon the entrails. This he does by gliding beneath them and drawing his saw across their bellies in workmanlike fashion, after which he is able to proceed with his meal and leave the rest of the body to the other sea scavengers that are sure to be in the vicinity.

The swordfish, on the other hand, is really a gigantic mackerel, dividing pretty evenly the honor of being chief of the Scombridae with the huge albacore, or deep-sea tunny. Its weapon is a solid spear of bone, sometimes reaching two feet in length, an elongation of the upper jaw which tapers to a keen point. These weapons are an exceedingly rare possession, very seldom seen except in museums, and then generally found on exhibition

just as they have been sawed out of some ship's timbers. In the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, London, may be seen one of these bony javelins transfixing an oaken beam more than six inches in thickness, giving those who see it a very fair idea of the truly tremendous force with which the blow was delivered.

Now, it has never been my lot to be attacked by a swordfish, I am happy to say, though I have witnessed several examples of their prowess. But on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion I saw a swordfish come signally to grief through making the mistake of attacking that monarch of the deep, a sperm whale. The big mackerel had joined himself unto a pair of "killers," Orca gladiator, the trio being indeed a formidable syndicate for attack. It fell to the xiphias to lead off, and he did so by launching himself, like a torpedo, straight for the whale's most vulnerable part, just abaft the pectoral fin. But the cachalot, like a wary old warrior, just swerved the least bit in the world, meeting the blow upon the almost impenetrable mass of his head. It took effect just before the whale's eye, ripping a white streak diagonally upward, but spending its force in the air above, while the great, lithe body of the xiphias glided helplessly over the whale's head. As it fell the whale gave a sideways writhe, catching his hapless assailant between his vast jaws and shearing that unwise creature into two portions. Sundry slight movements followed on the part of the whale, the result of which was the disappearance of what had so recently been a terrible sea monster down the cavernous throat of his intended victim.

On another occasion we witnessed the rush of a xiphias past the sheltering bulk of a cow humpback and the simultaneous disappearance of her calf, impaled upon the lethal sword. The great mackerel sped on like a long shadow, leaving the bereaved mother frantically searching for the youngling, which she would never see again. The rush of a swordfish is a thing to see once and never forget. It hurls itself into the midst of a school of fish, each individual of which nearly approaches the enemy in size, and often in that fearful rush will split asunder two or even three of its frightened victims.

It appears to slay from sheer lust of slaughter, for it is quite impossible that a fish of this size (the largest example ever seen was not fifteen feet long, and of quite slender girth) could ever eat a tithe of the fish he destroys. No other fish seems to be endowed with such relentless ferocity, although all fish prey upon one another, making the deep, wide sea one vast battlefield, where warfare knows no truce from age to age. The killers mentioned above are quite as savage, but they are not fish; they are whales, warm-blooded mammals who are the terror of their own congeners.

The swordfish has some small imitators in the garfish of our own coasts and the billfish of the tropics. These, however, are of two different species, the former more nearly approaching his giant prototype, having an elongated upper jaw, which he doubtless uses for the same deadly purpose among much smaller fish. The billfish somewhat resembles a mullet, and has the lower jaw elongated instead of the upper.

SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN *

—Flossie—Mamma, I want some water to christen my doll. Mamma—No, dear, it is wrong, you know. Flossie—Well, then, I want some wax to waxinate her. She's old enough now to have something done to her.

—Danny's father, who is a farmer and stock-grower, took several carloads of hogs, reared on his own farm, to Chicago, where he sold them to the great pork-packing firm of Armour & Co. While in Chicago Danny's father received the following letter from the little boy: "Dere papa: Did you see Mr. Armor kill the big fat hog with the black tale and didn't he think it was a busster? I was sorry to see the hogs leave the farm and you most of all. Your loving son, DANNY."

—A little niece of Sol Smith Russell, who has great faith in him, while walking with him one day on the slippery pavement, asked him to run home, so she could sooner open the box of candy he carried under his arm. He was averse to breaking his bones and declined most emphatically, whereupon her craving for candy being unabated, she said: "Please, Lord, oh, please make Uncle Sol wun." "It was not the Lord alone who heard that innocent prayer," Sol subsequently reported. "What was I to do? But one thing, and that was to preserve that innocent child's faith as best I could. The Lord answered that prayer instantly. He put it into my heart to run. And run I did,—never ran faster or more easily in my life. Taking that child by the hand I started off like the wind, and through the crowd and over icy pavements we sped swiftly and securely. No doubt people wondered what ailed that funny man with the child, but I didn't care. I was helping to answer a prayer just then, and when we reached home I was glad that I had been an instrument in strengthening that little one's faith. 'You couldn't help yourse'f, could you, Uncle Sol?' inquired her babyship, as she sat in a big arm chair feasting on caramels. 'Dod made you wun, didn't He, Uncle Sol?'"

—Mamma—Bessie, how many sisters has your new playmate? Bessie—He has one, mamma. He tried to fool me by saying that he had two half-sisters, but he didn't know that I've studied arithmetic.

—Harry had not lived in the country very long, but he was very much interested in everything that belonged to his new surroundings. "What kind of a cow is your papa's?" a visitor asked him one day. "Oh," said Harry, "it is part Jersey and part fresh."

—"Which do you love most—your papa or your mamma?" Little Charlie—I love papa most. Charlie's Mother—Why, Charlie, I am surprised at you. I thought you loved me most. Charlie—Can't help it, mamma; we men have to hold together.

—Tommy, aged five, and his cousin Willie, aged six, had several little altercations, in which Tommy invariably got the worst of it. One day his mamma said to him: "Tommy, to-morrow is

Willie's birthday. Wouldn't you like to give him something?" "You just better believe I would," was the reply; "but, you see, he's bigger than I am, and I can't."

—A grandfather, well known in the English House of Commons, was chatting amicably with his little granddaughter, who was snugly ensconced on his knee. "What makes your hair so white, grandpa?" the little miss queried. "I am very old, my dear; I was in the ark," replied his lordship, with a painful disregard of the truth. "Oh, are you Noah?" "No." "Are you Shem, then?" "No, I am not Shem." "Are you Ham?" "No." "Then," said the little one, who was fast nearing the limit of her biblical knowledge, "you must be Japhet." A negative reply was given to this query also, for the old gentleman inwardly wondered what the outcome would be. "But, grandpa, if you are not Noah, or Shem, or Ham, or Japhet, you must be a beast."

—A class that was being examined in anatomy was asked to describe a body. There were various laughable answers submitted, but the most amusing description was the following given by a twelve-year-old girl, who had in mind an article of wear: "A body is something to hold up the panties."

—Little Mary, aged five years, was greatly interested in the story of the good Samaritan, as related by her Sunday-school teacher. Upon her return home she gave her mother a vivid account of the selfishness of the priest and the Levite. "But," added she, "by and by a good American came by and helped the poor man."

—In little Hattie's house there was an old pet cat, but the little girl had never seen any kittens. Baby dogs she was acquainted with, but no kittens had ever brightened her home. At last, however, one day out in the barn she came across her dear old Tabby with a little family, at that moment greedily taking their dinner. She flew into the house, her eyes wide and curls flying: "Oh, mamma,!" she gasped, "come quick! come quick! Here's ever so many little baby dogs a-chewing up the old cat!"†

—A German mother with two little boys, entered the car. The mother had on a very handsome seal cape, edged with fat mink tails, and a cluster of them at her throat. Suddenly she began to search for something. She got up and shook herself, but to no purpose. She spoke to one of the little boys, who walked up to the conductor and, in a shrill, piping voice, said: "My mudder lost her tail—hab you seen it?"†

—The children had been told the story of Abraham offering up Isaac. Nellie was lying on the floor, her head resting on a pile of books. Over her stood her brother holding a hatchet high in his chubby hands, when the door opened and the father entered. "Why, Willie!" he exclaimed, "you would not hurt your sister, would you?" "No," scornfully replied the would-be Abraham, "I'se just a-foolin', so was God!"†

*Compiled from Contemporaries.

†Contributed to Current Literature.

OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS*

The Subject Objected.—While Professor Daniel G. Brinton, the famous Philadelphia authority on American archeology and linguistics, was in Mexico, on one occasion, he was the guest of the National Historical Society of that Republic. One day, while discussing with a member on the streets the blends of Aztec and Maya blood which enter into the average peon, the professor called attention to cranial peculiarities transmitted from these ancient races.

"There," he said, pointing to a laborer who was working on the street, is a type in which apparently the maternal influences were Toltec and the paternal Maya or Carib."

"I see," said the member.

"Notice the man's forehead," continued the professor; "it has all the characteristics of——"

At this point the laborer whom they were discussing stopped the conversation by declaring that he would not stand any more talk like that about his decent Irish ancestors.

At the Telephone.—A business house of Aberdeen, Scotland, recently engaged as office boy a raw country youth. It was part of his duties to attend to the telephone in his master's absence. When first called upon to answer the bell, in reply to the usual query "Are you there?" he nodded assent. Again the question came, and still again, and each time the boy gave an answering nod. When the question came for the fourth time, however, the boy, losing his temper, roared through the telephone:

"Man, a' ye blin'? I've been noddin' me heid aff for t' last hauf 'oor!"

Shape of an Anesthetic.—A physician tells the following:

"Some time ago I happened to spend the night in a country town not far from Bath, and it happened that there was stopping at the same hotel an itinerant eye specialist.

"We drifted into a conversation, and during the course of the evening he told me of some of the marvelous operations he had performed on the eye. One case, in particular, he spoke of that caused me considerable astonishment, for I didn't know, I confess, that the operation had been successfully performed. He said he had recently taken out a patient's eye, scraped the back of it and returned it to its proper place. The patient, he said, was never troubled with bad eyesight afterward.

"That was a difficult operation, Doctor," said I.

"Yes," said he, "it was."

"I suppose you found it necessary to employ an anesthetic?"

"Yes; I did," he admitted.

"What anesthetic did you use, Doctor?" I persisted.

"Oh! well, unless you are familiar with such operations you probably wouldn't understand if I

were to tell you. But—well, it was shaped something like a spoon," explained the eminent specialist.

Superlative.—One hot summer's day a gentleman who was waiting for his train at one of our country stations asked a porter, who was lying on one of the seats, where the station master lived, and the porter lazily pointed to the house with his foot. The gentleman, very much struck at the man's laziness, said:

"If you can show me a lazier action than that, my good man, I'll give you two and six pence."

The porter, not moving an inch, replied:

"Put it in my pocket, guv'nor."

Accommodating.—In one of the hospitals in the South last summer a busy-looking, duty-loving woman bustled up to one of the wounded soldiers who lay gazing at the ceiling above his cot. "Can't I do something for you, my poor fellow?" said the woman, imploringly. The "poor fellow" looked up languidly. The only things he really wanted just at that time was his discharge and a box of cigars. When he saw the strained and anxious look on the good woman's face, however, he felt sorry for her, and with perfect "sang froid" he replied: "Why, yes; you can wash my face if you want to."

"I'd be only too glad to," gasped the visitor, eagerly.

"All right," said the cavalier, gallantly, "go ahead. It's been washed twenty-one times already to-day, but I don't mind going through it again if it'll make you any happier."

True Irish Wit.—Michael Joseph Barry, the poet, was appointed a police magistrate in Dublin. An Irish-American was brought before him charged with suspicious conduct, and the constable swore, among other things, that he was wearing a "Republican" hat. "Does Your Honor know what that means?" inquired the prisoner's lawyer of the court. "I presume," said Barry, "that it means a hat without a crown."

Character Not Good.—In some rural districts of England there are held annually hiring fairs, where farmers and others attend to engage servants. At one held in Gloucestershire last autumn a farmer opened negotiations with a lad who seemed suitable for his purpose. Various questions having been asked and answered, the farmer inquired at last:

"Hast got a character from thy last place?"

"No," replied the boy; "but my old gaffer be about somewhere, and I can get he to write I one."

"Very well," was the reply, "thee get it and meet I here again at four o'clock."

The time came, so did the farmer and the boy.

"Hast got thy character?" was the query. The answer came short and sharp:

"No; but I ha' got thine, and I bean't a-coming."

*Compiled from Anecdote Department, Short Stories Magazine.

VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS

Costumes and Natural Design.....The London Spectator

Natural ornament has reached its climax in the bird, and is the result of an elaborate combination. To take this masterpiece and transfer it to form part only of another scheme of ornament in dress must, in all probability, be an error in taste. Even the pastmasters of the fine arts show the utmost delicacy and circumspection in appropriating any elaborated natural ornament, as it appears on the creature as a whole, to the uses of art. Instances of such appropriation by artists of distinction are so rare that they might be counted on the fingers of one hand. The use of the whole nautilus shell by Mr. Gilbert in his exquisite goldsmith's work, and of some few other shells, such as the ear-shaped iridescent green, "*Haliotis iris*," is among the very few examples of the successful setting in a scheme of decoration of the combinations of form and color designed by Nature. The parts, on the other hand, which Nature has combined in such highly decorated works of art as the paradise-birds, the peacocks, the pheasants and humming-birds, seem expressly intended to suggest not their direct transference from the bird to the costume, but their reproduction and use as a motive in decoration of any kind, whether in dress or design. For examples of effective combinations of coloring for costume, apart from special forms or types of ornament, we must again look, not to the most striking and brilliant of birds and butterflies, which are perfected ornaments in themselves, but to those in the second or third grade in the scale of coloring, the most sober pheasants, or the moths of the tropics, and even of England. On some of the less known pheasants designs are given ready-made for costumes, perfectly balanced and contrasted and with the differences of texture as well as of color and pattern suggested by the lustre or dulness of the feathers which compose the parts. One species of pheasant exhibited at Amsterdam is "dressed" in a combination of mottled gray, trimmed with a dull crimson and laced with green. The plumage suggests a perfect walking dress for London in autumn or winter.

Of pure pattern, or the repetition of ornament, there are not many examples in bird-plumage, and most of those which exist are well known. The scale pattern, seen in perfection on the neck of the Argus pheasant; the checker, on the great northern diver and certain caterpillars; and the reticulations on the skin of pythons and a few other snakes are among the most striking. But the "spot" patterns, seen in birds, butterflies and shells, are by no means as much appreciated as they deserve to be. The best of all the "spot" patterns is that recurring on the tragopans, the harlequin duck, and many small Australian finches, in which a small, opaque-white spot, sometimes ringed with black, is scattered over a brilliant orange-chestnut ground. This would probably be very effective in silk, for trimming other material, though not for a whole costume. But it is only as "trimming" or "panels" to different parts of the bird's costume that it is used in Nature. A mine of suggestion for the use

of natural ornament may be found among the immense variety of sea-shells. Among them pattern is found in its most artificial state of development, the design on many seems as intentional as in a Roman pavement. For direct suggestion of ornament one shell excels all others. It is a kind of "silver nun" like that found on our coasts, but of very different coloring. It is found in the Red Sea, and takes crimson as its appropriate color. "*Monodonta Pharaonis*" is its scientific name. If it needs a popular one we would suggest that of "Pharaoh's button." There are varieties, differently tinted, but the one lying before us is perhaps the most brilliant. The spiral of the upper surface is made up of minute beaded lines in parallels, as if compact of beads threaded on wire. These beads are either crimson or pale rose-colored, alternating, but at every seventh row each alternate bead is black instead of red. The higher up the spiral the beads run the paler they become, till at the point the shell is rose-colored, not crimson. Beneath, at the mouth of the shell, and for so far up the interior as is visible, it is lined with glittering mother-of-pearl.

Dutch Weddings.....M. Hanken-Parker.....New York Times

Weddings are entered into here with boisterous enjoyment. Two weeks before a marriage takes place, cards are sent out declaring that the banns have been published. This is called an "under-marriage." The card also announces when the final marriage is to take place. The wedding itself is a small affair, and the civil marriage is the only one recognized by law. A church wedding is usually looked upon as a concession to either fashion or sentimentality, and is called a "consecration of the marriage." The couple enter the church behind the family members, bridesmaids and other attendants. They are shown to seats before the whole assembly, and the clergyman comes in with two witnesses, long after the others have been seated. He first makes a prayer, then delivers a sermon on a suitable text, which usually brings the bride to tears. After that the couple are married in about the same manner as they were in the Stadhuis. Then a hymn is sung and the blessing given. The whole occupies about an hour and a quarter. Before leaving the church a huge Bible is presented to the groom. During the two weeks of waiting between the "under marriage" and the real marriage, all the wedding festivities take place. The happy couple are literally surfeited with dinners, balls and theatre parties, and all manner of practical jokes are played on the pair. At the dinners toasts innumerable are given, and at each the whole company rises from the table to sound and touch glasses with the bride and groom, who never rise. Then they all fall into the song of "*Lang zullen ze leven in hun gloria*." Among the peasants the idea of this continuous reveling is not to allow the couple a night of sleep, if possible, before the wedding-day. In place of wedding cake, wedding candies are given—"bruidzuikers," they are called. They are handed round by children, and are served in flower-trimmed

baskets. When the married pair depart for their wedding trip, there is no frolicking or fun, such as throwing rice and old shoes. It is not often that there is dancing at wedding festivities. After the honeymoon is over, the couple come home to a quiet existence, and their friends take little notice of them. No more dinners or parties are given in their honor. They settle down to the home life which is the strength of Holland's people, the three chief attributes of which life are economy, comfort and cleanliness. The regularity of the housekeeping is disturbed by nothing when once begun. Servants are so trained to the customs and hours for each special line of work that nothing but death would bring about a change, so that, even if a young woman on her marriage has not learned the system, her maid's habits and movements will soon put her into the household track. Key baskets are as numerous among wedding gifts as pie-knives in America, for "lock up" is the keynote of advice given to the daughter as she departs from the maternal care. A "doofpotje" (an extinguisher for a smoldering turf, consisting of a handsome brass pot with a lid that fits tight) is often in miniature given by the father of the bride, with the good-natured request to have it set on the mantelpiece of the new home. From this has arisen the saying, "Put it in the 'doofpotje,'" when family differences arise.

The Impropriety of Clothes.....Canadian Magazine

In their power of misrepresentation, clothes are unquestionably guilty of impropriety in its more subtle sense; that is, an impropriety which assumes to the false an air of reality, and covers truth with a garment of prevarication. They conceal the truth without denying it, and by connivance become participants in subterfuges and pitfalls which beset the thorny path of the unwary, who move blindly onward, seeing they know not what, and pondering upon the thought of what they do not see. Clothes envelope, influence and restrain our frail bodies with a quiet strength which shall still endure when the vigorous onslaughts of the dress reform societies shall have ceased their struggling, and mold the character in an unyielding cast of buckram and whalebone. They constitute the first elements of civilized and social life. They set in motion the maelstrom of effort and emulation, which spreading in ever-widening circles, draws into its vortex all the machinery for the growth of the world—all of energy, strength, ambition and imagination to assist in creating this gorgeous pageant of clothes. With the success or failure of personal adornment, our fitful charms glow and wane like the skin of a chameleon; our moods vary from gay to grave, and grave to bitter; our beauties appear or vanish, until we realize that frills are responsible to a larger extent than seems possible for the trend of our mental and physical training. Despite the advocates of heredity, character is also the result of environment and circumstance; and what environment envelopes men and women more closely than their clothes? Brave with all the bravery of her coat of many colors, and the swish of her well-hung flounces, a woman steps out into the whirl of life with a brilliant dash of radiant smiles and faultless attire. With a

courage born of her successful disguise, all that may be of sensitiveness in her nature, all that may be of furtive sadness hanging like a misty veil over the lingering of some close hidden sorrow, is thrust back into the secret cubby-holes of her soul—a heartless, dazzling exterior faces the world, and passes on its way triumphant. Protected by an impenetrable shield, she is proof against the most insidious attacks of a skilled tactician in the artifices of that bloodless warfare which is waged without ceasing in social communion.

Popularity of False Jewels.....New York Post

Manufacturers of imitation jewelry have lately met with such great success that it is said the sale of genuine jewelry in this city is less than ever before, and it is also said on good authority that large amounts of capital are soon to be invested in the manufacture of imitation jewelry. For some time past it has been possible to obtain imitation jewelry in France and England which is difficult of detection by experts; but the business has never before been taken up in this country to any great extent. The principal manufacturers expect to deal in jewels of their own manufacture, which are said to be extraordinarily fine imitations of the real stones, and will have a guaranteed life of twenty years. The "diamonds" are a composition of glass, lead and carbon, tipped with platinum, which is harder than gold. Every real stone, except a diamond, is transparent; without the tip of platinum these "diamonds" would also be transparent, but with it they are given an undetectable resemblance to the genuine stone. These goods are mounted in fourteen-carat gold, and so artistically that, when worn, the platinum tipping cannot be seen. An infinite variety of designs, copied from the best real models, are shown, and at a price which is about eighty per cent. less than the genuine. All the colored stones—rubies, sapphires, emeralds and turquoises—are also manufactured in a like way, and are similar, with the exception of the turquoise, to the doublet, except that they are much harder and are made of real stone (garnet) and crystal. They are so hard that the surface can be filed and no blemish made on the stone. As genuine pearls are the most costly of gems, so do the imitation pearls take the lead in price. They are made of fishskin and a secret composition. The manufacture of some especially good imitation pearls, known as "Venetian pearls," is a lost art, the process having been invented by a poor Venetian, whose secret died with him. There are about 10,000 of them in this country, bought in Paris about ten years ago; they are very hard, can be stepped on without sustaining the least injury, and will also bounce like a rubber ball. The difficulty in the manufacture of pearls is in obtaining the orient, or lustre, similar to the genuine gems, and it is said that, very often out of 10,000 manufactured few will be marketable, and they are almost as difficult to match for necklaces as the real. A dog collar of imitation pearls, with "diamond" clasps, would cost about \$250. It is said that most of the imitation jewel business done is with refined women of wealth, who have their genuine pearls copied, or buy a novel design which serves the purpose of a fad as well as the genuine.

Famous Jewel Robberies.....London Tit-Bits

There is a remarkable, if somewhat morbid, fascination attaching to gigantic jewel robberies—like that, for instance, recently perpetrated at the expense of the Dowager-Duchess of Sutherland. That a man should coolly walk into a railway carriage, and in less than one minute annex a fortune, such as not one person in ten thousand attains after a lifetime of toil, is sufficiently startling. But the thing becomes amazing when one reflects upon the time, patience, thoroughness and resourcefulness expended upon the successful carrying out of these colossal criminal coups. Take, for example, the theft of the Countess of Dudley's jewels at Paddington Station, in December, 1874. This case was almost on all fours with the Duchess of Sutherland's; and, although the thieves were never captured, it was proved conclusively that the robbery had been planned six months previously, and that during that entire period the Duchess had been shadowed, night and day, by one or other of the confederates engaged in it. The value of the gems was at first stated to be £50,000, but subsequently this was reduced by about one-half. On January 15, 1871, all London was talking of a remarkable outrage and robbery perpetrated on the previous day. A Mr. Parkes, employed by the great jewelry firm of London and Ryder, proceeded, by appointment, to a house in Upper Berkeley street with about £6,000 worth of gems in a bag. Directly he entered, he was set upon by two persons, a man and a woman, who seized, bound and chloroformed him, and decamped with the valuables. Luckily the victim recovered his senses an hour or two later, and a hue and cry were at once raised. Both culprits were eventually arrested, and the man received a sentence of eight years' penal servitude. The woman, his wife, was acquitted; mainly owing to the eloquence of Mr. Montagu Williams, who defended her. Only about £800 worth of the stolen property was ever recovered. A somewhat similar robbery, it will be remembered, was planned last year at a hotel in Brighton. Luckily it was unsuccessful. Hatton Garden, as may well be imagined, has been the seat of several notorious diamond robberies. One of the earliest and biggest occurred on March 25, 1876, when Messrs. Williams & Son, manufacturing jewelers, lost gems to the value of £25,000. The thieves obtained entrance to the premises at dusk on a Saturday evening, opened the safes with duplicate keys, and carried away all the most costly articles, things of lesser value being left untouched.

Many people will doubtless be able to recall the daring robbery perpetrated at Hatton Garden Post Office, on November 16, 1881. Shortly after dusk, and while what was then known as the "Continental Diamond Mail" was being made up, the gas was suddenly turned off at the meter, and the whole place plunged in darkness. At first it was thought to be an accident; but on lights being brought it was seen that the mail-bags, containing cut and uncut stones to the value of £40,000, had disappeared.

The robbery was skilfully planned and cleverly executed, and all subsequent efforts to recover the diamonds or apprehend the thieves proved fruitless. The last great robbery associated with the "Garden" took place on September 13, 1894, when Herr

Spyzer, an Antwerp diamond merchant, was decoyed into a bogus office, attacked by three men, chloroformed, and robbed of gems valued at £20,000. Early in February, 1877, occurred the great jewel robbery at Battle Abbey, Sussex, when gems to the value of between £8,000 and £10,000, the property of the Duchess of Cleveland, were carried away. In this case the coup was effected while his Grace and the Duchess were in the drawing-room entertaining a few friends, and the servants were in the kitchen at supper. The articles stolen were chiefly presents; one of them, a magnificent necklace of diamonds, rubies and emeralds, being a gift of the Queen to the Duchess, who was a bridesmaid at Her Majesty's wedding. Curiously enough, one case of jewelry, containing gems of far greater value than any of those taken away, was overlooked by the robbers in their hurry. On the 19th of November of the same year a peculiarly heartless robbery was perpetrated at Halstead Place, near Sevenoaks. The newly-married Earl and Countess of Aberdeen had gone there on their honeymoon, taking with them the whole of their beautiful bridal presents. The published descriptions of the costliness of these had evidently attracted the thieves, for hardly had the young couple reached their destination ere the bulk of the offerings, valued at about £5,000, were annexed by burglars, who forced an entrance while the Earl and Countess were at dinner. Reference has already been made to the Hatton Garden Post Office robbery, which took place on November 16, 1881. Just eighteen days later, on a Sunday, the biggest jewel robbery of this century was effected at Brynkinalt, the seat of Lord Hill Trevor, near Chirk, North Wales. The coup was brought off while the family were at church, and the total value of the property carried away exceeded £60,000. In this case two servants were arrested, but they were discharged almost immediately, and the mystery remains unelucidated to this day. Another valuable haul was that made at Leigh Court, near Bristol, the seat of Sir Philip Miles, on December 18, 1892. In this case the family were at dinner. The jewels, worth £30,000, were safe at seven o'clock. An hour later they had vanished. Yet another "dinner-hour robbery" was that effected at the expense of Baron Schroeder, of Woolerton House, Cheshire, where £3,000 worth were carried off. This occurred on March 16, 1893; and on August 1, of the same year, there took place at The Hatch, near Maidenhead, the extraordinary and mysterious robbery which deprived the Countess of Wilton of a number of priceless heirlooms and family relics. Most people can recall the circumstances surrounding the theft, by a trick, of Mrs. Langtry's jewels. A man presented at her bankers a forged order for their delivery, walked away with the box, and was never seen or heard of again. But, after all is said and done, all modern jewel robberies sink into utter insignificance when compared with the theft of the world-famous Tavernier diamond. It was valued, at a moderate estimate, at £2,000,000, and was stolen from the Garde Meuble, Paris, in 1792. What became of it is a mystery. But it is generally believed to have been cut into two or three pieces, each being afterward sold as a separate diamond.

LETTERS OF DREYFUS*

Tuesday, 18 December, 1894.

MY GOOD, DEAR ONE:

At last I am coming to the end of my sufferings, to the end of my agony. To-morrow I shall appear before my judges, my head high, my soul tranquil. The trial I have undergone, terrible as it has been, has purified my soul. I shall return to you better than I was before. I want to consecrate to you, to my children, to our dear families, all the time I have yet to live. As I have told you, I have passed through awful crises. I have had moments of furious, actual madness at the thought of being accused of a crime so monstrous. I am ready to appear before the soldiers as a soldier who has nothing for which to reproach himself. They will see it in my face; they will read my soul; they will know that I am innocent; as all will who know me. Devoted to my country, to whom I have consecrated all my strength, all my intellect, I have nothing to fear. Sleep tranquilly, then, my darling, and do not give way to any care; think only of our joy when we are once more in each other's arms—to forget so quickly these sad, dark days. Until we meet—soon, my darling—soon shall I have the joy of embracing you and our good, dear ones.

A thousand kisses while I wait for that happy moment.

ALFRED.

26 December, 1894.

I do not sleep, and it is to you that I return. Am I, then, marked by a fatal seal, that I must drink this cup of bitterness! At this moment I am calm. My soul is strong, and it rises in the silence of the night. How happy we were, my darling! Life smiled on us—fortune, love, adorable children, a united family—everything! Then came this thunderbolt, fearful, terrible. Buy, I pray you, buy playthings for the children, for their New Year's day. Tell them that their father sends them. It must not be that these poor souls, just entering upon life, should suffer through our pain. Oh, my darling, had not I you how gladly would I die! Your love holds me back; it is your love only that makes me strong enough to bear the hatred of a nation. And the people are right to hate me—they have been told that I am a traitor. Ah, traitor! the horrible word! It breaks my heart. I . . . traitor! Is it possible that they could accuse me and condemn me for a crime so monstrous! Cry aloud my innocence—cry it with all the strength of your lungs—cry it upon the house-tops till the very walls fall. And hunt out the guilty one. It is he whom we must find.

5 January, 1895.

. . . Oh, my darling, do everything in the world to find the guilty one. Do not relax your efforts for one instant. That is my only hope in the terrible misfortune which pursues me. If only I may soon be with you there, and if we may soon be united, you will give me back my strength and

my courage. I have need of both. This day's emotions have broken my heart—my cell offers me no consolation. Picture a little room all bare—four yards and a half long, perhaps—closed by a grated garret window; a pallet standing against the wall—no, I will not tear your heart, my poor darling. I will tell you later, when we are happy again, what I have suffered to-day, in all my wanderings, surrounded by men who are truly guilty. How my heart was bled! I have asked myself why I was there, what I was doing there. I seemed the victim of an hallucination; but, alas! my garments, torn, sullied, brought me back roughly to the truth. The looks of scorn they cast on me told me too well why I was there. Oh, why could not my heart have been opened by a surgeon's knife, so that they might have read the truth! All the brave, good people along my way could have read it: "This is a man of honor!" But how easy it is to understand them. In their place I could not have contained my contempt for an officer who, I had been told, was a traitor. But, alas! there is the tragedy. There is a traitor, but it is not I!

14 January, 1895, 1 o'clock.

The time drags slowly; the minutes are hours. How can I use up my energy! How can I restrain my heart! Sometimes I lose my patience. It is not the courage, the energy that I lack—you know it well—and my conscience gives me superhuman force, but it is this terrible idleness, this longing to be able to help you to pursue the only object of my life, to discover the wretch who has stolen my honor; this is what burns in my blood. Ah, I would rather mount alone to the assault of ten redoubts than to be here powerless, inactive, waiting passively for the truth to be revealed! I envy the man who breaks stones on the highway, absorbed in his mechanical labor. But, my darling, I shall soon see you now, and you will give me back my patience.

3 o'clock.

I ask you to forgive me for my weakness, for my impatience. But think, my darling, what these long hours are to me—these long days. But I am calmer after each interview. I draw new strength, a new store of patience from your looks, from your love. Ah, the truth! We must reveal it—I live only by that hope. . . .

22 August, 1895.

. . . You will forgive me if at times I have presented my ideas in a somewhat exaggerated form. But, after all, if I do my duty, my whole duty, without flinching, it is not because my heart does not tremble and bleed in a situation so infamous and so undeserved, and its sorrow comes not only from my own situation, but from yours, from that of all whom I love.

And then, remember that I am obliged to control myself night and day, without one moment of respite, that I never open my mouth; that there is never a moment when my nerves are relaxed, so

*From the Letters of Captain Dreyfus to His Wife. Translated from the French by L. G. Moreau. Harper & Brothers.

that when I write to you with my whole heart, everything that cries out in me for justice and truth runs, despite my will, under my pen.

But what I shall tell you always, as long as my heart shall beat, is that above all our sorrows, oh, however terrible they may be, before life itself, is honor, and that that honor, which belongs to us, must remain with us; it is the patrimony of our children. Then always and still again courage, Lucie, until we have seen the end of this horrible tragedy; but let us hope for all our sakes that it may come soon.

26 March, 1896.

. . . I am a little like a sick man who lingers on his bed of torment, suffering anguish, but who lives because his duty demands it, and who keeps asking his doctor, "When will my tortures end?" And as the doctor answers, "Soon, soon," the sick man ends by asking himself, "But when will this 'soon' come?" and he longs to see it come. It was a long time ago that you announced it to me . . . but be discouraged? Oh, that never! However terrible may be my sufferings, the desire for our honor is far above them!

Neither you, nor any one, will ever have the right to one moment of fatigue, one second of weakness, as long as the goal has not been reached—the absolute honor of our name. As for me, when I feel that I am falling under the united weight of all our suffering, when I feel that my reason is leaving me, than I think of you, of our dear children, of the undeserved dishonor cast upon our name, and I recover my balance by a violent effort of my whole being, and I cry to myself, "No, you shall not bend before the tempest! Your heart may be in bits, your brain may be crushed, but you shall not succumb until you have seen the day when honor shall be given back to your dear children!" This is why, dear Lucie, I come to cry to you always, to you, as to all, "Courage!" and more than courage—for will to accomplish! . . . Oh, silently, very silently—for words do not help—but boldly, audaciously to march straight onward to the end—the entire truth, the light upon this awful drama, in one word, all the honor of our name! Means? They must all be employed, of whatever nature they may be—anything that the mind can suggest to obtain the solution of this enigma. The object is everything. That alone is immutable. I wish our children to enter upon life with heads proudly erect. I wish to animate you with my supreme desire. I wish to see you succeed, and it will be full time, I swear to you! I hope that you may soon be able to tell me something certain, something positive, oh, for both of us, my dear Lucie! I cannot write to you at greater length, nor speak to you of anything else except my great and deep affection for you. My head is too tired by this bitter discipline, the most terrible, the most cruel that human brain can endure.

Our dear little Pierre asks me to write to him. Ah, I am not strong enough! Each word wrings a sob from my throat and I am obliged to resist with all my strength in order to be with him on the day when they give us back our honor.

Take him in your arms for me, as well as our dear little Jeanne.

Oh, my precious children! . . . Draw from them your invincible courage. . . .

May 7, 1896.

A few moments before I received your dear letters I was subjected to an outrage—only a mean, shabby trick—but such things hurt one whose heart has been already so deeply wounded. I have not, alas! the soul of a martyr. To tell you that there are not times when I would be glad to die and end this atrocious life would be to lie. Do not see in this any trace of discouragement. The goal is immutable; it must be attained, and it shall be. But I am a human being as well, undergoing the most appalling of martyrdoms for a man of heart and a sense of honor, bearing it only for you and for our children. Say to yourself, that while the head may bow before some misfortunes, that while commonplace condolences may be received in some situations, when it is a question of honor, there can be no consolations, but only a goal to be struggled for so long as we can keep up to have that honor restored to us. Then, for you, as for all of us, I can only cry from the depths of my soul, Lift up your hearts! There must be no recrimination, no complaint, nothing but the unswerving march onward to our end—the wretch or the wretches who are really guilty—and we must attain our end as soon as possible. As I have already told you, there must not remain one single Frenchman who can doubt our honor.

28 March, 1896.

. . . You ask me again, dear Lucie, to speak to you at length about my own self. Alas! I cannot. When one suffers so atrociously, when one has to bear such misery of soul, it is impossible to know at night where one will be on the morrow. You will forgive me if I have not always been a Stoic; if often I have made you share my bitter grief, you who had already so much to bear. But sometimes it was too much, and I was absolutely alone. But to-day, darling, as yesterday, let us put behind us all complaints, all recriminations. Life is nothing. You must triumph over all griefs, whatever they may be, over all sufferings, like a pure, exalted human soul that has a sacred duty to fulfill. Be invincibly strong and valiant; keep your eyes fixed straight before you, looking to the end—looking neither to the right nor to the left. Ah, I know well that you, too, are only a human being . . . but when grief becomes too great, when the trials that the future has in store for you are too hard to bear, then look into the faces of our children, and say to yourself that you must live, that you must be there, to sustain them until the day when our country shall recognize what I have been, what I am. . . .

I cannot fill my letters full enough of all the love that my heart contains for you, for you all. If I have been able to resist until now so much agony of soul, all mental misery and trial, it is because I have drawn strength from the thought of you and of the children. . . . And for all of you, whatever may come, whatever may become of me, this earnest cry, the invincible cry of my soul: "Lift up your hearts! Life is nothing, honor is all!" And for you, all the tenderness of my heart.

LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

The Life and Letters of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. Arranged and edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill. Dodd, Mead & Company.

Mrs. Oliphant

"Now here I am alone." With these words Mrs. Oliphant laid down the pen after writing the too brief memoir of her life which, with a selection from her letters, has been put forth in a single substantial and well-printed volume. There is something almost intolerably pathetic in them. What indeed had life to offer her more? She had tasted its worst extremities. Always sacrificing herself for others, she had lost husband and children, those for whom she had labored through the long years and in whom she took her sole comfort. Much has been said, and not seldom, alas! unkindly said, of her enormous industry. Novels (some seventy-five of them), books of travel, biographies, histories, literary criticism, and magazine articles innumerable—these things she produced unceasingly. It is not strange that there were those to say that quality was being sacrificed to quantity, that no one could do so much and do it well. Indeed, Mrs. Oliphant herself felt that she had not done herself justice, and often longed for leisure to produce her "magnum opus." And yet both she and her critics may have been mistaken. Genius has been voluminous in more instances than one; in fact, it is more often voluminous than not. Look at Balzac, at Dumas, at Hugo—at Scott, Thackeray and Dickens. Perhaps Mrs. Oliphant wrote in the way that was best for her after all.

It is a sad story—one infinitely painful. Yet through it all there gleams a brightness of the unfaltering courage in which this heroic soul faced the sundry and manifold changes of the world. The work itself was a reward as well as a support. Mrs. Oliphant was a true artist, and she could not fail to have the joy of the artist in creation. Perhaps the indifference to worldly affairs which is often called the artistic temperament, meaning a reproach, is an inevitable accompaniment even of very modest genius. It was certainly through no lack of sensitiveness that this brave and noble woman went forward with her work, no matter what difficulties and sorrows might intervene. Yet we can easily understand that thoughtless persons might have reproached her with it, might have failed to comprehend the elasticity of temperament which was her salvation. Such persons have only to read this book to see how they have misjudged her. And in the end there was peace. She passed away quietly as a little child, and found the eternal rest and perpetual light of Paradise.—Providence Journal.

Life and Public Services of Edwin M. Stanton. By George C. Gorham. In two volumes. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. \$6.

Stanton's Life

Mr. Gorham's life of Edwin M. Stanton is a lawyer's biography of his client. The author cannot forget that the subject of his biography has been under fire, that the question as to who is responsible for the military failures in the first two years of the Civil War is still, in the minds of many, unsolved,

that the responsibility lies between Stanton and McClellan, that McClellan and his friends charge it upon Stanton, and that the latter can be relieved of the charge only by a counter-charge placing it upon McClellan. From the beginning to the end of his study it is Mr. Gorham's object to defend his client, and to do this by showing that the blame rests, not on the Secretary of War, but on the General commanding in the field. The author's mind has been so preoccupied with this aspect of the case that he has left us in almost absolute ignorance as to Mr. Stanton's conduct of much of the legitimate business of his department. Mr. Stanton truly says, in his letter to his old pastor: "Plunderers have been driven from the Department where they were gorging millions." No doubt when Mr. Stanton was called to his office the War Department was honeycombed with fraud and carried on for the benefit of speculators and contractors. What Stanton did to rid it of these enemies to their country Mr. Gorham does not tell us; what he did to secure honest contracts, good equipment, prompt transportation, in a word, that efficiency of administration in the department without which the genius of Grant and Sherman would have been in vain, we do not learn. The author is too absorbed in the trial of his client and in the task of securing for him a public verdict to attend to such prosaic matters as these. But just now these would be of practical importance as well as of public interest.—Outlook.

Letters of Thomas Carlyle to his Youngest Sister. Edited by Charles Townsend Copeland. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

More Carlylana

Although, as the editor feels constrained to say, nothing in these letters will add to the already intimate general knowledge of Carlyle, still, the mere circumstances that the letters reveal in one long-continued and almost invariable strain the sublime Scotchman's tender love and solicitous devotion for another human being will surely arouse far and wide a sense akin to gratitude toward the editor.

The letters are "strung," to use Mr. Copeland's plain words, "on a slender thread of biography"—just enough of a thread to keep the interest of the reader from flagging and to indicate the changing circumstances in which the letters were written. Thomas, the eldest of the children of James Carlyle, the stone mason of Ecclefechan, was born in December, 1795; Janet, the youngest, was born in July, 1813. So the brother was eighteen years her senior. Yet, indeed, this seniority is never employed in coercion. Wide as the space was between the situation of the aggressively intellectual brother, always cudgeling the clay-footed idols of men, always steeping in extraordinary thoughts, and of the simple, domestic sister, busy with her cheeses and yarns and such-like household tasks, yet it was easily and strongly bridged by an inherent affection that sagged under no threatening burden, and that moved not an inch for any ill wind. Carlyle loved her so dearly and trusted her so implicitly that not the slightest disagreement is ap-

parent in these letters, although they extend from 1832 to 1875, actually, and by proxy to 1880.—Boston Transcript.

Ballads of a Bookworm. By Irving Browne. East Aurora, N. Y. 1899. \$2.

A Bookworm's Book

One of the most attractive of recent books is *The Ballads of a Bookworm*, by the late Irving Browne, which has just been issued by the Roycroft Press. It is beautifully printed on hand-made paper, and appears in an edition of 850 signed and numbered copies. Each ballad has a well-designed initial, drawn by hand, and illuminated in gold and colors, many of which are extremely good, and the colors are very artistically chosen. Besides the illuminated initials, the words "Bookworm Ballads" are printed in red on the upper outside margin of each page, producing in that way a very unique effect. Every one who knows Mr. Irving Browne's bookish verse will welcome this dainty volume. Many of the ballads have already appeared in print in Duprat's *Book Lovers' Almanac*, in the pages of *The Philistine*, and in various other magazines and newspapers, but others seem to be entirely new. In a "foreword" Mr. Browne says:

Unless you love books aside from their contents, do not read this book at all. It is not meant for mere readers.

Do not read it through religiously, by course, nor put in a mark to tell where you left off.

Do not censure the punning unless you yourself can make a good pun, for no one who could do that ever denounced the habit. Punning may be "the lowest form of wit," but it is a form, and was recognized and approved by Shakespeare, Lamb, Holmes, Hood, Saxe, while Dr. Johnson could not have made a pun to save his life.

Do not suppose that the writer is always literal. * * * Use a little imagination, if you have it handy, and read between the lines. * * * Finally, to the women—some of whom the author loves and many of whom he admires—when you read "A Woman's Library" or "Cleaning the Library," do not pronounce him "sarcastic" and "horrid," but understand that in those verses he merely let his imagination run riot in conjecture as to what would happen if women collected books or habitually put them back after cleaning the shelves.

It will be remembered that Mr. Browne died in February of the current year, while the book was in preparation. So there has been added by way of epilogue a very appreciative tribute to Irving Browne from the pen of Elbert Hubbard.—*New York Times*.

The Solitary Summer. By the Author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. \$1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A Summer Chronicle

The chronicle of *A Solitary Summer* begins in May and ends with September. The chronicler is an English woman married to a German husband, and they are living on his estate in the country. Those who have read *Elizabeth's German Garden* will not need this word of explanation, nor will they need the assurance that this English-born German Countess has a piquancy of view and expression and a sense of humor not often encountered in women of either nationality. She loves the coun-

try, her garden, her books, her husband and babies three, and in the opening chapter she plans to have a summer with just these beloved things. The husband urges that in bad weather they will be lonely, dull, and that she will regret not having provided herself with a house-party; but this she will not concede, and the solitary summer is agreed upon. It lasts five months, and though they have company for a fortnight in officers and soldiers billeted upon them, that social time is one of horror to her, and the solitary season has no dullness, apparently, to either head of the household, and certainly none exists in its record. She discourses of her garden, of her books, her neighbors; of things substantial, of things fantastic, and all so simply, so whimsically, so warm-heartedly that reading the book is like spending the afternoon with a most sympathetic, delightful woman.—*Providence Journal*.

The Elements of Sociology. By Franklin Henry Giddings, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Sociology in Columbia University, New York. The Macmillan Company.

Sociology in America

One of the most interesting problems which the world presents nowadays to the student of those larger causes which must give a tendency and direction to the stream of progress, is what is likely to be the distinctive contribution of the American mind toward a philosophy of the modern world. There are many among us in England who speak and write as if they conceived that there was destined to be no distinctive American contribution. The conditions, we are told, do not exist in the United States of the present day from which profound reconstructions in our systems of knowledge usually proceed. Although so good an authority as Mr. Bryce appears inclined to take this view, it seems to us doubtful whether the reasons which have been held to justify it in the past will continue much longer to exist. If we are not greatly mistaken, there is already in progress in America a growth of conditions likely at no distant period in the future to deeply and permanently affect the science of society. Whatever other characteristic may be held to distinguish the nineteenth century, there is one which stands out clear and unmistakable before the mind of the historian. It has been the period in which we have witnessed the unloosening of the competitive forces throughout the world. Whatever other characteristic may be held to distinguish the United States, there is also one which in significance stands out before all others. It has been the part of the world where, during the nineteenth century, these competitive forces have had the freest play. It is in America of the present day that the resulting phenomenon of the tendency of capital to aggregation under the direction of huge trusts and corporations, controlling output and markets, coming into conflict with the interests of labor in organized battles on a vast scale, and even, through a thousand unseen but powerful agencies, aiming at the control of the machinery of the State itself, has already reached a development unparalleled and unknown elsewhere. It is in America also, on the other hand, that all the agencies for controlling, disciplining and organizing in the mass that public opinion, al-

ways excitable, and often ignorant, through which all the activities of government are ultimately directed, have reached a development and perfection unknown in other countries.—London Spectator.

Volcanoes: Their Structure and Significance. By T. G. Bonney, D.Sc. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Book on Volcanoes Volcanoes were among the first natural phenomena to be attentively observed by civilized man. The existence of Vesuvius, Vulcano and other active or extinct eruptive centres in the midst of the Roman Empire led to continuous and minute observations upon many characteristics of volcanoes. Numerous excellent treatises have been written describing various phases of volcanic activity and decay, and discussing the problems as to the origin of the volcanic forces. In the English language the great work of Scrope, and the later one by his pupil, Professor Judd, are well known to all students.

In the last few years some tremendous volcanic eruptions have occurred in distant parts of the world—New Zealand, Japan and the East Indies; but while these great outbursts have been more fully described, and, through the newspaper and the magazine, have become known to a far larger number of people than older eruptions of the same character, it must be confessed that no great addition has been made to our understanding of the character or the cause of volcanic action. If this is true, a new general discussion of volcanoes must justify itself by its treatment of the later eruptions, or by a specially attractive or novel presentation of the older facts and theories. This idea seems to have forced itself upon Professor Bonney, the author of the work now before us, for in his preface he remarks: "Were it not that Nature sometimes supplies new materials, there would be little excuse for another book on Volcanoes." It seems, then, perfectly fair to examine his book upon this basis.—New York Evening Post.

Studies in the Psychology of Woman. By Laura Marholm. Translated by Georgia A. Etchison. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Company.

The New Woman Mrs. Marholm divides the men of to-day in their relations toward women into barbarians, decadents and barbarian decadents, and women into three types, the "detraquée," the "grande amoureuse" and the "cerebrale." The "detraquée" is the product of our modern ideas of the rearing of women to sexlessness by ignoring in their girlhood years everything in any way connected with sex. Throughout Europe the classics are castrated before they are admitted to girls' schools, and even the Word of God is served up to the blossoming, blooming maiden in carefully expurgated editions. The "detraquée" with a morbid curiosity artificially developed by this stupid concealment and repression, flutters covetously from man to man, unable to settle at rest beside any one of them; finds nothing but disappointment in the final satisfaction of her wants, undervalues her husband and converts marriage into a torture. The "grande amoureuse" is the product of culture, representing in the highest degree refined nature. In her all-passive womanly qualities

—desire to love, devotion to man, faithfulness, solicitude, loyalty—have, as it were, stepped from their home in the spinal cord and formed a closer communion with the brain. She has a warm, full, nourishing passion, which she wraps about man, a love in which the physical is transmitted without loss into vibrations of the soul, a love of joyful self-surrender to one man, without intervals of emptiness or lassitude. The "cerebrale" has many qualities like the "grande amoureuse," but she loves with her head rather than with her heart. We have sought for nearly a hundred years to develop in our women a false womanliness, not only outwardly, but inwardly, physically and psychically. Man makes woman what he wills, and it is because he does not want her that the "grande amoureuse" is so rare. Woman's unrest, the author claims, is because of man's unrest. Man is passing through one of his most difficult crises. Men are being torn away from the soil and transplanted one upon another as parasites. In fighting for his mental freedom man has forfeited his human freedom, which depends upon the possession of the soil he stands on. Man suffers from exhaustion, woman from restricted energies. Where man's courage fails, hers begins.—Providence Journal.

Our Gardens. By Dean Hole. The Macmillan Company.

Out-of-Door Essays Some of the most delightful writings in almost every language have had the garden for their subject. In poetry and prose alike its pleasures and resources have been set forth with a grace and beauty which the theme inspires. The most readable of recent books in this field is Dean Hole's volume, the keynote of which is to be found in the delightful illustrated frontispiece representing the Dean's garden at Rochester. The genial and story-loving Dean is in his element in describing the garden, indicating the different forms which it takes, enumerating the flowers which bloom in it, and collecting about it a great mass of delightful anecdote and characteristic comment. There is a pleasantly sketched historical background which takes the reader back to Roman days and reminds him that Cicero, Sallust and Pliny were familiar with splendid specimens of the art of gardening, although not in the form in which it is now practiced. The very titles of the chapters suggest the quality of this fascinating volume. The Rose Garden, The Rock Garden, The Water Garden and The Town Garden indicate the range of Dean Hole's knowledge and interest.—Book Reviews.

Alaska and the Klondike: A Journey to the New Eldorado. By Angelo Heilprin, F.R.G.S. D. Appleton & Company.

A Gold-Hunter's Guide Professor Heilprin enters into an elaborate discussion of the physical history and geology of the Klondike region. It is named from the Klondike River, which flows into the Yukon at Dawson, a few miles from where that stream enters American territory in its course to the sea. The Klondike is not rich in gold, but deposits have been found in abundance in tributary streams, notably in the Bonanza, in the Eldo-

rado, an affluent of the Bonanza, and in Hunker Creek. Other streams not so well known are included in the region, such as Quartz, Sulphur and Dominion Creeks, tributaries of Indian River. The whole area is about forty miles square, or perhaps 1,500 square miles, nearly the size of Rhode Island or the county of Cornwall in England. The country is hilly, with elevations from 500 to 2,500 feet, and the lowest point is the valley of the Yukon, which is 1,400 feet above the sea level; so that the highest absolute elevations are not quite 4,000 feet. Dome Mountain is the highest point and the centre of interest to the gold seekers, as from this ridge the streams with gold deposits flow east and west to the Klondike and Indian Rivers. It is natural to look to this ridge as the source of the gold because it is commonly held that the deposits are due to the breaking down and wearing away of gold-bearing rock; but so far no rock has been found in the neighborhood so rich in gold as to identify it as the source from which the placers have been enriched. And so there are various theories as to chemical deposit of the gold from water, and as to its existence over a broad area, and its deposit through the breaking away of valley terrace.—Rochester Post-Express.

Japan in Transition. By Stafford Ransome. Harper & Brothers.

Japan As It Is So much trash has been written about Japan and the Japanese that it is only fair to begin a notice of Japan in Transition, by stating that Mr. Stafford Ransome deserves to be congratulated upon having produced one of the best English books about Japan. For the volume is absolutely free on the one hand from patronizing eulogy, and on the other hand from Philistine inability to understand an Asiatic people. Indeed, Mr. Ransome's first chapter treats at length, and treats admirably, of popular European misconceptions of things Japanese. He brushes aside at once the unfavorable opinion of the people of Japan which is held by most treaty-port Englishmen. As Mr. Ransome says, the treaty-port resident is naturally prejudiced against the new generation of Japanese (who are increasingly able to carry on their trade without asking for his assistance) and only too willing to represent the tone of the least desirable Japanese merchants—the persons who give him most trouble in business, and therefore fill his mind with consideration of their methods—as that of their nation. Mr. Ransome is equally "faithful" in dealing with the writers who have described Japan as a kind of glorified Toyland, a country in which "dear little" folk dwell in miniature houses with a background of "impossible" scenery, and do childish things, or dream them, all day long.—London Speaker.

The Gospel for a World of Sin. By Henry van Dyke. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Dr. van Dyke's Latest Prose This daintily printed book is announced by the author as a companion volume to his previously issued, The Gospel for an Age of Doubt. It will doubtless obtain the extended circulation which the latter has already reached. Dr. van Dyke is a writer of correct, forcible and picturesque English. His style,

naturally easy, gives evidence of his familiarity with the best authors of our literature. His readers are not surprised that his merits have been recognized in his appointment to the chair which he has recently accepted in Princeton University. Whether treating of theology or writing in a lighter vein, he is always attractive, always entertaining, always impressive. His illustrations are to the point. His statements are often as unconventional as they are apposite. He is not afraid to tell us, for example, that "Stevenson's parable of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde is a commentary on the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans." As it is no part of our purpose here to discuss the doctrinal teachings of this book, we must confine ourselves to a brief statement of the object which Dr. van Dyke has in view. This is best put in his own words. "This book," says the preface, "is not meant to present a theory of the Atonement. On the contrary, it is meant to teach that there is no theory broad or deep enough to embrace or explain the fact. A sinful world cannot possibly know all that is needed to reconcile it with a holy God. Sin itself, in its root and in its relations, contains a mystery. So does love. But the Atonement is the work of God's love in its bearing upon man's sin. Therefore it must include more than we can explain."—Literature.

Fate. By Ada Negri. Authorized Translation from the Italian by A. M. von Blomberg. \$1.25. Boston: Copeland & Day.

A New Italian Poet In 1870 one might almost have been justified in thinking that Italian literature was dead. The struggle for national life had apparently been fatal to national letters. To be sure, Manzoni was still alive, and there were great Romanticists like Prati; but all thoughts, all passions, had been absorbed by the political crisis. The poets sang of freedom so long that they became incapable of singing of anything else.

Ada Negri is still perhaps a poet of revolt. Her life has been one of pain and toil; and the struggle has left its scars. She grew up at Lodi in poverty. At the age of eighteen she became a schoolmistress, and entered upon the drudgery of her profession. Although she has since been promoted to a post at Milan, her life has been unhappy, and her unhappiness finds its way into her verse. *Fatalita* is a gloomy volume. Yet it is a piece of good fortune for English lovers of poetry to have it in this translation, *Fate*, by a competent hand. Signora Negri's first poem sets the key of all the rest. It relates how Misfortune came to her in a dream, and stood by her bedside, and said, "Where'er thou mayest be I'll never leave thee." And so she learned the lesson, bitter enough to our shrinking human hearts, that only through pain can one win the victory. Sometimes there is hate as well as pain in her verses—hate of the sordid conditions of life, of the useless suffering which man still creates for himself, of the oppression and cruelty which waste the poor and humble.—Providence Journal.

NOTES.

Higher Life for Working People, by W. Walker Stephens (Macmillan), is a thoughtful "attempt to

solve some pressing social problems without injustice to capital or labor." The first chapter—that on the unemployed—is the only one in which the author loses his hold of conservative readers. Here he suggests that there should be established "home colonies" of the unemployed, and he argues with force that such colonies would in many ways furnish a better market for other English industries than colonies abroad. The difficulty with his plan is that while colonies abroad are usually made up of men with unusual ability to manage for themselves and even to direct others, these "home colonies" for the unemployed would be made up of the less efficient elements of society at the outset, and be constantly drained of their more spirited members. The succeeding chapters on poor-law reforms, old-age annuities, profit-sharing, the eight-hour day and various financial measures to widen the distribution of wealth, are clearly thought out and full of information respecting the present status of the most important social reform movements in England.—*The Outlook*.

President David Jordan's *Imperial Democracy* (D. Appleton & Co.), comprises eight addresses, bearing on the policy of the United States, especially concerning the war with Spain and its results.

It is plain that President Jordan is a "Little American." He opposes territorial expansion; he objects to civilizing the savage and educating the semi-barbarous; he has no use for the tropics; he denies even that "trade follows the flag." Of President McKinley he graciously says: "We make no criticism of the kindly and popular President of the United States, save this one: he does not realize the wild fury of the forces he has unwillingly and unwittingly brought into action."

As a contribution to next year's campaign arguments, Mr. Jordan's book is notable, and should be taken into due account. But we believe that the expansionists and the supporters of the National Administration will find little difficulty in confuting the contentions of President Jordan and his "Little American" friends, for the latter are really opponents of progress.—*Brooklyn Standard-Union*.

Through Persia on a Side-Saddle, by Ella C. Sykes (J. B. Lippincott Company), should not be overlooked by those in search of information regarding the country and the people. It is not statistical, economical or scientific; it deals with daily life and conditions, but the pen-pictures, whether of men and women, places or customs, are so clear and sharply defined, that they acquire a permanent value. Of course, the author saw more of the women of the country than all the men who ever will visit it could do, and her accounts of its domestic economy are amusing, though not altogether new, as the Oriental servant has been found out in his bland sins long ere now. But, unlike his Indian confrère, the Persian servant never displays the slightest attachment to his master, who exists in his eyes only to be robbed. Her brother's official position brought Miss Sykes into contact with the great dignitaries of the Shah's Government and

their ladies, and of them, too, she gives excellent sketches. Altogether she looks back upon her sojourn in Persia as a pleasant experience, and those who read her book will fully agree with her.—*Book Buyer*.

A valuable book for nature students is a volume entitled *How to Know the Ferns*, by Frances Theodora Parsons (Charles Scribner's Sons). The author offers this book, she says, as a guide to the names, habits and haunts of our common ferns. She states that the study of ferns has received very little attention, comparatively speaking, in America. With the exception of a small volume entitled *Ferns in Kentucky*, published some time ago, we have no American books on the subject, except some very expensive ones, prepared for the technical student of botany, and embellished with costly colored plates. This lack is surprising.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

What Women Can Earn is the title of an extremely useful book, which it would be well for every woman who wishes either to earn a livelihood or supplement an income to read carefully. The volume would seem to cover every possible field for woman's work, and in a thoroughly practical way. How wide is the ground covered will be seen by a glance at a few of the subjects taken at random. Architecture and decoration, writing and journalism, boarding houses, clerks, stenographers and typewriters, the stage, music in all its branches, bookbinding, industrial arts, the learned professions, teaching, society women in business, librarians, the lecture field, household science, and the industrial arts. Most of the articles are signed—a few being by men—but most generally they are by women prominent and successful in the profession or business of which they write.—*New York Times*.

We have not read a better book for many a day than Mr. Winston Churchill's *Richard Carvel* (Macmillan). It is true that it has the faults of its kind. It is much longer than the average novel, and it introduces us to a crowd of characters, alike in America and in England. But the characters, even those who bear historic names, are alive, and the digressions which bear upon incidents that have found their place in the pages of history are full of interest. The opening portion of the story deals with life in Maryland in the days before the Revolution. There is much picturesqueness and vigor in the sketches of old colonial days, and when the story moves, as it does by and by, from Maryland to England, there is little, if any, loss of power and picturesqueness on the part of the writer. The London of the last century, with its gaming and its drinking, its strong infusion of politics into social life, and its individual eccentricities, is made to live before our eyes in a manner which recalls Thackeray's "tour de force" in *The Virginians*. Of the plot of the story we need not speak. . . . There is not a dull passage in the book. Mr. Churchill may well be proud of his achievement in producing so admirable a tale as *Richard Carvel*.—*London Speaker*.

BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

Darwin's old home at Down, where he lived from 1842 to the time of his death, is to be given up and the contents dispersed. "My life goes on like clockwork, and I am fixed to the spot where I shall end it," wrote Darwin, in 1846, and his prophecy was strictly fulfilled. Down was certainly a retired place, but hardly so much so as to warrant the statement which once appeared in a German periodical, that it could only be approached by a mule track. It stands, indeed, off two high roads, one leading to Tunbridge and the other to Westerham, and the little hamlet, from the number and eminence of its visiting pilgrims, is, perhaps, one of the most interesting in Kent.

In the Dominion of Dreams Miss Fiona Macleod acknowledges her indebtedness to an unpublished work. This is Mr. Alexander Carmichael's *Or agus Ob*, an important book which has been promised for years, and is now almost ready for publication. Mr. Carmichael has spent many years in the Outer Hebrides collecting material, and the result should be of the very highest interest to scholars. The work is a collection of the old hymns and incantations in use among the islanders. Another work on the same subject, with an introduction by Mr. Andrew Lang, has been promised for some time by Mr. Alexander MacBain, of Inverness, the well-known Celtic scholar.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have in hand an illustrated history of Greater New York from the earliest times. Special writers are to contribute the articles, and special sources are being drawn upon for their illustration.

Miss Helen Stuart Thompson, the author of *Windy Creek*, a new book which is arousing much interest, has lived all of her life—she is about twenty-eight years old—on a ranch near Denver. Recently she undertook a course of training in the Arapahoe County Hospital in Denver, the impulse which led her to this profession being a consciousness that she had a special talent for nursing, coupled with a desire to get a wider acquaintance than her ranch life had given her with human nature, of which she is a close student. Miss Thompson hopes to come East for additional hospital experience when she has completed her course in Denver. Miss Thompson's stories of Colorado life show singular penetration and reveal a specially grateful sense of humor. It has been said that *Windy Creek* has done for a part of Colorado what Cape Cod Folks did for a stretch of the Massachusetts coast.

Now that a war cloud seems to be hovering over the Transvaal, it may interest some persons to know that a capital description of the forefathers of the Boers in South Africa, before they began their great "trek" to the north, is given in H. A. Brydon's *An Exiled Scot*, published by the New Amsterdam Book Company.

The life of George Sand is being written on a scale of magnitude to which English authors are unfamiliar. Her biographer, M. Wladimir Karentine, has just produced, through the firm of Ollendorff, the first two volumes. They are very bulky,

but carry the story only as far as 1838. Considering that George Sand lived until 1876, the prospect is somewhat disquieting.

John Ruskin, in his undergraduate days, was thus described by Dean Liddell: "A very strange fellow, always dressing in a greatcoat with a brown velvet collar and a large neckcloth tied over his mouth, and living quite in his own way among the odd set of hunting and sporting men that gentlemen commoners usually are."

The success which Mr. F. T. Bullen has won by the force and vitality of *The Cruise of the Cachelot*, gives interest to the Appletons' announcement of another book of yarns, *Idylls of the Sea*. The new collection is said to be as good as the whaler's tales in the *Cachelot*. Mr. Bullen says that he began the *Cruise of the Cachalot* despairingly. "Wanting any of those invaluable auxiliaries to good literary work that are possessed by so many hundreds of present-day writers, I was driven by sore need to try and set down some of the things I had seen and heard during fifteen years at sea. Various short articles of mine had found their way into magazines, but only after many rebuffs, and at last, feeling as if I had shot my bolt, I thought that perhaps the story of a long whaling voyage from the seaman's point of view might interest the great American public. I did not hope it would find much favor in England. So I began the book—it took hold of me, and in three months it was finished—written in such odds and ends of spare time as remained to me after ten hours' daily office work as a junior clerk."

The French novel has lately undergone a change. French novelists, contrary to all expectations, have become preachers and moralists. Even M. Anatole France, who began as a satirist, is taking sides, probably in obedience to the popular demand. French writers of fiction necessarily "go with the tide," and at present the tide is setting strongly for the social novel. The change, according to Madame Darmesteter, who writes in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*, has made the French story "something more complex, more earnest, more intellectually stimulating—deeper, too, and more opulent in ideas and information, if less sentimentally interesting" than it was ten or fifteen years ago. Victor Hugo is out of date. Daudet has had his day, and even Zola is declining. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has influenced some of the younger writers in France, a circumstance which seems to show that our neighbors no longer consider British fiction as deserving of contempt, as Voltaire thought Shakespeare.

The vigilance of our readers, says the Academy, is unflagging. Last week we quoted the following announcement of a country clergyman in his parish magazine: "The ancient oak chest belonging to the parish has been restored and placed in the school-room. It is over 200 years old. If any parishioners have books or articles of public interest which they would like to give to the parish, and hand down to posterity, they will be welcomed by the rector and church-wardens, and deposited in the

chest." And now comes a card from a novelist, asking pertinently, we must admit: "What have the parishioners done to be deposited in a chest 200 years old?"

Mr. Elliot Stock is producing a fac-simile of *The Germ*, the magazine of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. All the typographical details of the periodical, including its errors, will be preserved. Mr. H. M. Rossetti has written an extended introduction to the fac-simile, which, while incidentally touching on the Brotherhood, will be devoted mainly to the history of *The Germ* itself.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel is to be run in *Harper's Magazine* next year, under the title of *Eleanor*, before it appears in book form.

We are promised a *Life of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt*, translated into English from a French original. It so happens that Mme. Bernhardt is one of the few leading players of to-day of whom there has hitherto been no biographical celebration (in book form).

The recent Congress of the Scandinavian Press, at Christiania, was a very important affair, including receptions by King Oscar and the Municipality of Christiania, and Björnson and Ibsen were both invited. Neither, however, put in an appearance. Ibsen wrote, says the Paris correspondent of the *London Morning Post*, a polite letter explaining that his old age prevented him from accepting the invitation. Björnson was not so courteous. He sent the following telegram to the president of the congress: "I do not make long voyages to dine with people who spread calumnies against me, and attack my honor daily."

Ibsen, says the same authority, is working at a drama, the title of which he is concealing jealously. He hopes to complete the work by the autumn. It will not, however, be produced at the inauguration of the new Municipal Theatre of Christiania, the author not considering it suitable for that occasion. Ibsen is thinking of writing his memoirs.

Mr. Marion Crawford is engaged upon a novel dealing with the proceedings of Italian secret societies. The *Anarchists* is the title chosen.

Few persons now alive have passed through such romantic experiences as those undergone by Mr. Charles Neufeld, whose book, *A Prisoner of the Khaleefa*, will be published here by G. P. Putnam's Sons and by Messrs. Chapman & Hall in England. Mr. Neufeld is one of the three Europeans who were conspicuous captives of Mohammed Ahmed, the prophet of the island of Abba, who, under the title of Mahdi, collected a horde of Arabs, proclaimed a holy war, overran the Sudan, annihilated the Egyptian expedition of 10,000 men under General Hicks, captured Khartoum, killed General Gordon, and established at Omdurman, across the Nile from Khartoum, a government that lasted, under himself and his successor Abdullahi, for sixteen years. During those sixteen years the Sudan was closed to Europeans. Neufeld was present in Omdurman when the retribution of the English and Egyptian governments fell upon the Khaleefa. His account of the occurrences in the capital of the dervishes after Slatin's escape fills out dramatically the story of the brief reign of Mahdiism.

For a young firm of publishers to prelude its dissolution by the payment of all its debts is not so commonplace an event as to pass unnoticed. This, we understand, is what Messrs. Copeland & Day are doing. They have recently sent out to the writers of books on their list an announcement that they are about to dissolve partnership and to discontinue their business as publishers. It is said that Mr. Day's absorbing interest in photography—and not anything like failure in the business of books—is at the bottom of their decision. They were practically the pioneers in the field which young publishers of well-made books have crowded so close within recent years. If only for the good effect upon the manufacture of books in general, the work of the young publishers has been useful and one must regret the disappearance of a firm which in a few years has published so many attractive volumes. Their list of books is taken over by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co. Thus the *Vagabondia* books of Mr. Carman and Mr. Hovey, two volumes by Miss Guiney, another two by Professor Burton, the poems of Father Tabb, *The Black Riders* of Mr. Stephen Crane, and a large number of the most individual publications of recent years come into the hands of the younger house.

According to the *New York Times*, Rudyard Kipling has been boycotted by the Sunday School of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Crawfordsville, Ind. Some time ago the Sunday School purchased a number of new books for its library of a Methodist publisher of Cincinnati, and as these books came from what was regarded as the fountain head of pure literature, little attention was paid to several volumes that were thrown in for good measure. Among these was Kipling's *Drums of the Fore and Aft*, which finally came into the family of a man who declared that it was "fairly reeking with profanity, and the most outrageous slang." Fortifying himself with numerous quotations, he went before the Sunday-school authorities, and as a result the book was thrown out of the library.

The most brilliant and capable writer on the *Aurore* is undoubtedly M. Clemenceau. Day by day for nearly two years he has published his article on the Dreyfus case, perpetually discovering fresh proofs in favor of the Captain, repeating himself only when it was necessary to insist. His fierce chastisement of the *Etat Major* and the Church (whom he considers to be the people's inveterate foes) has been conducted with dignity and sincerity throughout; the influence of the General Staff on the masses he explains with admirable clearness. "From the moment that a Frenchman enters the barracks he is taught to regard his superior officers with almost sacred respect. He salutes them; the sight of a general puts him into emotion. This feeling of fear and faith lingers when he has served his military term; he is still inclined to bow to the *Etat Major* and obey. Fully aware of its power, the General Staff took advantage of his subjection when the reversal of its sentence on Captain Dreyfus was demanded by the Revisionists, and ordered all true patriots and soldiers to uphold the "Honor of the Army" by supporting their military chiefs and chastising all those who insulted them by doubts and abuse.

BOOK LIST: WHAT TO READ—WHERE TO FIND IT

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

- Alladine and Palomides, Interior, and The Death of Tintagiles: Maurice Maeterlinck: Translated by Alfred Sutro and W. Archer: C. H. Sergel Co.....\$1 25
- Cœurs Blessés: Fernand Massonneau: Librairie Française: Meyer Freres et Cie., paper..... 50
- Greek Sculpture, With Story and Song: Albinia Wherry: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 2 50
- The Perfect Wagnerite: Bernard Shaw: Herbert Stone & Co., cloth.....
- The Storm: Translated by Constance Garnett: Alex. Ostrovsky: C. H. Sergel Co., cloth..... 1 25
- Wood Sculpture and Furniture in Barock Style: Hoffman: Bruno Hessling..... 8 00

Biographic and Reminiscent.

- David G. Farragut: Ja. Barnes: ed. by M. A. De Wolf Howe: Small, Maynard & Co., cloth..... 75
- Eugénie, Empress of the French: Clara Tschudi: authorized translation from the Norwegian, by E. M. Cope: The Macmillan Co., cloth..... 2 00
- Great Men and Famous Women: ed. by C. F. Horne: a series of pen and pencil sketches of the lives of more than 200 of the most prominent personages in history: Selmar Hess: 8vo., cloth.....31 00
- Life of Admiral George Dewey and Dewey Family History: ed. by Adelbert Milton Dewey: Dewey Publishing Co., cloth..... 5 00
- Memoirs of Half a Century: R. W. Hiley: Longmans, Green & Co., cloth..... 5 00
- Plutarch's Lives: Englished by Sir T. North: ed. by W. H. D. Rouse: in 10 vols. Vol. 6: The Macmillan Co., cloth..... 50
- Reminiscences of Carol, King of Roumania: ed. from the original with an introduction by Sidney Whitman: Harper, cloth..... 3 00
- Robert E. Lee: W. P. Trent: Small, Maynard & Co., cloth..... 75
- The Autobiography of Mrs. Oliphant: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth..... 3 50
- The Choate Story-Book: with a biographical sketch of Hon. Joseph H. Choate: Will M. Clemens: The Montgomery Publishing Co., paper..... 25
- The Sorrows of Nancy Hanks, Mother of Abraham Lincoln: L. Boyd: The Bell Book and Stationery Co., cloth..... 1 00

Educational Topics.

- Advanced Grammar and Composition: E. Oram Lyte: American Book Co., cloth.....
- Grammar School Algebra: William J. Milne: American Book Co., cloth..... 50
- Handbook of British, Continental and Canadian Universities, with special mention of the courses open to women: 2d ed.: Macmillan Co., cloth..... 75
- Plane and Solid Geometry: William J. Milne: American Book Co., cloth..... 1 25
- Plane Geometry: William J. Milne: American Book Co., cloth..... 75
- Source-Book of American History: Albert Bushnell Hart: ed. for schools and readers: The Macmillan Co., cloth..... 60
- Stories of Animal Life: Charles Frederick Holder: American Book Co., cloth, ill.....
- The Metaphor: a study in the psychology of rhetoric: Gertrude Buck: The Inland Press, paper..... 50
- The Physical Nature of the Child: Stuart H. Rowe: The Macmillan Co., cloth..... 1 00

Essays and Miscellanies.

- Chimney Design and Theory; a book for engineers and architects: Wallace W. Christie: D. Van Nostrand Co., cloth..... 3 00

- Feeds and Feeding; a handbook for the student and stockman: W. A. Henry: published by the author: vellum 2 00
- Man, Past and Present: A. H. Keane: Macmillan Co., cloth..... 3 00
- Navigation and Nautical Astronomy: J. H. C. Coffin: 7th ed., rev. by C. Belknap: D. Van Nostrand Co., cloth 3 50
- Patriotic Nuggets: comp. by John R. Howard: Fords, Howard & Hulbert, cloth..... 40
- What Women can Earn; occupations of women and their compensation: Grace H. Dodge, T. Hunter, Mary J. Lincoln, and others: F. A. Stokes Co., cloth 1 00

Fiction of the Month.

- Across the Campus: Caroline M. Fuller: Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 1 50
- A Gentleman from the Ranks: H. B. Knight: Macmillan Co., cloth..... 2 00
- A June Romance: Norman Gale: Herbert S. Stone & Co., cloth 75
- A Lost Lady of Old Years; a romance: J. Buchan: J. Lane, cloth..... 1 50
- A Man from the North: E. A. Bennett: J. Lane, cloth 1 25
- Anna Katharine Green, Agatha Webb: Rohlf's: Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 1 25
- A Silent Singer: Clara Morris: Brentano's, cloth.... 1 25
- Bonhomme: Henry Cecil Walsh: William Briggs, cloth, illus.....
- Doc' Horne: George Ade: Herbert Stone & Co., cloth, illus.....
- Equality; with biographical sketch: E. Bellamy: Appleton, cloth, \$1.00, paper..... 50
- Heart and Sword: Mrs. Stannard; Henrietta Eliza Vaughan, ("John Strange Winter," pseud.): J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth..... 1 00
- In Castle and Colony: Emma Rayner: Herbert Stone & Co., cloth.....
- In Vain: Henryk Sienkiewicz: trans. by Jeremiah Curtin: Little, Brown & Co., cloth.....
- King or Knave, Which Wins? ed. by Wm. Henry Johnson: Little, Brown & Co., cloth.....
- Pastor Naudie's Young Wife: Edouard Rod: trans. by Bradley Gilman: Little, Brown & Co., cloth....
- Queer Luck; poker stories from the New York Sun: D. A. Curtis: Bretano's, cloth 1 00
- Ridan the Devil, and other stories: L. Becke: J. P. Lippincott Co., cloth..... 1 50
- Sun Beetles; a comedy of nickname land: T. Pinkerton: J. Lane, cloth..... 1 25
- Stick and Pea Plays: Charles Stuart Pratt: Lothrop Pub. Co., cloth, ill.....
- Tales from Town Topics, No. 30: Town Topics Pub. Co., paper..... 50
- That Fortune; a novel: C. Dudley Warner: Harper, hf. leath..... 1 50
- The Bushwhackers, and other stories: Charles Egbert Craddock: Herbert Stone & Co., cloth.....
- The Carcelline Emerald: Mrs. Burton Harrison: Herbert Stone & Co., cloth, ill..... 1 50
- The Confounding of Camelia: Anne Douglas Sedgwick: Chas. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 1 25
- The Cruise of the Golden Wave: W. N. Oscar: E. P. Dutton & Co., cloth..... 1 50
- The Custom of the Country: Mrs. Hugh Fraser: The Macmillan Co., cloth..... 1 50
- The Duke's Servants: Sidney Herbert Burchell: Little, Brown & Co., cloth.....
- The Heart of Miranda, and other stories; being mostly winter tales: H. B. Marriott Watson: J. Lane, cloth..... 1 50

- The Kingdom of Hate; a romance: T. Gallon: Appleton, cloth..... 1 00
 The Kinship of Souls: Reuen Thomas: Little, Brown & Co., cloth.....
 The Sixth Sense, and other stories: Marg. Sutton Briscoe: Harper, cloth..... 1 25
 The Strong Arm: Rob. Barr, ("Luke Sharp," *pseud.*): F. A. Stokes Co., cloth..... 1 25
 Those Dale Girls: Frances Weston Carruth: A. C. McClurg & Co., cloth, ill..... 1 25
 Vengeance of the Female: ed. by Marrion Wilcox: Herbert Stone & Co., cloth, ill..... 1 50

Financial and Legal.

- Cases on Selected Topics in the Law of Persons: Jeremiah Smith: The Harvard Law Review Publishing Association, cloth..... 3 00
 Centralized Administration of Liquor Laws in the American Commonwealths: Clement Moore Lacey Sites: The Macmillan Co., paper..... 1 00
 International Courts of Arbitration, 1874: F. Balche: H. T. Coates & Co., cloth.....
 Law of Landlord and Tenant: Prescott F. Hall: shp.. 5 00
 Natural Law and Legal Practice: René I. Holand: Benziger Bros., cloth..... 1 75
 Our Right to Acquire and Hold Foreign Territory; an Address Delivered Before the New York State Bar Association January 18, 1899: C. A. Gardiner: G. P. Putnam's Sons, paper..... 50
 Studies in Roman Law; with Comparative Views of the Laws of France, England and Scotland; edited by J. Kirkpatrick: Lord Mackenzie: Seventh edition revised: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 8 40
 The Jurisdiction of Federal Courts, As Limited by the Citizenship and Residence of the Parties: Howard M. Carter: Little, Brown & Co., sheep.. 3 50
 The Necessity for Criminal Appeal, As Illustrated by the Maybrick Case and the Jurisprudence of Various Countries: J. H. Levy, Editor: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 4 20

Historic, National and Political.

- Uncle Sam's Soldiers, a story of the war with Spain: Oscar Phelps Austin: Appleton, cloth..... 75
 Reminiscences of the Santiago Campaign: J. Bigelow, Jr.: Harper, cloth..... 1 25
 Sidelights on American History: Macmillan Co., cl.. 75
 State Trials of Mary, Queen of Scots, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Captain W. Kidd, condensed and copied from the state trials of Francis Hargrave, Esq., London, 1776, and of T. B. Howell, Esq., London, 1816, with explanatory notes: C. E. Lloyd: Callaghan & Co., cloth..... 3 00
 Tendencies in Primary Legislation; Phil. American Acad. of Political and Social Science: Walter J. Branson: paper..... 15

Natural History.

- On the Bird's Highway; ill. by the author and L. Agassiz: Reginald Heber Howe, Jr.: Small, Maynard & Co., cloth..... 2 00
 Plant Relations; a first book of botany: J. M. Coulter: Appleton, cloth..... 1 10
 The Bee People: Margaret Warner Morley: A. C. McClurg & Co., cloth, ill..... 1 25
 The Silva of North America: C. Sprague Sargent: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth..... 25 00

Poetry of the Month.

- Achievement: Samuel James Lewis and Herbert H. C. Everett: The Titmarsh Club, cloth..... 50
 An Ode to Girlhood, and other poems: Alice Archer Sewall: Harper, cloth..... 1 25
 Lucifer: A Theological Tragedy: George Santayana: H. S. Stone & Co., cloth..... 1 25

- Uncle Isaac, or Old Days in the South: William Dudley Powers: B. F. Johnson Pub. Co., cloth, ill.....
 Sea Drift; poems: Grace Ellery Channing: Small, Maynard & Co., cloth..... 1 50
 The House of Dreams: William Griffith: Hudson-Kimberly Pub. Co., cloth..... 1 00
 The War for the Union: Kinahan Cornwallis: Wall St. Daily Investigator, cloth..... 1 00

Religious and Philosophic.

- A Short History of Free Thought, Ancient and Modern: J. M. Robertson: Macmillan Co., cloth.. 3 00
 John and His Friends: Louis Albert Banks: Funk & Wagnall's Co., cloth..... 1 50
 Light from the East, or, the witness of the monuments; an introduction to the study of biblical-archæology: Rev. C. J. Ball: E. & J. B. Young & Co., cloth..... 6 00
 Our Church and Our Village: W. F. G. Birch: Ward & Drummond, cloth..... 2 00
 Unity in Diversity; five addresses delivered in the Cathedral Church of Christ, Oxford, during Lent, 1899; with intro.: C. Bigg, D.D.: Longmans, Green & Co., cloth..... 80
 Sunday Evening Talks to Yale Undergraduates, by Rev. C. E. Jefferson, Bernadotte Perrin, G. B. Cutten, and others: ed. by H. B. Wright: E. P. Judd Co..... 35
 The Bible among the Nations; a study of the great translators: Walter J. Beardslee: Fleming H. Revell Co., cloth..... 1 00
 The Christianity of St. Paul: S. A. Alexander: Longmans, Green & Co., cloth..... 1 25
 The Philosophical Theory of the State: Bernard Bosanquet: Macmillan Co., cloth..... 3 25
 The Reformation Settlement Examined in the Light of History and Law; with an introductory letter to Sir W. Vernon Harcourt: Malcolm MacColl, D.D.: Longmans, Green & Co., cloth..... 2 50

Sociologic and Industrial.

- A Function of the Social Settlement; Phil. American Acad. of Political and Social Science: Jane Addams: Paper..... 25
 Commercial Relations of the United States with Foreign Countries During the Year 1898: Gov. Printing Office, cloth, Vol. 2.....
 Higher Life for Working People; its hindrances discussed; an attempt to solve some pressing social problems without injustice to capital or labor: W. Walker Stephens: Longmans, Green & Co., cl. 1 25
 Local Variations in Wages: F. W. Lawrence: Longmans, Green & Co., cloth..... 2 50
 The Elements of Vital Statistics; 3d ed., rewritten: Arthur Newsholme: Macmillan Co., cloth..... 3 00
 The Races of Europe; a sociological study (Lowell Institute lectures), accompanied by a supplementary bibliography of the anthropology and ethnology of Europe, published by the Public Library of the City of Boston: W. Z. Ripley: Appleton, 2 vols., cloth..... 6 00

Travel, Sport and Adventure.

- On the Edge of the Empire: Edgar Jepson and Capt. D. Beames: Chas. Scribner's Sons, cloth.....
 Quaint Corners in Philadelphia: with 174 illustrations by Jos. Pencil and others: J. Wannamaker, cloth.. 75
 The New Far East: Arthur Diósy: with 12 illustrations by Kubota Beisen: Putnam, cloth..... 3 50
 The Valley of Light: studies with pen and pencil in the Vaudois Valleys of Piedmont: W. Basil Worsfold: Macmillan, cloth..... 3 25
 Two Years in the Klondike and Alaskan Gold Fields: W. B. Haskell: Hartford Publishing Co., cloth... 1 50

MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR AUGUST, 1899

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

Alex. J. Fournier: E. J. Rose.....Brush and Pencil.
Am. Architecture from a German View: L. Gmelin...For.
Censorship of the Stage in England: G. B. Shaw...N. Am.
German Drama: Laurie Magnus.....Blackwood's.
Gospel on the Parisian Stage: D. Conway....Open Court.
Revival of Music in Ireland.....Donahoe's Mag.
Sand Art: Thomas E. Curtis.....Strand.
Sea-Painter at Work: C. N. Hemy: W. Klickmann...Mun.
Some Aspects of Modern Art.....Edinburgh Review.
The Modern Drama: Maurice Maeterlinck.....Cornhill.
Weddings in Art: C. F. Carter.....Frank Leslie.

Biographic and Reminiscent.

A Famous American Manager: Matthew White..Munsey.
Augustin Daly: An Appreciation.....Critic.
Autobiography of a Revolutionist: P. Kropotkin..Atlantic.
C. Bronte and Two of Her Friends: M. Harland...Critic.
Day of the President's Life: Mrs. Logan...Frank Leslie.
Death of Abraham Lincoln: Ida M. Tarbell....McClure.
Francis Parkman and His Works: G. Stewart...Canadian.
Herbert Spencer at Seventy-nine.....Pop. S. M.
Jane Austen's Private Life: illus.....Quiver.
Letters of R. L. Stevenson: ed. by S. Colvin...Scribner's.
Maine De Biran: L. Levy.....Open Court.
Mrs. Oliphant's Autobiography.....Scottish R.
Sarah Bernhardt: Yetta Blaze de Bury.....Fortnightly.

Educational Topics.

Educational Progress of the Year: N. M. Butler..Outlook.
Industrial Education in Ireland.....Quarterly R.
New System of Art Education: M. Key..Brush and Pen.
Play as Factor in Education: E. A. Kirkpatrick..R. of R.
Primary Education in England.....Chambers's Journal.
Rational College Education: T. J. Allen.....Arena.
Teachers' School of Science: F. Zirngiebel....Pop. S. M.

Essays and Miscellanies.

Anglo-Saxon Genius: H. D. Oakeley.....Westminster.
An Indian Chief in Literature: B. O. Flower...Com. Age.
Antitoxins in Prevention of Disease: J. J. Kinyoun...For.
Are Jews Jews: Joseph Jacobs.....Pop. S. M.
Birds of the Garden: C. W. Nash.....Canadian Mag.
Bogus Antiques.....Chambers's Journal.
Boston of 1828 and To-day: E. E. Hale....Coming Age.
Case Against Christian Science: W. Purrington...N. Am.
Council of Women: Countess of Aberdeen..Nineteenth C.
Curious West Indian Eatables: Allan Eric...Am. Kitchen.
Dante's Ghosts: D. R. Fearon.....Nineteenth Century.
Delenda est Carthago: Count Leo Tolstoy.....Arena.
Do Animals Reason: Edward Thorndike.....Pop. S. M.
Epidemic of Kisses in America: C. Lombroso..Pall Mall.
Hospital Life in a Canadian City: J. McCrae...Can. Mag.
Lamb and Keats: Fred. Harrison.....Contemporary R.
Mental Fatigue: Prof. M. V. O'Shea.....Pop. S. M.
Modern Mysticism.....Quarterly Review.
Present and Future of the Horse: J. G. Speed...R. of R.
Puritanism and English Literature: Dowden...Contem. R.
Recent Canadian Fiction: L. J. Burpee.....Forum.
Reminiscences of a Catholic Crisis.....Catholic World.
Ritualism and Symbolism: Edwin Ridley.....Anglo-Am.
Royalty Incognito: F. N. Jackson.....Pearson.
Royal Mesalliances: A. de Burgh.....Strand Mag.
Sensibility of the Critics: Stephen Gwynn.....Cornhill.
The Cancer Problem: W. Hutchinson...Contemporary R.
The Essay and Some Essayists: H. W. Mabie...Bookman.
The Genesis of Genius: R. Osgood Mason.....Mind.
The Malaria of Old Records: M. T. Earle...Book-Buyer.
The Salon in Old Philadelphia: A. H. Wharton...Lippin.
The Zionist Movement: Prof. R. Gottheil...North Am.
"Thou Shalt Not Preach:" John Burroughs...Atlantic.
Woman's International Parliament.....North Am.

Historic, National and Political.

Alexander's Invasion of India: Benj. I. Wheeler..Century.
Are We to Lose South Africa: Shippard...Nine. Century.
China; Spheres of Interest and Open Door: Gundry..Fort.
Civil Service and the Merit System: L. G. Gage...Forum.
Conservatism of President Kruger: H. Paul...Contem. R.
Constitutional Conflict in Finland.....North Am.
Denmark and Germany: George Brandes.....Contem. R.
Egypt under Lord Cromer: Hon. S. Harrison...Forum.
Episodes of Taiping Rebellion: L. A. Beardslee...Harper.
Filipino Insurrection of 1896: C. G. Calkins....Harper.
Independence of Cuba.....Contem. R.
Paramount Power of the Pacific: John Barrett...No. Am.
Recent Developments in China: O. P. Austin...Forum.
Situation in France: E. D.....Contemporary R.
The Break-up of China, and Our Interest in It...Atlantic.
The Downfall of Finland.....Blackwood's.
The Problem in China.....Edinburgh Review.
Ultimate World-Politics: S. E. Moffett.....Forum.

Scientific and Industrial.

Among the Kentish Fruit Pickers: F. A. Talbot..Winsor.
Art of Manufacturing Landscapes: G. A. Best, ill..Cassell.
Cape to Cairo Railways: W. T. Stead.....McClure.
Lightning and Its Curious Ways: T. Waters...Home Mag.
Liquid Air and Motive Power: Edwin H. Hall...Forum.
Making an Armor-Plate: R. Machray.....Winsor Mag.
Needless Alarm During Thunderstorms: McAdie...Cent.
Protection of Electrical Apparatus: A. J. Wurts...Century.
The Tidal Theory: Evan McLennan...Anglo-Am. Mag.
Where Gunpowder is Made: W. B. Robertson...Cassell.
Wireless Telegraphy: Geo. F. Barker.....Lippincott.
Work of the British Royal Engineers: M. Tindal..Pearson.

Sociologic Questions.

Domestic Service: M. R. Smith.....Forum.
Italian Anarchism: G. M. Fiamingo.....Open Court.
Labor Question and Solution: N. Bjerring...Cath. World.
Negro as a Modern Soldier: J. C. Hamilton...Anglo-Am.
Old-Age Pensions in France: A. F. Wood...Nine. Cent.
Public Baths.....Good Health.
Public Charity and Private Vigilance: Giddings..Pop. S. M.
Present Phase of Temperance Question: Hicks...Con. R.
Race Questions in Philippines: Blumentritte...Pop. S. M.
School Children as Wage-Earners: Sir J. Gorst..Nine. Cen.
State Crutch for Old-Age Pensions: A. E. Spencer..West.
The Cuban as a Labor Problem.....Century.
The Department Store in the East.....Arena.
The Growth of Cities.....New Illus. Mag.
The Tenant: Jacob A. Riis.....Atlantic.

Travel, Sport and Adventure.

Athletics for Politicians: Sir Charles W. Dilke...No. Am.
Attractions of Halifax: E. Tupper.....Canadian Mag.
Big Game in the Rockies: John N. Ostrom.....Outing.
Canoeing Down the Penobscot: W. A. Brooks...Outing.
Churches of Auvergne: Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer...Cent.
Golf and Its Literature: N. Wallace.....Scottish R.
Holiday Work with the Camera: ills.: Dr. Nicol...Outing.
Horace G. Hutchinson and Others on Golf: Bangs..Book.
In Havana Before the War: Alden Bell....AnAm. Mag.
Lawn Tennis on the European Continent: Paret...Outing.
New York to Boston by Trolley: H. D. White...Ainslee.
Pioneering in Klondike: Alex. Macdonald...Blackwood.
Porto Rico from a Woman's View: G. V. Henry..R. of R.
The Centre of England: H. Golding.....Winsor Mag.
The People of the Reindeer: J. Stadling.....Century.
Thomas Harding's Country: Clive Holland...Bookman.
Trail of the Sandhill Stag: E. S. Thompson...Century.
Yava Supai Indians and their Cataract Home...G. Health.
Yosemite National Park: John Muir.....Atlantic.
Wild Life About My Cabin: J. Burroughs.....Century.

OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over until next month.

507. *The Immortal Three*: Will you please tell me where I can find a poem called *The Immortal Three*? It was published in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, I think, during the summer of 1896 or 1897, I forget which. Some of the lines are:

"With ever backward eyes that strain
Across the past's receding plain, the desert of oblivion."
Also please give the name of the author.—Frank Farnsworth, Hardman, Ore.

[The poem for which you ask is by Robert Burns Wilson, and appears in the *Cosmopolitan* for June, 1896. The lines you give are the eighth and ninth, incorrectly quoted.]

508. *The Scarlet Letter*: I write to ask you if in the numbers of your publication, *Current Literature*, you have a criticism or review of Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*? If your publication has no mention of that book in any of its back numbers, could you tell me where I might find such an article as I wish and thus oblige me greatly.—Mrs. Walt. McLaughlin, Rib Lake, Wis.

[A brief criticism of the *Scarlet Letter* may be found in Charles Dudley Warner's *Library of the World's Best Literature*, vol. 45, p. 404. We do not recall any article on the subject in *Current Literature*.]

509. *The Aquatic Songsters*: I am very anxious to obtain a copy of a poem entitled, *The Aquatic Songsters*, which was printed in the *Ladies' Repository* about 1856. Some one of your many readers may know of this poem. If so, a copy of same would be greatly appreciated by me.—Mrs. M. E. Fime, Newark, N. J.

510. *The Wedding of Shon McLean*: Can you inform me, either by mail or through *Open Questions*, where I may obtain a copy of the Scotch dialect verses entitled, I think, *The Wedding of Shon McLean*? I do not recollect the author's name. The verses are descriptive of a wedding in the Scotch Highlands where,

"Every piper was fou
Twenty pipers thegither."

Your kind attention will be esteemed a favor.—J. Y. Kennedy, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

[The poem for which you inquire is by Robert Buchanan, and was originally published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It also appears in *Every Saturday*, vol. 17, p. 133; in *Spofford's Library of Choice Literature*, vol. 1, p. 54, and in *Buchanan's Collected Poems*, in the volume, *Idyls and Legends of Inverburn*, we believe. It contains over 200 lines, and so is too long to reprint in *Treasure Trove*, or we should be glad to give it there for the benefit of our correspondent and other readers.]

511. *The Little Church Around the Corner*: Can you furnish any information as to where the poem entitled, *The Little Church Around the Corner*, can be found? It was written, I believe, about the church from which the funeral of George Holland, the actor, took place, after the minister of a more prominent church had refused to conduct an actor's funeral in his church. We will be greatly obliged.—P. J. Christopher, Macon, Ga.

512. I have just read *The Jessamy Bride*, by F. Frankfort Moore. I do not understand why the heroine was so-called. Will you kindly give the origin of "jessamy bride"? M. M., Augusta, Ga.

[Mary Horrick, the heroine of this book, was a character in real life, the love of Goldsmith, and known, as in the book, as *The Jessamy Bride*; but why, we regret our inability to inform our correspondent. Perhaps some one of *Current Literature's* readers can do better.]

513. *The Baby Stuarts*: Will you kindly inform me, through "*Open Questions*," which of the Stuarts the picture of Baby Stuarts represents? Some think it a copy of the miniature of Bonnie Prince Charlie.—A. Bullis, Glenwood Sps., Col.

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

484. The mother of a Subscriber, Canada (No. 484), asks name of a story or novel which I think can be answered by Phillip and His Wife, by Margaret Deland. Its theme is marriage without love is as spiritually illegal as love without marriage is civilly illegal.—Mrs. M. L. McDonald, South McAlester, I. T.

[Another answer to this query, which appeared in our May number, has been received from "A Cottager at Peck's Island, Maine," containing the same information. Thanks to both correspondents. The book in question is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, at \$1.25.]

493. *The House that Jack Built*: Referring to the Domicile Erected by John, which appeared, marked anonymous, in the April number of *Current Literature*, and concerning the authorship of which correspondence was printed in your June number, I have a copy in my scrap book, put there in 1872, and the title there reads "Translated from the Vulgate of M. Goose, by A. Pope." I am quite sure that I knew definitely at that time that it was written by Doesticks (Mortimer Thompson), but whether the information came from seeing his name attached to it, or from learning of it through publishing sources, I am unable to say. It is too good to be separated from the author's name. The copy in my scrapbook is credited as copied from the New York Picayune. I have also recently seen it in other papers marked anonymous.—W. H. G., Boston, Mass.

With respect to the authorship of a burlesque on *The House That Jack Built*, recently printed in *Current Literature*, and subsequently ascribed by a correspondent to Sir John Hawkins-Haggarty, the subjoined letter is of interest.—Ralph A. Lyon, Baltimore, Md.
To the New York Times Saturday Review:

This paraphrase on the familiar rigmarole of *The House that Jack Built* was printed first in an early number of *The Pathfinder*, but without the name of the writer. It was said to be "a masterpiece of word-mongering," whose author was unidentified, (but,) whoever he was, must have been "a genius at literary construction." The author was George Shepard Burleigh, and this writer has very lately taken tea with him in the City of Providence, R. I., where his eighty years are full of lively thoughts, although his frame is touched, as the ancient poet Horace said was his lot, with a twitch in the foot.—Eliza A. Arnold, New York, June 1, 1899.

[This is the third person to whom authorship of this clever paraphrase is ascribed. Are there other claimants? And who is the rightful one?]



MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER

(See American Poets of To-Day, pages 304-305.)